AUTHORS DIGEST

THE WORLD'S GREAT STORIES IN BRIEF, PREPARED
BY A STAFF OF LITERARY EXPERTS, WITH
THE ASSISTANCE OF MANY
LIVING NOVELISTS

ROSSITER JOHNSON, PH.D., LL.D.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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AUTHORS PRESS

Authors Digest

The Authors Digest is dedicated to the Authors Club of New York City in appreciation of the distinguished services and approval of those officers and members who have aided in bringing this unique work to completion; and in the hope that the Authors Digest may be of assistance to them and their earnest followers in their constant efforts to cultivate a love of the best reading in the homes of America.

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The next instant Cicely appeared, and offered herself as the sacrifice
(*The Tower of London*, p. 97)

Photogravure on Satin after an original painting made for this edition by S. de Ivanowski

The next instant Cicely appeared, and offered herself as the sacrifice
(The Tower of London, p. 97)

Photogravure on Satin after an original painting made
for this edition by S. de Laszlowski

AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME I

EDMUND ABOUT

TO

JANE AUSTEN

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CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION xxi

EDMOND ABOUT

The Man with the Broken Ear 1
The King of the Mountains 13

LOUIS ACHARD

Belle-Rose 26

GRACE AGUILAR

Home Influence 45
The Mother's Recompense 57

CHARLES HAMILTON AIDÉ

Rita: an Autobiography 69
A Voyage of Discovery 82

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

The Tower of London 94
Jack Sheppard 106

PEDRO DE ALARCON

Brunhilde 121

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

Moods 132
Little Women 142

PAGE

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

The Story of a Bad Boy 153
The Stillwater Tragedy 162

MATEO ALEMAN

Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache 177

MRS. ALEXANDER

Which Shall It Be? 188
The Wooing o't 197

JAMES LANE ALLEN

Summer in Arcady 207
The Choir Invisible 216

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

O. T. 226
The Two Baronesses 236

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

The Intruder 248
The Triumph of Death 258

F. ANSTEY

Vice Versa 269
The Giant's Robe 280
The Tinted Venus 292
A Fallen Idol 300

ANTAR: An Arabian Romance 312

TIMOTHY SHAY ARTHUR

Ten Nights in a Barroom 330

PAGE

JOHN JACOB ASTOR

A Journey in Other Worlds 340

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

Sforza 352

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE 362

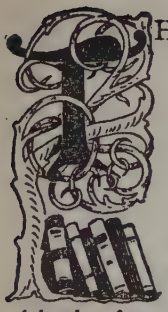
BERTHOLD AUERBACH

On the Heights 368

JANE AUSTEN

Sense and Sensibility 377
Pride and Prejudice 387
Mansfield Park 398
Emma 408
Persuasion 418
Northanger Abbey 427

INTRODUCTION



HE development and popularity of fiction constitute the greatest phenomenon in literature. The chronicler with his facts must always be accorded an honorable place; but the romancer with his imagination claims a more intimate relation not only with our leisure hours but with our daily life. It is common to speak deprecatingly of the fact that circulating libraries consist so largely of fiction; but one might as well find fault with the fact that water is the largest constituent of the human body, which, were it not so composed, could not retain vitality and perform its functions. Water is Nature's common carrier, and fiction is the common carrier of literature; it goes where nothing else can go; it carries warnings and morals; it brings laughter and tears, satire and pathos—now the ripple of innocent mirth, and again the profoundest meditation; it shames weakness, inspires courage, widens sympathy, holds up great examples, and adds enormously to the enjoyment of life.

Pilate's famous question, "What is truth?" must be answered differently for different inquirers. To the few that have merely matter-of-fact minds, nothing is true but that which has an actual physical existence, exactly as described. To such minds, if they but knew it, a rainbow is not true—it has no existence; but to by far the larger number the rainbow is one of the beautiful verities of nature, which we cannot destroy by telling them that it exists only in their own eye. Thus the creations of the novelist, if they are made with that touch of genius which displays itself in all great romances, become indestructible truths. You cannot make a nonentity of Don Quixote, no matter into what daylight analysis you drag him, nor a shadow

of Jean Valjean, though you should demonstrate the impossibility of some of his feats. Di Vernon, Meg Merrilies, and Jane Eyre, once met, never can be forgotten or ignored. Robinson Crusoe is every boy's hero; Dr. Primrose is everybody's Vicar; and Uncle Tom, from his cabin, has visited every castle in the world. To the intelligent reader, these and numerous other characters of fiction are as real as Alexander the Great or Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Which would you rather be," said an ancient philosopher to his pupils, "the winner at the Isthmian games or the herald who announces the winner's name and achievement?" The immediate answer, regarding only immediate advantage, was obvious; but in the largest sense he who pictures worthy deeds is often rewarded with quite as much of fame as the doer himself. The herald may be a mere herald, or he may be the inseparable companion of his hero; it all depends on his style. When we leave the wide realm of history, and enter the wider realm of romance, this phenomenon is increased a hundred fold, because here the hero himself is created by his herald and his deeds are performed in the imagination of the trumpeter. Yet this must not be taken too literally; for the imagination that borrows not from possibility and probability, that rests not on experience and the laws of nature, is of a lower and fantastic order. The characters of the Waverley novels form a long procession, but Scott walks forever at its head, for he created them all. So, too, Dickens heads his procession, and Balzac leads his, and Hugo his, and Thackeray his.

From the time when there were no romances on earth except the rude stories invented among savage tribes and repeated from generation to generation, down to the present day, the art of story-telling has been so developed that any analysis of novels necessarily divides them into numerous classes. Thus, we have novels of adventure, like *Treasure Island;* historical novels, like *Ivanhoe;* political novels, like *Coningsby;* domestic novels, like *The Heir of Redclyffe;* sociological novels, like *Alton Locke;* novels of mystery, like *The Moonstone;* novels with a moral, like *The Scarlet Letter;* reformatory novels, like *Oliver Twist* and *Hard Cash;* psychological novels, like *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;* pseudo-scientific novels, like *Twenty*

Thousand Leagues Under the Sea; detective stories, like *File No. 113;* stories of the ocean, like *The Pilot;* humorous stories, like *Handy Andy;* and love stories, pure and simple, like *Paul and Virginia.* Some novels, of course, fall into two of these classes at once.

It could hardly be expected that any one reader would be interested, or at least equally interested, in all kinds of novels; but he certainly misses one of the pleasures of life who is interested in none. One who does enjoy them, not merely as entertaining stories but as romantic creations, will necessarily need to know something of those that he lacks the time, inclination, or opportunity to read thoroughly. To such a person the present collection, telling the world's great stories in brief, should be a material assistance in his general mastery of a knowledge of polite literature. For the kind of novel that he specially admires, these shortened versions form no hindrance to his reading in full; for all other kinds they present to him an introduction that at once gives him a fair knowledge of their character and the means of determining whether he should like also to read these in full.

Doubtless some will ask, "When a great novel has received universal approval and found a permanent place among the classics, why meddle with it at all?—why present any shortened version of it?" This question arises because in romantic literature the process is a novelty. But in kindred arts it is not a novelty. The most wonderful statue in the world, with its heroic proportions, looking down upon us from its pedestal in the Louvre, inspires every beholder with a sense of its majestic dignity and limitless suggestion. And because of this we see everywhere diminished copies or casts of the Venus of Milo—in schools, in offices, in homes—for the delight of those who cannot visit the Louvre or those who wish to retain a vivid memory of its treasures. Engravings and miniature copies of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" and Raphael's "Transfiguration" may be seen on the walls or in portfolios in thousands of households. And airs from the great operas and oratorios are sung or played in churches, in public concerts, and by the fireside. Why should not romantic literature, which leads them all in popular adaptation and estimation, have a similar opportunity

to extend indefinitely its realm of readers? So far from being a detriment to the great originals, this is the sincerest and most effective tribute to their power, their charm, their artistic and moral value. This is readily seen and appreciated by the many distinguished living novelists who have contributed the shortened versions of their own works.

The list of "books that everybody talks about and few read" is, in this crowded age, growing with a rapidity that implies widespread ignorance regarding much of what is best in our literary heritage. In the confident hope of diminishing this ignorance, by securing for the shorter versions many readers for whom the full versions are virtually a forbidden pleasure, this series has been prepared.

To men or women of affairs, who, whirled in the maelstrom of modern business life, have not time to read systematically through the classics of romance, yet who often are puzzled and baffled in conversation or in the current reading of the day by allusions to characters and crises in famous fiction which they feel they ought to know but do not, The Authors Digest will make a strong appeal. In a fraction of an hour the whole plot of a great story and the principal characters therein can be mastered; and because of the strength gained by its very conciseness it is safe to say that that story will remain in the memory, so that no future allusion to it will puzzle the reader.

For the younger generation—impressionable youth with mind like wax to receive the imprint of either good or evil—who will seek, unconsciously and instinctively, the wherewithal to feed the springing imagination, nothing better can be put into its hands than these stories, which contain the glowing heart's core of each master's work, thereby leading the fresh young mind into the right paths in seeking for further mental pabulum of the lighter sort, forming a correct taste, and averting the danger of intellectual deterioration that inevitably follows indulgence in indiscriminate reading of the ephemeral stuff poured forth every year from the printing-press, among which the "book craze" of to-day is well-nigh forgotten by to-morrow.

As the work has progressed, with the aid of our large corps of contributors, we have been gratified to find that it received the hearty approval of every author and literary worker to whose

knowledge it has come. Among these contributors are many authors of works selected who with the courteous acquiescence of their publishers have kindly made for this series shortened versions of their own stories.

To the seventeen volumes devoted to the stories, in the last of which sequence is an index to all the fiction (in the case of foreign titles giving both English and foreign forms) contained in the foregoing volumes, we add three that will be useful in connection with the whole series, namely: a presentation of mythology and folk-lore of various nations, ancient and modern, with a complete analytical index; a dictionary of biography, containing sketches of the lives of authors from whose novels our shorter versions have been made; and a second dictionary, giving famous names in fiction, drama, history and poetry.

In addition to the many members of the Authors Club of New York, whose valued coöperation is acknowledged by the Publishers in the dedication, we have had throughout the series many special contributors of eminence. In the treatment of Balzac we were so fortunate as to secure the assistance of the late Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, who was indisputably the best English translator of the great French novelist's works; and in the Dictionary of Biography (Vol. XIX) her essay on Balzac's life was the last literary effort of her pen. Distinguished foreign contributors are: Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., who gives the unusually interesting sketch of his famous father; Dr. Francesco Flamini, Professor of Literature in the University of Padua, Italy, who has no rival in treating the great Italian romancers and who contributed the biographical sketches of Boccaccio and Manzoni; and Mr. Andrew Lang, whose work on the Waverley Novels and whose biographical essay on Sir Walter Scott must command the attention due to so great a master of his subject. In the field of foreign literature we have been assisted further by Prof. Frederick de Sumichrast of Harvard University, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, and MM. Arvède Barine, Edouard Rod, Edouard Caro (of the French Academy), Émile Faguet, Maurice Paléologue, Albert Sorel (of the French Academy), and many other foreign littérateurs, well known at home and abroad.

Briefly, then, it is our hope that this collection will knit closer the tie that unites us to the literature of the past, and that the contemplation of that past may encourage faith in the future. We believe also that it has an additional advantage. It is good that each generation should acknowledge its gratitude for the heritage handed down by its ancestors; it learns thereby to make better use of it and by comparison the better to know itself. Thus, this collection, while useful for the reconstitution of the past, may serve also to impart a more accurate understanding of present conditions and achievements.

I could not have carried this unique and difficult work through to success but for the efficient aid that I have received from my large staff of expert contributors, and especially the skill, experience, and constant care of my Associate Editor, Mrs. Dora Knowlton Ranous—for all which I am profoundly grateful.

ROSSITER JOHNSON

EDMOND FRANÇOIS VALENTIN ABOUT

(France, 1828–1885)

THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN EAR (1862)

Although Edmond About had been a contributor to the *Courier de Paris* since 1845, this was the first book to come from his pen. Fantastic as is its theme, it aroused no little serious inquiry as to whether modern science could produce such a case of suspended animation.

AFTER three successful years in the Ural mines, Léon Renault, a civil engineer of twenty-six years, returned home to Fontainebleau. His parents were overjoyed. Gothon, their faithful old servant, wept for gladness, and the friendly neighbors gave various signs of pleasure on this memorable occasion. But the supreme moment of happiness came to Léon when his fiancée, Clémentine Sambucco, accompanied by her austere maiden aunt, Virginie Sambucco, greeted him with unchanged affection after the prolonged separation. Clémentine was a pretty little blonde Creole, and Léon was very much in love with her. Indeed, somewhat on her account he had made the sojourn in Russia, where he had been able to amass sufficient fortune to warrant his pretensions to her hand, for Clémentine possessed an income of 8000 francs, and would in all probability inherit 200,000 more at the death of Mademoiselle Virginie.

On the evening of reunion, when it came time for Mademoiselle Sambucco and her lovely niece to leave, Léon persuaded them to stay until his trunks were unpacked. The family adjourned to Monsieur Renault's laboratory, or "sorcerer's den," as Gothon called it, where the boxes were opened. Wonderful

Asiatic objects were brought to view and distributed among the assembled friends as souvenirs, Clementine receiving the greatest share of rich gifts. However, the most singular and interesting of the things collected by Léon was the mummy of a man, once a French colonel, who had been condemned to death as a spy, but who had been desiccated by a German physiologist, Herr Meiser of Dantzic, in 1813, after his captors thought him frozen to death from the exposure to which they had subjected him. Professor Meiser had always maintained that science could put a living being to sleep, and wake him again at the end of an infinite number of years, and this belated French officer gave him the chance to demonstrate his theory. Léon's "shred of a man," in a triple coffin, was the result of Meiser's experiment—that of scientifically drying up a human being by absorbing the four fifths of water contained in the human body.

M. and Madame Renault and their friends examined the desiccated Colonel with greatest curiosity, finding the body extraordinarily preserved; in fact the unfortunate soldier looked as if he had only fallen asleep. The features wore a proud and manly expression, while the cheeks retained a rosy tint. While pointing out these details of the mummy to his audience, Léon accidentally broke off the lower part of the right ear. Clémentine uttered a cry of affright, and became pale as death. The company gathered around her, but she speedily regained composure and reassured them.

"It appeared to me that the poor man was about to open his mouth and cry out when he was injured," she said, smiling.

Léon hastened to close the triple coffin, but before leaving that night Clémentine insisted upon seeing the Colonel again. When the box was opened, she knelt down beside the mummy and kissed its forehead. She implored Léon to have the Colonel buried in consecrated ground if he were really dead. Léon consented, though it had been his intention to send the desiccated officer to the Anthropological Museum.

The whimsical emotion of Clémentine aroused endless conjectures in the mind of her lover, who regretted his purchase of the mummy for twenty-five louis. "One might think that that confounded stuffed Colonel had come to thrust himself

between us," Léon reflected. And, true enough, the following day Clémentine declared she must see the "poor, poor Colonel" once more. Léon could not dissuade her from this caprice. The compassion and sympathy she evinced for this modern mummy astonished her friends and worried her fond sweetheart. Nor did her interest decrease; she had a mass said for the repose of the unfortunate man's soul, and urged the funeral preparations. She even selected the ground in which the remains were to be interred. But just before the burial Clémentine changed her mind, declaring that perhaps the Colonel of the 23d of the line was not dead after all, and that no effort should be spared to restore him to life. Why not try resuscitating experiments? She found an ally in Dr. Martout; the family physician, who was deeply interested in reanimation, and kindred subjects.

About this time a document arrived from Berlin which gave information of the desiccated man. It was the will of Professor Meiser, dated January 20, 1824, made in favor of the Colonel, and setting forth the strange story of the whole terrible affair. According to this will, Meiser had made one Colonel Pierre Victor Fougas his sole heir because of the ordeals the Colonel had undergone, and the service he had rendered to science. This legacy amounted to 375,000 francs. The will also gave a detailed account of the desiccation, and the attending circumstances.

On the 11th of November, 1813, Colonel Fougas, a young and gallant officer, had been taken by a detachment on his way to Dantzic bearing a letter from Napoleon to General Rapp. Professor Meiser, acting as interpreter, was struck by the way the prisoner deported himself. Nevertheless, the brave fellow was condemned to die, and was confined in the ruined tower of Liebenfeld, where he was found next morning, apparently frozen to death. The learned Professor Meiser, however, felt convinced that the state was only a profound lethargic sleep, superinduced by prolonged fatigue and intense cold. The kind old physiologist was confronted with three alternatives: (1) To leave the Colonel to die of congelation, (2) To revive him by stimulants, at the risk of killing him. And for what? To give him up, in case of success, to inevitable

execution. (3) To desiccate him with the quasi certainty of resuscitating him after the restoration of peace. Professor Meiser did not hesitate long as to which course to pursue. He bought the body as a corpse for dissection, and soon discovered his surmise had been correct—the Colonel still lived!

Then the will described minutely the process of desiccating a man, which finally would reduce the weight of the clothed body from one hundred and forty pounds to forty. On the third day of this extraordinary experiment, the door of the laboratory was broken in by a Russian general, who had been hastily despatched from headquarters to prevent the execution of Colonel Fougas. Scientist Meiser confessed his deed, but the distinguished visitor considered him an old fool, and left him without ceremony. A little more than three months sufficed to desiccate the victim thoroughly, and up to the time of Professor Meiser's death, in 1824, the mummy had been his treasured companion. This unique will closed with directions to the nephew, Nicholas Meiser, to call together ten physicians and resuscitate the young Colonel, according to a memorandum attached to the document; in the event that the efforts of science should be unable to reanimate the subject, the entire fortune was to revert to the aforesaid nephew, the only surviving relative of Dr. John Meiser.

Dr. Hirtz, of Berlin, who had copied the will, and had sent it to Léon Renault, wrote that he had interviewed Herr Nicholas Meiser, who declared his uncle's peculiar wishes had been fulfilled. The ten physicians had been unanimous in affirming that a man desiccated in a furnace could not be restored to life. As for the memorandum concerning the methods to be employed in resuscitating the Colonel, both the worthy Nicholas and his wife swore they never had laid eyes on it. This wealthy individual also told his reason for selling the mummy of Colonel Fougas; he said that the ghost of the desiccated one had haunted him for fifteen years, pulling him by the feet at night, until, distracted, he felt compelled to get rid of his troublesome relic.

Though the Renaults kept much of the news from her, Clémentine fed her imagination on what she did hear, and she grew more and more absorbed in the career of Colonel Fougas.

She sought the society of Dr. Martout, and led him to talk of reanimation. To bring the Colonel back to life became her ruling passion. The idea of marriage was set aside for a time. Arguments were of no avail; and finally, to satisfy her, or to cure her of the notion, Dr. Martout sent the little piece of the Colonel's ear, which had been broken off the first night of his arrival in Fontainebleau, to M. Nibor of Paris, who was a celebrated *savant.* Under his microscope it would be revealed whether or not the tissues of the Colonel had undergone any material change, and whether resuscitation should be attempted. Without loss of time, M. Nibor returned answer that the fragment of ear submitted to him was a piece of a living man, whose tissues and humors were in no way decomposed.

Excitement was at high pitch in Fontainebleau over the fact that a mummy was to be brought back to life. Karl Nibor and a corps of commissioners had arrived to take charge of the resurrection. Curious to note, Colonel Fougas's old regiment, the 23d of the line, was quartered in town, and participated in the general sensation. The idea of one of the fathers of the regiment appearing among them aroused the highest excitement. Clémentine was happy. "We will be married," she said to Léon, "the day after the resuscitation of the Colonel. I intend that he shall give me away. I want him to bless me." The puzzled lover was at a loss to understand her whim, but she was proof against all his objections.

With the aid of a bath-tub, boiling water, and a small room, into which a jet of vapor could be introduced, the grand experiment was undertaken, amid fears, hopes, and doubts. Gothon, who had taken communion that morning, kept praying in the corner of her kitchen that this impious attempt might not succeed. Despite her supplications, and the sneers of skeptics, at the end of three days Colonel Fougas awoke from his comatose state, after soaking up the necessary quantity of water, under scientific supervision. It was a strange coincidence that at the very moment when life surged back into the frame of the Colonel, a battalion of the 23d passed through the street. A cry rang out: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" These were the Colonel's first words. The gaping crowd filled the room to suffocation, and the first act of the Colonel was to clear it into

the street pell-mell. After the pandemonium had subsided, M. and Madame Renault, Léon, and Nibor took the patient in hand, relating his remarkable adventures during forty-six years of unconsciousness, and also the changes in the history of the world during that period. Fougas could hardly credit his ears, but was finally compelled to believe that his beloved Napoleon had been dead many years, and that another Napoleon —the third—was Emperor of France. Yet it seemed impossible that he himself was seventy years old, according to these facts, when he still possessed the body and vitality of a youth of twenty-four.

Mademoiselle Virginie Sambucco had taken Clémentine far away from Fontainebleau, fearing the strain upon her niece during the attempted resuscitation. As everything had turned out successfully, Léon despatched a messenger to the ladies bidding them come to meet the Colonel. Meanwhile the dignitaries of the town called, and were presented to him. He learned from Professor Meiser of his inheritance, which had greatly increased in the years that had elapsed. Dr. Nibor told him he should be worth more than a million francs, and that the thrifty Herr Nicholas Meiser, of Dantzic, had no doubt invested the money to exceptional advantage. Fougas said he scorned wealth.

Dinner was served, and the Colonel ate and drank like a Homeric hero. In fact, he got drunk, but as he belonged to a robust generation, he hardly betrayed it, and by ten o'clock was in command of himself again, and told his history to the circle of eager listeners. He recounted the death of his mother at his birth, his childhood, his joining the army of Napoleon, his promotions, being lieutenant at Eylau, captain at Wagram, and then decorated by the Emperor's own hand. He repeated details of the terrible Russian campaign. Changing his theme of honor to one of love, he related his unhappy romance with a certain Clémentine, from whose arms he had been literally torn to witness the laurels of Dresden and the cypresses of Leipsic. A few lines from her hand, telling him he was to be a father, had reached him between the two battles. "Am I a father?" he cried. "God knows! Has she waited for me? I believe she has. The waiting must have appeared to be a

long one since the birth of the child, who is forty-six years old to-day, and who could be, in his turn, my father." Fougas finished his narrative with a word-picture of the great Napoleon giving him the commission to carry the fatal letter to General Rapp at Dantzic, in the delivery of which he was captured, condemned as a spy, and thrown into the tower. This was the last he remembered before coming to life in Fontainebleau.

At this juncture Léon's betrothed entered the room. "My eyes do not deceive me!" cried Colonel Fougas. "It is surely she! There she is, just as I left her! Clémentine! In my arms! On my heart! What is this that you have been whining to me, the rest of you? Napoleon is *not* dead, and the world has *not* grown forty-six years older, for Clémentine is still the same!"

One can readily imagine the consternation of the group. Clémentine was too astounded to defend herself against the onslaught of Fougas, who took forcible possession of her. Léon came to her rescue, and the two men had an encounter, each claiming Clémentine as his own by every right. "Your Clémentine would be sixty-four years old to-day," Léon declared, "and Mademoiselle Sambucco is eighteen." Nevertheless, the irrepressible Colonel begged Léon's *fiancée* to become his wife. "Enough, sir!" cried Clémentine's maiden aunt, "it is time to put an end to this scandalous farce. My niece is not for you. Know that the day after to-morrow she will marry Monsieur Léon Renault, your benefactor!"

Fougas forbade the marriage, and declared that if it should take place he would curse Clémentine. Léon laughed at the threat of such an absurd malediction, but Clémentine burst into tears and, kneeling before the angry Colonel, vowed to do nothing against his wishes. Thus mollified, Fougas accompanied the ladies home. Léon also made one of the party; but he was a much disgruntled lover, and on their reaching the house insisted upon having an explanation. Fougas gave none, except that he would relinquish life itself rather than abjure Clémentine. The two men parted for the night, but Léon conceived a project to rid himself of Fougas for a few days at least, until his marriage with Clémentine could be celebrated. He planned to excite the Colonel's dominant passion; to

induce him to reclaim his rank and epaulettes, and reënter the service. The Renault family artfully assisted him in this plan, and got Fougas to promise that he would set out for Paris, after the breakfast with his old regiment. "And then I'll marry Clémentine," he said. Yes, for her sweet sake he would seek his military honors, and also secure the Dantzic bequest.

Breakfast with the officers of the 23d of the line was a *fête*. Fougas, as the patriarch of the regiment, was shown most unusual attention. It was little less than a debauch of glory. The heroic Colonel made a speech which stirred every heart, but at the end of the banquet he was again intoxicated. In this condition he challenged, while in the heat of a dispute, M. du Marnet, a colonel of the cuirassiers, to a saber-match on horseback. The necessary arrangements having been completed, Fougas devoted the intervening hours to worrying the Renaults. He again swore he would marry Clémentine as soon as he had recovered his rank, family, and fortune, and forbade her disposing of herself before that time. Poor girl! she seemed absolutely under his baleful control, and reiterated that she would do nothing without his sanction. Fougas broke openly with Léon and his parents, refusing further hospitality at their hands.

At nine o'clock the next morning, the chivalric tourney between M. du Marnet and Colonel Fougas came to pass. Victory went to the latter, his adversary receiving a slash which traversed the left arm and breast. But the volatile Fougas was all compassion and remorse at wounding his adversary, and fairly overwhelmed him with protestations of eternal friendship. "As if all soldiers were not brothers!" he exclaimed, bathing the injured man with tears. That evening Fougas wound up an eventful day by inviting his seconds and his referee to dinner. He treated them magnificently, and drank too much, as usual.

Before leaving for Paris, Colonel Fougas penned an ardent note to the light of his life, as he called Clémentine. By way of answer she sent him a pretty red-leather pocket-book, containing all of her savings, and it reached him just as he was getting on the train. The journey was a wonderful one, for

he never had been on steam cars before, and their speed fascinated him. He speculated what the Little Corporal could have accomplished with the tremendous force of steam. "Napoleon would have conquered the world in six weeks!" was his conclusion, and he resolved to present this possibility to Napoleon III, whom he intended to interview. Such meditations were rudely interrupted by the English language. Fougas bounded from his corner. Horror! one of these monsters had assassinated Napoleon at St. Helena! A ridiculous passage-at-arms transpired, and when the train reached the next stop Fougas rushed into another car, only to encounter two young French nobles who were evidently conspiring against their Emperor. The furious Colonel took them to task, and was regarded as a madman for his trouble. Once more the irate soldier changed compartments, and this time he fell in with a group of painters, who made sport of him.

Paris dazzled Fougas, though he found fault with the fortifications. Ascertaining that the Emperor was in town, he secured a room, and went out to buy new clothes. He hunted out the royal bootmaker, shirtmaker, hatter, tailor, and glovemaker. The tradesmen demurred at the queer orders given them, for he insisted upon having styles which were the height of fashion in 1813. When the things were all ready Colonel Fougas arrayed himself gorgeously, after his own ideas, and proceeded to the Rue de Rivoli. To fortify his courage, however, he first ate four cutlets, a loaf of bread, a slice of cheese, and finished with two bottles of wine.

The porter of the Palace received his odd visitor with suspicion, a feeling which was augmented when Fougas announced that he had known the first Napoleon, and that he was "seventy years old on the dial-plate of time; twenty-four years on the tablets of history!" Naturally the good gatekeeper thought the man a lunatic, and informed him that the Emperor was in the country. It would then be necessary to take a carriage, and Fougas, deceived by the ruse, was in reality bundled off to the insane asylum. Fortunately, on the way thither, an old friend, Leblanc of the Russian campaign, recognized the Colonel as he drove by. "Fougas!" cried the old soldier, and that individual jumped out of his conveyance, and flung himself

upon the big man with the gray moustache, in the elegant barouche.

Leblanc had heard all about his friend's unexampled experience. These old-timers revived the memories of 1812, and reviewed passing events. The barouche was driven to the Tuileries, where Fougas was presented to Napoleon III by Leblanc, who had been made Marshal of France and Duke of Solferino. Napoleon III received Colonel Fougas graciously, decorated him, promised that he should be a brigadier-general in three months, and, hearing that he had been held a prisoner of war, under exceptional circumstances, for so long a time, declared that Prussia owed the Colonel a heavy indemnity, which would be collected for him. In turn, the admirable Fougas gave the Emperor novel advice as to how to improve Paris, by remedying the irregular course of the Seine, and by arranging the streets along geometrical lines. Napoleon III listened patiently, twisted his moustache, and finally laughed, assuring the Colonel of rapid promotion. This memorable interview was retailed to Clémentine in an exuberant letter, in which Fougas ended with: "You shall be happy, and I shall be great! To-morrow morning I leave for Dantzic. Gold is a deception, but I wish you to be rich."

Colonel Fougas reached his destination in Dantzic, and found fat Nicholas Meiser about to dine like a *gourmet*, while his angular, parsimonious spouse recounted her usurious dealings during his recent absence. Herr Meiser had just returned from a trip to Berlin, where he was "pulling wires" to have the ennobling "von" prefixed to his name. This boot-licking journey had been to him one long, unbroken nightmare of Colonel Fougas, whose figure had haunted fat Nicholas everywhere; therefore, when that awful vision stood before him in the flesh, apparently, both he and his wife groveled and implored for mercy. Without losing any time, Fougas demanded a million thalers as his rightful inheritance. Mention of money restored the precious pair to their senses. They denied any such claim, but Fougas proved his ground, and swore he would compel them to pay two millions. Thereupon Frau Meiser concocted a secret scheme, and prevailed upon her husband to sign a draft for the original sum of one million

thalers, which satisfied Fougas. She fawned upon her guest, and invited him to join them at table. Nothing loath, the gallant Colonel accepted the proffered hospitality, and began his usual consumption of eatables and drinkables. Long bottles of wine were emptied, one after another, until Fougas became intoxicated. He embraced the conniving couple, and then slid under the table.

"It's the devil in the form of our late lodger," said Frau Meiser. She then told her husband that she had put holy-water in the wine; its action had overcome "the gentleman from the other world." Together they dragged the unconscious Colonel to a public well and dropped him in it, and they never even paused to take the draft from his red pocket-book. But the next morning the president of their bank called and informed them that a vivacious, brusque young man had presented the draft and that it had been honored!

Truly that most remarkable Colonel had had another marvelous escape! The cold water in the well revived him, of course, and after swimming about for a short time he discovered the bucket-rope; this he climbed, and arrived at the surface in time to thrash a busybody night-watch. Circulation was thereby restored. Fougas found that his draft was safe, and the following morning he put it through the bank. He also secured the promised indemnity from the Prussian Government, a trifle of 200,000 francs.

For days the Colonel used every means in his power to find the Clémentine of 1813, and her child. He intended the Meiser million for his son and heir. Twice he was sure he had found his darlings, only to be bitterly disappointed. This fruitless search led him into absurd situations. At length he tired of pursuing a grandmotherly wife and a fatherly son, so he returned to Fontainebleau.

Léon Renault, pale and haggard, was on his knees before his Clémentine, pleading with her to retract her foolish promise to Colonel Fougas, and to marry him at once. This was too much for the Colonel, who came upon the scene. He picked up Léon unceremoniously and dropped him out of the window into the heliotrope bed. Then Fougas took Léon's place as a sighing lover at the feet of little Clémentine. She told

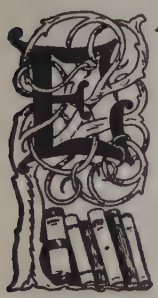
him she respected and reverenced him, but that Léon had her love.

Mademoiselle Virginie Sambucco, startled by the clamor, entered the room like an avalanche. She upbraided the Colonel, declaring he was unfaithful to the Clémentine of 1813. Had he not found her? Fougas regretted that he had failed in his search for the sweetheart of long ago. Quite casually he repeated her full name—Clémentine Pichou. "What!" screamed Mademoiselle Virginie, and with excitement she extracted a document from her *secrétaire*. It was the record of marriage between a man named Langevin and the same Clémentine, which had taken place after the supposed death of Pierre Victor Fougas! That Clémentine Pichou was the grandmother of the present Clémentine, therefore the Colonel was her grandfather, which explained the young girl's attitude toward him. There was a general embracing at this illumining information, and Léon Renault, returning with his seconds to settle scores with the Colonel, was overpowered by the "grandfather," and the whole affair was poured into his willing ears.

Léon Renault and Clémentine Sambucco were soon happily married. Colonel Fougas gave the bride away, and with her went the million-thaler dowry. The young "grandfather" looked forward to but one consolation—the brigadier-generalship promised him by Napoleon III. When word was received that to confer such an honor would be unconstitutional, Colonel Fougas despaired and died, though later information made exception of his singular case. His sudden death led many to suspect suicide, inasmuch as he left a convenient memorandum, disposing of the remainder of his fortune. Howbeit, Colonel Fougas lived just one month after his wonderful resuscitation, and he was buried in the consecrated spot selected by his granddaughter, Clémentine, before that second lease of life began.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS (1856)

This story, written when the author was twenty-eight years old, delighted the French people with its caricature of British arrogance in the characters of its English heroines. It achieved a great success and was dramatized for the French stage.



ARLY one July morning a young man entered the writer's garden. He was blond, beardless, and wore gold spectacles. "Monsieur," he said to me in French, but with a deplorable accent, "my name is Hermann Schultz; I have come to pass some months in Greece, and I have carried your book with me everywhere." He informed me that he was a botanist, that he had a commission from the *Jardin des Plantes* in Hamburg, and in order to complete his herbarium he was studying the country. He was naïve, and spoke with a candor that inspired confidence. At the end of an hour we had become good friends. The subject of brigandage was somehow introduced. "My dear sir," I asked, "have you met any brigands? Is it true that there are still bandits in Greece?"

"It is only too true," he gravely replied. "I was for fifteen days in the hands of the terrible Hadgi-Stavros, nicknamed the King of the Mountains. If you have leisure, and a long story will not weary you, I am ready to give you the details of my adventure. You may make of it what you please."

"You are very good," I replied, "and I am at your disposal. Let us go to my study."

Seating himself on a divan, like an Arabian story-teller, he lighted his pipe and began his tale. I took stenographic notes. Some of his statements were so surprising that I often imagined he was mocking me, but his manner was so simple, his blue eyes so limpid, that my suspicions faded. At five o'clock he

bade me adieu, and after his departure I re-read his remarkable story. Before publishing *The King of the Mountains*, however, I sent a copy of the manuscript to Monsieur Pseftis, begging him to point out any errors, and promising to print his reply. A final word is due to the reader in presenting the following narrative: do not consider the writer a collaborator, but simply the editor.

Hermann Schultz was one of six children of a frugal innkeeper. The day Hermann received his commission from the *Jardin des Plantes* there was a family festival; his brothers prophesied high honors upon his return from Athens, while his father was sure he would marry a princess, whose fortune would enrich them all. Arriving in Greece without adventure, he found board and lodging with Christodule, a pastry-cook, who was an old Palikar, and who wore the national costume while selling cakes. Besides Christodule there was his wife, Maroula, his son, Dimitri, who was a servant hired by the day, and four boarders. These fellows were widely different: Hippolyte Mérinay was a little Frenchman, whose dominant passions were archæology and philanthropy, although he never was seen to give a sou to a beggar; Giacomo Fondi was a poor Maltese, big as a Hercules, but who sealed letters for a living; William Lobster was a blond American cherub of twenty years, who read Emerson and practised pistol-shooting; but the most interesting person in the group to Hermann was John Harris, the maternal uncle of Lobster, who had traveled over more than half the globe, had read everything, seen everything, tried everything, and who was then in command of a despatch-boat, carrying sixty men and four cannon. Harris was an adventurous and chivalrous character, and greatly attracted the German botanist.

It was the spring of 1856. The hero of Athens was the scourge of Attica. Everywhere one heard of the famous Hadgi-Stavros, whose daring exploits were openly admired by his countrymen. One Sunday, Christodule, who had known the mountain robber in Palikar days, enlarged upon this subject for the benefit of his boarders. It appeared that Hadgi-Stavros had been a chief during the War of Independence;

later he became the mightiest of brigands, and eventually a most powerful political factor. Wise in all things, he invested his money instead of hoarding it in strong-boxes. He was very rich, and his only daughter would have a magnificent dowry. Christodule even defended the much talked-of cruelties laid to the old bandit's account; when ransoms were not paid Hadgi-Stavros always killed his prisoners. And why not? It was his way of protesting notes! The listeners expressed themselves in various characteristic ways: Fondi, the Maltese Caliban, wished that he could serve the King of the Mountains a ransom of ten thousand blows; Lobster longed to use him as a target for his revolver practice; Harris only whistled, while Hermann was astonished that the old rascal's daughter allowed him to pursue such an infamous career. Christodule replied that the daughter did not live with the father, but was at boarding-school—where, he professed not to know. Their conversation was interrupted and changed by the entrance of a young girl, dressed like a fashion-plate, who was introduced as Photini, the daughter of a Colonel Jean. It was customary for her to spend Sundays at the pastry-cook's. Photini was ugly, but Dimitri, the son of Christodule, adored her. She was indifferent to admiration from that quarter, but Hermann Schultz noticed that Harris produced a wonderful impression upon the maid. She seemed magnetized. Before leaving she asked the botanist whether Harris were married. "He is wedded to the sea; it is he who commands the American boat, *The Fancy*, stationed here," said Hermann. Photini thanked him with a radiant look. On four successive Sundays she looked at Harris with despairing eyes, but John was too nonchalant to divine her malady.

On the 28th of April the newspapers reported the complete defeat of the King of the Mountains. Hermann now felt he could roam about the country at will. Enchanted at this prospect, he set out two days later with his specimen-box, and traveled toward Parnassus. Dimitri, guiding two English ladies on horseback, overtook him, and Hermann followed the party at a distance of a few feet. The ladies were a Mrs. Simons and her daughter. The mother was a partner in the firm of Barley and Company, the famous London bankers. Her brother had

come with herself and Miss Simons to Greece, but had remained in Athens to rest. Hermann, overhearing a conversation, learned that the daughter's name was Mary Ann, and that both were warm and hungry. When they reached the inn to which Dimitri had taken them, it was found deserted. Thereupon Mrs. Simons had a bitter quarrel with the guide. "I am English," she cried, "and I expect to eat when I am hungry!"

They pushed on to the village of Castia. As the road had now become particularly bad, Hermann offered to lead Mary Ann's horse, Dimitri being engaged with Mrs. Simons's animal. His services were accepted, and he immediately found the English girl a charming creature. So far as he could analyze his feeling, it was one of "acute agitation in the region of the heart." When they arrived at Castia, every house in the village appeared forsaken. Dimitri could not understand the reason why. Mrs. Simons lost patience. "I am English," she reiterated to her unfortunate guide, "and one does not mock me with impunity. I shall complain to the Legation. You expose me to starvation!" Discomfited, Dimitri proposed that they walk to the farm of the convent for food. There a monk warned them to flee, as brigands were swarming everywhere. Again Mrs. Simons lamented, and protested she should die of hunger. As they hurried to take advantage of the warning, they were surrounded by brigands, despoiled of their valuables, and made prisoners. Only Dimitri, according to custom, was released; and he returned to Athens to inform the captives' friends that they had fallen into the hands of Hadgi-Stavros.

Then the two indignant Englishwomen and the placid German naturalist were led, single file, into the camp of the King of the Mountains. As they approached, a dozen fierce dogs, the King's sentinels, attacked them, but were stoned by the bandits. Hadgi-Stavros was seated, tailor-fashion, upon a square of carpet, under a fir-tree, dictating to his secretaries. The King was an old man, marvelously well-preserved, straight, thin, supple as a steel spring, clean and shining as a new sword. His long, white moustaches hung over his chin, like two marble stalactites.

"You are very welcome! Be seated," said his Majesty gravely in Greek.

"Monsieur," exclaimed Mrs. Simons, "I am English, and—"

The King interrupted her. He did not understand her language, but he imposed silence until he had finished with his present business. Hadgi-Stavros was dictating a fatherly letter to his daughter, concerning a piano, a crinoline, and Walter Scott. Another letter followed to the Messrs. Barley and Company, of London, directing investment in stocks. Hermann, who understood Greek as well as other languages, made a note that it was the firm in which Mrs. Simons was a partner. Then the King dictated a long annual report of the shares of his band in a Greek corporation. He appended his seal (though he could read, he could not write) to these documents, and gave audience to his subaltern officers, who recited their recent deeds of theft and murder. When it came their turn to be heard, the two Englishwomen and the German botanist were treated with great courtesy by Hadgi-Stavros. Hermann volunteered to act as interpreter between the ladies and the King, but the latter refused, and called a Corfuan, who knew English. Hadgi-Stavros craftily questioned the angry and haughty Mrs. Simons, eliciting exactly the information he wanted; he learned that the ladies were enormously rich, and accordingly fixed their ransom at one hundred thousand francs. Turning his attention to Hermann Schultz, he shrewdly ascertained that, while he was a poor naturalist, he possessed some value, as he had been sent by the city of Hamburg to Athens in a scientific cause; therefore he considered him worth fifteen thousand francs to his native city. The King listened to no objections, nor to Mrs. Simons's expostulations, but ordered them all to the "dining-hall," a little nook sheltered by rocks. Their hideous attendant, the Corfuan, informed the ladies that the King gave them till May 15th for the payment of the ransom; Hermann was given thirty days in which his must be paid. Forfeiture meant death. Mrs. Simons was positive that England would rescue her subjects, and refused to think of complying with the bandit King's mandate.

The captives were compelled to divide into sleeping quarters the nook where they had eaten. A tent, which consisted only

of a single strip of heavy felt, was given to each. The hideous Corfuan was appointed their permanent guard. During the first night a fearful discharge of musketry awoke the prisoners, who were sure the gendarmes had come to save them; but to their chagrin the noise was due to celebration of the Ascension, the first of May, a particularly festive occasion among the Greek highwaymen. Under guidance of the Corfuan they witnessed a picturesque *fête*, at which the hardy followers of Hadgi-Stavros danced and drank like madmen. This orgy always roused the worst element in the natures of the brigands, and even the King trembled for the safety of his three charges. Indeed, he warded off several attacks upon them, and slept at the top of a natural stairway which led to their quarters.

While the old King snored, Hermann stole an interview with Mrs. Simons and Mary Ann. He informed them that he knew how they all might obtain freedom without cost—the King's correspondence that morning had furnished the clue. Cutting him short, Mrs. Simons rejected his plan of sending to her brother for the requisite sum of one hundred and fifteen thousand francs.

"In exchange for the money, you shall insist that the King sign a receipt," said Hermann.

"And a fine receipt it would be," replied the scornful lady.

"With this paper, you would get back your one hundred and fifteen thousand francs," declared Hermann.

Mrs. Simons dismissed him before he had a chance fully to explain his scheme. She remained firm in her intention to await release at the hands of the authorities. Hermann went back to his tent to spend a sleepless night. The next morning he wrote to John Harris, Christodule, and to his father, imploring the aid of the first two, but keeping the knowledge of his plight from the poor Hamburg innkeeper. Coming upon him as he finished his letters, the King advised the botanist to make himself agreeable to the ladies. "I have furnished you with a fine opportunity to make a fortune," said Hadgi-Stavros significantly. "If you do not profit by it, you will be foolish."

Hermann sought Mary Ann and her formidable mother. Once more he advanced a way of escape, by proposing to dam up the brook, which formed a cascade over the side of the

precipice, and which was the chief danger in that direction to freedom. Hermann calculated the whole thing to a nicety, even to the killing of the hideous Corfuan keeper, should that ogre impede their flight. Mary Ann threw Hermann a look that moved the depths of his soul. Mrs. Simons listened kindly to the plan until it dawned on her that while their champion might help her daughter down the steep declivity, he would not be able to return for her, the climb being impossible.

"My poor man, you see that romantic projects always fail at some point. Permit me to hold to my first idea of waiting for the gendarmerie," she said to the gallant botanist. And, true enough, a few days later, a courier ran toward the King, crying that the gendarmes were coming. But Hadgi-Stavros was untroubled, for the band of sixty soldiers was commanded by Monsieur Pericles, who was the godson of the King of the Mountains. Captain Pericles and his genial godfather discussed affairs, agreed that a report of a bloody battle between them, apropos of the English hostages, would be necessary. To strengthen belief in this encounter, ten men from the troops were transferred to the bandit chief; M. Pericles, upon his return, would say that these had been killed in the fray.

"The paymaster-general sends twenty thousand francs to Argos. They will pass by the Sciromian Rocks to-morrow night," said the Captain.

"I shall be there. Will a large band be necessary?" the King inquired.

"Yes! the coffer is guarded by two companies."

"I will take all my band. In my absence thou wilt guard our prisoners?"

"With pleasure," answered Pericles.

Hermann Schultz overheard everything. The bandits took their departure for the "hold-up." Mrs. Simons saw the defile of men from her tent, and concluded that the bandits had abandoned the place. "Free!" she cried. "They have all left." Hurrying to the top of the natural stairway, she beheld the soldiers. She flung herself into the arms of Captain Pericles. "Angel of God!" she exclaimed. That officer proceeded to explain that it would be necessary to stay on the ground a few days longer. Under pretense that the articles were necessary

for the conviction of Hadgi-Stavros, the good Captain then stripped the two women of the valuables the King had returned to them as due to their position and wealth. Hermann protested against such nefarious work. M. Pericles threatened him with death. The helpless botanist was separated from Mrs. Simons and her daughter, put under four guards, and endured greater hardships than ever.

Hadgi-Stavros was worsted in his attempt on the twenty thousand francs for Argos. The Greek soldiers fought well, and forty brigands were slain. The remainder returned sad and discouraged. Only the King was fresh and gay. He took the defeat philosophically, and congratulated himself upon the marvelous fighting he had done. Pericles despaired because some of his men had been killed in bandit dress and would be recognized, thus endangering his reputation. The old King suggested that his godson and his men enroll with him. Captain Pericles, afraid of the hardships of such a life, declined. As the soldiers were leaving, Mrs. Simons, led to the top of the natural stairway by Hermann, realized how she had been duped. The King and his worthy godson were exchanging a farewell kiss. The poor woman fainted. When she revived, she upbraided the botanist for not warning her against the dastardly gendarmes.

"It is your fault," she declared.

"But, Madame, I advised you that you must put no faith in the soldiers," Hermann remonstrated.

"In your place an Englishman would have sacrificed his life for us, and I would have given him my daughter's hand!" she exclaimed.

Hermann was abashed, but fancied he had risen in Mrs. Simons's estimation. He then told her that Hadgi-Stavros had his funds invested in the firm of Barley and Company, and that that was the reason he had proposed the ransom money should be peacefully paid, and a receipt secured from the King. Mrs. Simons reproached Hermann for not telling her these facts sooner, though he had vainly tried to do so the first night of their captivity. However, an appreciative smile from Mary Ann rewarded the confused Doctor of Natural Science. The elder woman wrote to her brother for one hundred and fifteen

thousand francs, and outlined the plan of restitution. It was contrary to the custom of Hadgi-Stavros ever to give a receipt, but Hermann, knowing the old King's pride, hinted to him that he was probably afraid of such an action. This ruse won. His Majesty insisted on giving the desired seal just to prove his fearlessness.

A monk was charged with the letter to Mrs. Simons's brother. Two days later he returned with verification of one hundred thousand francs, placed to the credit of Hadgi-Stavros, at an Athenian bank. The business-like brother had not advanced the other fifteen thousand francs, as it was not in his sister's name, and could not be recovered, according to the plan. Hermann, therefore, had to remain behind in the mountain fastness. Before she departed Mrs. Simons kindly advised the young botanist to effect his escape according to his first plan, by way of the precipice. "Once out of here, do not fail to present yourself at our hotel," she said. Mary Ann said nothing, but she sent Hermann a glance capable of rousing an army.

After the two ladies had gone, Hadgi-Stavros granted Hermann permission to roam about the mountains in search of plants, accompanied by two guards. The botanist hit upon another clever plan of escape. He made his companions attempt to obtain a specimen very difficult to reach. In the midst of their operations, Hermann Schultz took to his legs, and would have distanced his pursuers had not his suspenders broken as he ran. Of course he was caught and brought before the King, who deprived him of all privileges, and confined him to his tent in the care of a villainous bandit, named Vasile. This rascal conceived a great liking for Hermann, and, though strictly guarding him, he evinced many signs of attachment. It was this friendliness of Vasile that gave Hermann a fresh idea of escape. He invited the bandit to dine with him, and as Hadgi-Stavros supplied the prisoner with unlimited wine, Hermann succeeded in getting his keeper drunk. Vasile slept the sleep of the Egyptian Sphinx.

In less than an hour the botanist had dammed up the brook that formed the cascade, the obstacle in his path down the rocky decline. Taking some bread and meat, and slinging his box over his shoulder, Hermann began the perilous journey.

His passage was of incredible difficulty. Just as he was about to leap to the bottom of the ravine, one of Hadgi-Stavros's ferocious dogs bounded toward him, and set up a furious barking. Hermann threw the animal his provisions to quiet him. Among the paraphernalia in his box was a packet of arsenic. He treated the dog to a dose of it on bread. The beast howled louder than ever, and died in great agony, after prolonged suffering. At this point the dam above broke, and the whole body of water poured over Hermann. He struggled to dry land, only to fall into the clutches of four brigands, who hauled him again before their King. Vasile was dead: the waters of the dam had drowned him in his drunken torpor. Hadgi-Stavros was enraged at losing so valuable a follower. He ordered Hermann bastinadoed. This terrible chastisement aroused the gentle German to frenzy. Making a tremendous effort, he rose, pulled a pistol out of a bandit's belt, and fired at the cruel King, but that individual seemed invulnerable. Maddened beyond all prudence, Hermann Schultz hurled the information at the King that he had been duped in the ransom for Mrs. Simons and her daughter. The passion of Hadgi-Stavros was then frightful to see.

"Thou hast robbed me of a fortune!" he cried. "Thou hast robbed my daughter, the only being I love in the world! Thou hast plundered me of two years' income!" Though one mass of pain, Hermann rejoiced in his revenge. He felt himself master of his master.

Hadgi-Stavros racked his brain for adequate vengeance. "Find for me," he cried to his subjects, "beasts that you are, some torture fit for the loss!" None of their suggestions, all horrible, satisfied the King. He ordered them to carry away the German wretch and take their pleasure of him, but to let him live. "This man must die only by my hand," said the King. Hermann was bound beside a wounded bandit, who took delight in plucking his hair out, one hair at a time. Then the cook of the camp carried the suffering prisoner to his fire, and laid him, bare to the waist, two feet from a mountain of flames. Hermann began to broil. Moustakas, the cook, left him alone a moment, and Hermann, finding some arsenic left in his trousers' pocket, sprinkled it over the meat. At this critical

moment a tumult disturbed the camp. A messenger had arrived, shouting: "The King! I must speak to the King!" It was Dimitri, the son of Christodule. The upshot of the excitement was that John Harris, the doughty American, had devised a way to free Hermann Schultz. Dimitri bore a letter to the King from Harris, in which he stated that he had made the daughter of Hadgi-Stavros, who was no other than Photini, the Sunday visitor at the pastry-cook's, a prisoner on board his yacht, *The Fancy*. Furthermore, she would be held as hostage as long as Hermann was kept prisoner. "As thou treatest my friend, so shall I treat thy daughter," wrote John Harris, "She shall pay hair for hair, tooth for tooth, head for head."

The change in Hadgi-Stavros was sudden and startling. With his own hands he unwound the bloody bandages that enveloped Hermann's wounds, and administered a healing salve. The old King was greatly alarmed lest his beloved Photini should be bastinadoed. He was all contrition for his treatment of the botanist, and implored pardon, begging that Photini be spared any punishment. As they were about to set out for Athens, a quarter of an hour after the extraordinary news arrived, the arsenic put in the bandits' food showed its effect. All felt the action of the poison and some of the band died. At first the King withstood the deadly drug, but not long; he became ill. Too late Hermann regretted his hasty act. The old King's probable death caused most of the men who had survived the arsenic to turn against him. A new leader was chosen, but discord ensued, and a few faithful followers stuck to Hadgi-Stavros. Opposite camps were formed, and war-like hostilities began. Hermann devoted his time to curing the King while the factions fought. Several days passed thus, when, to the astonishment of everybody, three young men appeared upon the scene, and decided the victory for Hadgi-Stavros's adherents. Hermann at once recognized Harris, Lobster, and Giacomo Fondi. The trio killed nearly all of the brigands. They spared the old King, however, and decided to restore Photini to him.

Aboard *The Fancy* this project was accomplished, and the weeping daughter was given up to the King of the Mountains.

When questioned, the brigand declared he would quit his erstwhile profession, dictate his memoirs, and perchance enter the service of the government!

On the 15th of May the court ball was held. Hermann had been invited, and as he was fully recovered from his injuries he concluded to attend the brilliant affair. Besides, Dimitri had assured him that Mrs. Simons, her brother, and Mary Ann were to be present. Donning a red coat, trimmed with silver lace, which his Aunt Rosenthaler had given him upon leaving Hamburg, Hermann Schultz sallied forth to dazzle the English girl. In fact, he had already written his father a letter which was a chant of happiness, inviting the whole family to his wedding; so confident was he now of winning Mary Ann. But when she saw him in his red uniform she seemed terrified, and Mrs. Simons regarded him haughtily without a word. Her brother, the banker, asked Hermann to explain his action in addressing the ladies so familiarly. Had he been presented to them? If not, custom and convention required it! And while Hermann was seeking some one to introduce him properly, the English party hurriedly left the ball, and the next morning sailed for Trieste.

Little else happened, except that John Harris sought out Captain Pericles, the night of the ball, and tore off his latest decoration. The traitorous officer suffered this insult, but Hermann Schultz was warned by Harris to leave Greece, or prepare for consequences.

"I never have heard anything more of Mrs. Simons, of her brother, nor of Mary Ann," the story-teller concluded. "If this silence continues, I shall soon think of them no more. What I regret, believe me, is not the woman, it is the fortune and the position which escaped me. It is a good thing for me that I did not yield up my heart, and each day I give thanks for my natural coldness. What I might complain of, my dear Monsieur, is, if unfortunately I had fallen in love!"

The day I was about to send M. Schultz's story to the publishers, I received from the correspondent to whom I had sent the manuscript the following letter:

"SIR: The history of the King of the Mountains is the inven-

tion of an enemy of truth and the gendarmerie. No persons mentioned have set foot in Greece. The police never have *viséd* passports bearing the name of Mrs. Simons. The Commandant at Piræus never has heard of *The Fancy*, nor of Mr. John Harris. . . . I hold for your inspection the list of our officers of the gendarmerie. You will find no trace of M. Pericles. . . . As for the famous Hadgi-Stavros, whose name I have heard to-day for the first time, he is a fabulous being whom one must relegate to mythology. . . . The author of the romance has displayed as much ignorance as dishonesty. . . . I would give a great deal to have this romance published, either in France or in England, with the name and portrait of M. Schultz. . . .

"Your grateful servant,

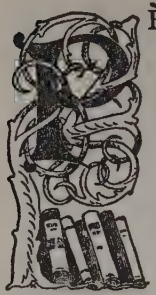
"PATRIOTIS PSEFTIS."

LOUIS AMÉDÉE ACHARD

(France, 1814–1875)

BELLE-ROSE (1850)

This story is the best known product of the pen of one of the group of brilliant young writers contemporary with the elder Dumas, who assisted him in the writing of many of his historical romances. The manuscript of *Belle-Rose* received many touches from the hand of its author's literary master and friend.



ÈRE GUILLAUME GRINEDAL, in 1663, was the best falconer in all Artois, though retired since his master, Monsieur d'Assonville, ruined by the wars, had been forced to sell his lands. The faithful servitor devoted his time to bringing up his children, Jacques, Claudine, and Pierre; and their education was above that of other children of St. Omer, because of association with Mademoiselle Suzanne de Malzonvilliers, whose father was a rich farmer of the revenue, and employed accomplished masters for his daughter. Monsieur de Malzonvilliers' affairs demanded frequent journeys, and at such times he confided the care of his possessions to honest Père Guillaume, hence the intimacy between the artisan's children and the delicate daughter of the wealthy farmer. Jacques, the eldest son, a vigorous lad, especially profited by this arrangement, as he had an ambitious mind. But years of contact with Suzanne had another effect upon him besides that of mental stimulus: the maiden exercised an influence over him which made her slightest wish his command. Otherwise, the life of Jacques had been undisturbed save for an incident that happened when he was in his fourteenth year.

An unknown man had appeared in St. Omer who, keeping his identity secret, accepted the hospitality of Père Guillaume,

while Jacques, mounted on the stranger's horse, had galloped leagues distant to get a valise for him from a Monsieur Bergame. Upon leaving, the unknown had said to Jacques:

"If we should meet again some day, in whatever situation we should find each other, you can appeal to the guest of Guillaume Grinedal; he will recollect."

After he had departed, Jacques found a gold medallion in the sand.

"The stranger must have lost it," said Jacques.

"Keep it, my son," returned the old falconer, "perhaps it is Providence which sends it to you."

Thereafter time passed rapidly between study and play. Times grew troublous, and Jacques would have become a soldier had it not been for the charm of living near Suzanne de Malzonvilliers. At length he realized that he loved her. Seeking M. de Malzonvilliers, Jacques confessed his passion, and asked boldly for his daughter. The ambitious farmer stood amazed, then burst out laughing. "It is more amusing than a comedy of Monsieur Corneille, 'pon my word!" he exclaimed.

"I live only for Mademoiselle Suzanne," cried the poor lover, "if to merit her it would be necessary for me to undertake something impossible, tell me, and with God's aid it seems to me that I should succeed. Speak, Monsieur; what must I attempt?"

M. de Malzonvilliers tried to explain the great difference in station between his daughter and a falconer's son; he said several men of fortune had sought the hand of Mademoiselle Suzanne. "*Parbleu!* if you were rich and noble," concluded the elder man, "I should wish for no other son-in-law."

"Well, Monsieur, I shall endeavor to win fortune and nobility," Jacques replied, and he left the father to find the daughter and declare his love to her. Mademoiselle Suzanne reciprocated his affection. They exchanged vows and separated.

"Go and merit me," said Suzanne, "I shall wait for you."

Jacques told all to his father, who agreed that he must go and try his luck in the world. Next morning the youth of eighteen set out for Paris, the magic metropolis.

The second day of his jaunt he fell among Hungarian free-

booters, who robbed him of coat, valise, and money. Nothing daunted, Jacques followed them and demanded his property. But their chief declared he must serve them as a guide to the frontier of Flanders. Jacques refused, though threatened with death. Thereupon, he was seized and tied on a horse, led by one of the men. "There is in the company some old halter which will do you for a cravat," added the chief. Aided by his teeth, Jacques unfastened the straps binding his hands, then silently freed himself, and slid to the road. He ran, but was pursued by the horsemen. Watching his chance, Jacques seized one of the soldiers by the leg, dragged him from his horse, and leaped into the empty saddle. After galloping a short distance, he encountered a troop commanded by a slender, handsome young man. His recent experience was soon told, and the Captain bade Jacques lead them in the direction of his assailants. On the way it came out that the Captain was Monsieur d'Assonville.

"Our benefactor!" Jacques exclaimed.

"Not that one, Jacques, but his son, Gaston d'Assonville. The father is dead. He was Guillaume's friend; the son will be that of Jacques."

Two hundred men pressed behind their captain and Jacques. Soon the Hungarians were sighted: several hundred, all mounted and armed. A neighboring village was on fire.

"Forward!" exclaimed Captain d'Assonville. A battle ensued, and the Hungarian vandals were routed.

"You have conducted yourself well, Jacques," said the Captain. "*Mordieu*, you have paid them the price of your valise!"

When the fray was over Jacques related his history to M. d'Assonville. With artful argument he tried to move Jacques from his purpose of going to Paris. He described the pitfalls of the city. Jacques was firm, but he expressed a desire to become a soldier. The captain advised him to enter the artillery.

"I have a brother who commands a company of sappers at Laon," he said. "I will give you a letter to him. He is my exact counterpart. Guillaume Grinedal's son will not leave the family."

On accepting him in his company Monsieur de Naucrais, the

brother of Gaston d'Assonville, according to custom with his soldiers, gave Jacques a nickname—Belle-Rose, because of his fresh, rosy complexion. The recruit was turned over to Corporal Déroute, who was charged with his instruction, but the pupil proved far cleverer than his teacher, which the latter hastened to acknowledge to M. de Naucrais. "Captain," he said, "you have placed an engineer in the mess." Belle-Rose was thereupon engaged to continue his studies in mathematics, and to apply himself to languages.

Three years sped by, during which the falconer's son rose steadily, passing Déroute. Belle-Rose wrote frequently to St. Omer, and the replies always held some souvenir from Suzanne. The long-continued peace did not suit him; he longed to win his epaulettes, and prayed for battle. Instead, a letter arrived in Suzanne's writing, in which, though reaffirming her love, she announced that they must part. M. de Malzonvilliers, her father, had ordained it, and even Père Guillaume and Claudine had said it was her duty to obey. A suitor had been presented, the Marquis d'Albergotti, a man of advanced age, and they were to be married in three days. The young sergeant obtained leave of absence, and fled across the country like a bullet.

Belle-Rose reached the château of Malzonvilliers in time to witness the nuptials between his sweetheart and a man with silvery hair. After the ceremony he ran toward his own home, and fainted on the threshold. Père Guillaume took him in his arms and laid him upon a bench. Presently Claudine and Suzanne, whiter than her bridal gown, rushed into the room.

"Jacques!" cried Suzanne, but her lover could not speak. "My God! can he be dead?"

"We must separate," were the first words of Jacques, when he returned to consciousness. "You must return to the château."

Suzanne bowed her head. "Do you pardon me, Jacques?"

"I have nothing to pardon. You have obeyed your father and mine. Though you are banished from me forever, you are still dear and sacred to me. Now, farewell."

At daybreak Jacques left his father and took the route toward Arras, where M. d'Assonville was garrisoned. Both

men had loved in vain. The Captain understood the grief of Belle-Rose.

"Do you wish to render me a service, Belle-Rose?" inquired d'Assonville.

"I am yours, body and soul."

"Will you do all I tell you?"

"All."

"And you promise me to keep silent at the price of your life?"

"I swear it!"

"It is well. I am going to prepare your instructions; to-morrow you will leave for Paris."

M. de Naucrais was notified that his brother required the services of Belle-Rose, who was then made recruiting-sergeant. M. d'Assonville gave the trusty youth three letters to be delivered three days apart at a house in the Rue Cassette. There a Mademoiselle Camille, or her brother, would furnish further directions. "The Castilian is waiting" was the password. Belle-Rose was to obey any command given him, and his experiences were to be reported immediately to M. d'Assonville.

In Paris Belle-Rose secured lodging in the Rue du Pot-de-Fer St. Sulpice, with a Monsieur Mériset, a genial landlord, who was convinced that his guest was a great lord. Days passed, and things happened as M. d'Assonville had foretold, except that no answer had been forthcoming to the three letters, and Belle-Rose was prepared to leave Paris. Meanwhile he had had callers; one was his lieutenant, Gaspard de Villebrais, a man of irascible temper, while the others were two mysterious unknown women. The day after Belle-Rose had delivered his third letter, the phrase "The Castilian is waiting" was whispered in his ear in the street, and he felt a paper thrust into his hand. A woman was coming out of his lodging as he approached. "My brother!" she exclaimed. It was Claudine.

They talked of Suzanne, with whom Claudine had come to Paris. She had been ill, and was very unhappy. A bitter joy filled the soul of Belle-Rose. Ere brother and sister parted they agreed to meet for a day together. Strangely enough, it was the same day appointed in the note for a rendezvous apropos of M. d'Assonville's mission, but the hours of the two engagements did not conflict.

Brother and sister enjoyed this outing and were bound for a farmhouse, where they hoped dinner might be served, when Belle-Rose's lieutenant, De Villebrais, much the worse for wine, appeared, and tried to take possession of Claudine. Naturally Belle-Rose defended her against his infuriated superior officer. Matters were reaching a crisis when a stranger joined the group, and intervened. He escorted Claudine to the waiting *fiacre*, bade the coachman drive to the farmhouse, and then returned to Belle-Rose and M. de Villebrais. The latter rushed upon the farmer and precipitated a duel, of which the stranger was a witness. Belle-Rose's sword penetrated the breast of M. de Villebrais. The stranger advised Belle-Rose to fly, as he was in danger of being shot for wounding his superior.

"And my sister?"

"I will answer for her. I swear it!"

The hands of the two young men clasped.

"Leave," said the stranger, "and count upon me."

They exchanged names: that of the stranger was Cornelius O'Brien.

Personal safety required that Belle-Rose should fly at once, but he recalled his word given M. d'Assonville, and went to the spot assigned in the note received a few days before. A page soon arrived. "The Castilian is waiting," he said. Belle-Rose was conveyed to a species of hut in dense woods. A masked woman, of attractive appearance, interviewed him, and gave him a note for M. d'Assonville. Arriving at his lodging, Belle-Rose found a message from O'Brien saying that De Villebrais was not dead, and had told the authorities of the duel. Belle-Rose was in danger of arrest. He wrote to M. d'Assonville about the course of events, and gave the letter, with that of the masked lady, to the landlord's nephew for safe delivery. Before he left the Rue du Pot-de-Fer, Belle-Rose entrusted M. Méresit with a note for Claudine. "It is to M. de Naucrais I owe my sergeant's halberd," he said to himself; "it is to him I shall return it."

The police were soon at his heels, but he eluded them, and plunged into a forest. Coming to a wall, he crossed it, and soon found himself before a château. Down an avenue cantered

a horse bearing a young, beautiful lady, who was reading a letter. Suddenly she crumpled it and gave her horse a lash that caused him to bound down the road. A branch got entangled in his legs and in alarm he ran down the river-bank. Belle-Rose saw the peril and seized the horse's bit. The lady sprang from the saddle, and Belle-Rose and the animal rolled upon the grass.

When he came to himself he was lying upon a sofa in a magnificent room. The horse had kicked him on the head, and his left arm had been injured. The lovely lady was beside him. Belle-Rose remembered all.

"You have saved my life, and I do not ask you to reveal your identity," she said, "but the man who has come near causing my death, after having killed M. de Villebrais, has now a double account to settle with me."

Belle-Rose declared himself the culprit, but stated the truth of that engagement. An extraordinary emotion animated his countenance. She felt moved even to the depth of her heart. This daring, handsome youth dominated her. A waiting-woman entered the apartment. "Monsieur de Villebrais is dying," she said. The Duchess de Châteaufort turned to throw a last look at Belle-Rose. "I remain," she said, dismissing the waiting-woman.

Fever confined Belle-Rose to the château, and in his delirium he frequently called upon Suzanne. The Duchess's devoted care soon restored the patient to health. She forgot M. de Villebrais, and this proud lady, who passed for one of the most influential women belonging to the court of Louis XIV, now loved the simple soldier. Belle-Rose found the society of Geneviève de Châteaufort fascinating, and lingered beside her, but one day he resolved to depart. That night a fire broke out in the castle, and Belle-Rose saved the Duchess's life. He then realized his mad passion for this beautiful woman. It burst forth in a cry:

"You see that I love you! let me leave!"

"Leave!" she exclaimed, "but I love you!"

Belle-Rose remained and trod a flowery path strewn with enchantments. Meanwhile M. de Villebrais, recovered from his wounds, was following the lovers as they walked from copse

to copse in the park, and thirsted for revenge upon the soldier who had wounded him, and now had stolen his mistress. Belle-Rose was conscious of espionage, and never went unarmed. A letter from him, which the Duchess neglected to read for a whole day, caused her to leave the château hurriedly.

"Come," she said to her maid, "*he* is still in Paris, no doubt; nothing is lost."

Belle-Rose, after the departure of Madame de Châteaufort, plunged into the park. He observed more indications of a prowling spy, and resolved to make the visitor pay dear for such surveillance. Occupied with these thoughts, he was startled by a cry, then came the sound of clashing swords. Belle-Rose rushed forward, pistol in hand. He fired at a fleeing man who carried a naked sword, but missed the murderer. The victim, who had been struck in his stead, lay motionless. Belle-Rose gave a gasp of horror—it was M. d'Assonville! The assassinated nobleman lived long enough to tell Belle-Rose that M. de Villebrais had dealt the fatal blow. He also confessed the secret sorrow of his life: the love he had borne a Mademoiselle de La Noue, the fact that she had had by him a child, and had heartlessly married another man.

"Oh! I will avenge you!" exclaimed Belle-Rose.

"But I love her, and it is my child whom I wish," replied M. d'Assonville.

At this moment Madame de Châteaufort appeared. The dying man saw her, and uttered a terrible cry; he made three steps forward and fell dead. A horrible thought chilled the heart of Belle-Rose, who tottered out of the room.

"What was Madame de Châteaufort's maiden name?" he asked the waiting-woman.

"Mademoiselle de La Noue," replied Camille.

Belle-Rose wandered about till morning, struggling with all his soul against madness and despair. He wrote a few words to Madame de Châteaufort and departed. He rode straight to M. de Naucrais with the tragic news. The Captain was overcome with grief.

"Enough of tears," he then said. "A thousand sobs would not give my brother one hour of life. It is a question of you now. You are a brave and honest soldier, and Monsieur de

Villebrais is a wretched officer. You have struck him, and you have done well. Nevertheless you will be shot. Discipline requires it. Give me your hand, and go to your dungeon."

Belle-Rose was given over to Corporal Déroute. No sooner had they passed the door, than the corporal threw himself upon the sergeant's neck. Belle-Rose was sentenced to be shot in forty-eight hours, but faithful Déroute had a plan of escape which he insisted upon, despite the sergeant's refusal. Alone, Belle-Rose read a paper left him by d'Assonville. It was a sort of will, appointing Belle-Rose his executor by revealing the existence of the child he had had by Mademoiselle de La Noue before her marriage with the Duke de Châteaufort. Belle-Rose was charged with getting possession of the boy.

The hour of execution arrived. Belle-Rose was led to the fatal enclosure. A thousand exclamations of pity were heard. Suddenly there was a tumult. "Pardon! Pardon!" the multitude cried. A horseman was seen to rush through the city gate brandishing a paper. It was indeed a pardon from the King. When he was freed, amid wild cheers, Belle-Rose found that the horseman was Cornelius O'Brien, who related the story of the pardon, which the Duchess de Châteaufort had secured. While they conversed of many things, especially of the Irishman's love for Claudine, De Naucrais brought the information that Belle-Rose had been appointed to a lieutenancy. "You will have the reversion of Monsieur de Villebrais," said the captain, "and to-morrow we leave for the northern frontier." This meant war—the war of 1667, which was the prelude of that greater one of 1672.

The army of Flanders was commanded by the Prince de Condé. The battalion of artillery of which M. de Naucrais's company formed a part belonged to the corps of the Duke de Luxembourg. This General had issued orders forbidding under penalty of death any engagement with the enemy, until regular operations should begin. Witnessing a party of Spanish skirmishers pillage a town caused M. de Naucrais to disobey the mandate. He was imprisoned. Déroute, now a sergeant, told this to Belle-Rose, who immediately forced his way into the Duke's presence to plead for his captain. Belle-Rose angered the illustrious leader by his bold persistency.

He seized the lieutenant by his coat lapel, and aimed a pistol at him. The violence of the movement tore open the clothing covering Belle-Rose's breast, and a gold medallion was revealed, which the Duke recognized as one he had lost years before.

Belle-Rose said that he had found it when a boy, after the departure of his father's unknown guest, who was none other than the Duke de Luxembourg. The great man remembered every detail of that adventure, therefore he not only pardoned Belle-Rose's friend De Naucrais, but gave him the rank of colonel. To complete this day of rapid events, Cornelius O'Brien (now the betrothed of Claudine) and De Villebrais arrived in Charleroi. The latter's audacity in entering the camp astounded everyone. He was treated with utmost contempt and loathing. Infuriated, the disgraced man went over to the enemy, and recruited a little band of desperate men among them. His first move was to give one of these rascals a decoy letter in the handwriting of Madame de Châteaufort to Belle-Rose.

Meanwhile Louis XIV came to Charleroi, and among the women of the royal train were Madame d'Albergotti (Suzanne) and the Duchess de Châteaufort. After the King withdrew, and the troops had dispersed, Belle-Rose hastened to Madame d'Albergotti's residence, where he met Claudine and Cornelius, but Suzanne would not see him—she was afraid of herself. That night, disguised as a youth, Geneviève de Châteaufort sought Belle-Rose in his tent, and tearfully related in detail the sad story of her girlhood amour with M. d'Assonville. Belle-Rose first realized that the blame was equally divided between his dead friend and the weeping woman before him, who implored to be understood and forgiven. Belle-Rose did both, and the Duchess promised him that his search for the child—the son of M. d'Assonville—should be easy.

The next morning the man whom M. de Villebrais had entrusted with the decoy note presented himself. Thinking the Duchess wished to impart some information relative to their recent interview, Belle-Rose followed the bearer as the message bade. Déroute, however, insisted upon going with him, and also informed Corporal Grippard of their destination. They

had hardly covered a league when Madame de Châteaufort appeared, riding on horseback, and accompanied by mounted lackeys. She saw the crumpled note on the ground, read it, and recognized the trap. "It is a piece of treachery!" she said. At this moment Cornelius O'Brien appeared, and the Duchess revealed her discovery. Snatching a pistol from Grippard's belt, she leaped upon her mare, and rode in the direction taken by Belle-Rose. O'Brien followed her lead, and the party reached Belle-Rose and Déroute as they were being hemmed in by De Villebrais and his gang. A bloody fray ensued. The superior number on the side of Villebrais was giving him victory, when Geneviève saw a company of cavaliers ahead. Flying to them she begged their assistance, and this succor stopped the fighting. Belle-Rose was unhurt, but Déroute was wounded.

De Villebrais had escaped, and, disguised, watched and waited. He was rewarded by seeing the Duchess ride toward a secret meeting-place, where Belle-Rose was to join her for a last interview about her child. De Villebrais resolved to make another effort at destroying his rival. During that sorrowful interview, as Geneviève handed to Belle-Rose papers authorizing his right to care for the son of M. d'Assonville, a terrible cry rent the air. Following its direction they came to the river and found the body of a drowned man floating near shore.

"Monsieur de Villebrais!" exclaimed Geneviève in horror. Their implacable foe had perished trying to ford the river on horseback in his final endeavor to wreak revenge.

Two days later the army set siege to Tournay. Belle-Rose caused the undermining of a bastion, which led to capitulation of the city. The Duke promised him the grade of captain, but told him he had need of his services as a friend.

"You must leave for Paris," he declared.

"Quit the army?" exclaimed Belle-Rose.

"There is no one else that I know to whom I can confide this mission."

"I will go."

An hour later Belle-Rose left, accompanied by Déroute. He had been sent a second time to M. Bergame, the man he had visited for the Duke as a boy. For the sum of a hundred

thousand livres he was to secure from Bergame some dangerous papers, whieh he held and which he had offered for sale to Minister Louvois. When Belle-Rose departed the Duke said: "Go, and may God guide you! A first time you have perhaps saved my life, a second time you save my honor. What can I do for you?"

"You will let me participate in a battle," answered Belle-Rose.

Bergame was suspicious of his visitor, and it was only at pistol-point that Belle-Rose obtained the papers, though he took care to leave the money in exchange. Fearful of Louvois's wrath Bergame ordered a crafty servant to follow the young man, which he did, and Belle-Rose was arrested at Mériset's. Ashes in the grate was all that remained of the papers.

"Where do you take me, Monsieur?" asked Belle-Rose, smiling on the officer.

"To the Bastile."

Déroute saved himself at the behest of his companion, and never stopped till he had reached camp. His information prompted De Naucrais to seek the Duke, while Cornelius sped to Madame de Châteaufort. Both the General and the Duchess felt powerless. The former was hated by De Louvois, and he saw small chance of success with Louis XIV, but he promised to see the Prince de Condé. Geneviève had left the court, and had lost her influence, yet she set out for Madame d'Albergotti's, with the hope that Suzanne might intercede for Belle-Rose with the King. But Suzanne's place was beside her husband, who lay seriously ill. In desperation the Duchess went to De Louvois himself, but he stopped her words with: "Belle-Rose's new crime is not one of those for which a man is beheaded, but it is sufficient to detain him in prison the rest of his life. He shall stay there."

That night Belle-Rose was conducted from his cell to the council-room, where De Louvois questioned the prisoner, and tried in vain to make him confess the name of the person for whom the papers had been destroyed. Angered by this obstinate refusal, De Louvois had Belle-Rose tortured, but even that failed to wring one word from the sufferer.

Meanwhile, M. d'Albergotti blessed Suzanne, his wife, and

died. No longer duty-bound, the faithful girl pleaded with the King for Belle-Rose, but it was his pleasure to refuse her prayer. She then called upon Madame de Châteaufort to confer with her, and as the two women discussed the dreadful situation, Déroute was announced. Learning that Suzanne contemplated appealing to the minister, he suggested that she get an order from him transferring the prisoner to another dungeon. "And I charge myself with the rest," said Déroute significantly. The Duchess handed him her diamonds to meet the expenses of his plan.

Suzanne succeeded with De Louvois. He issued an order transferring Belle-Rose to the citadel of Châlons, in a post-chaise. The guard was Belle-Rose's ancient enemy, Bouletard, but the postilion was Déroute. Presently a wagon blocked further progress. Bouletard jumped down to clear the way. The wagoner, who was Cornelius O'Brien, jumped upon Bouletard. Confusion followed, during which Déroute managed to upset the carriage. Several confederates appeared, and officers and guard were bound, gagged, and locked in the carriage. Belle-Rose, Déroute, and Cornelius mounted the horses and rode away to a chapel where two women waited. The Duchess entered the chapel and fell upon her knees. Suzanne and Belle-Rose embraced. "Fly, Jacques!" exclaimed the former, but he was loath to leave. Suzanne implored him to fly for the love of her, and finally he consented. She entered her carriage, and took the road to Paris. The three cavaliers rode on. Now the Duchess de Châteaufort made her way to her carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to the convent of the Carmelites.

The three cavaliers were hotly pursued by Bouletard, who had managed to get free. Reaching the sea, they boarded a boat which was to sail for England, just as Bouletard gained the shore. He fired at the fugitives, and Belle-Rose received the bullet in the right breast.

Suzanne felt certain of winning justification for Belle-Rose from the all-powerful De Louvois, but she hardly expected him to send for her. He was in a terrible rage.

"You will take the place of Belle-Rose," he said. "The punishment must follow the crime." Suzanne was aghast, but

resolute, as she passed into an antechamber. De Louvois summoned his creature, De Charny, and ordered that Madame d'Albergotti be punished. Meanwhile, in the room where the young widow had been ushered, she met an old acquaintance, the suitor for her hand long ago, Monsieur de Pomereaux, a relative of the minister. He was horrified to hear of his kinsman's decree and so expressed himself to the minister. De Louvois laughed.

"Let her marry you, and I forget her fault," he declared. The pitiless statesman thereupon sent for Madame d'Albergotti, and told her the Comte de Pomereaux would impart the terms of release. The young nobleman informed Suzanne of the marriage project. To his amazement she scorned his offer. This decision resulted in her removal to a convent renowned for austerity. Meantime, Claudine was in despair that Suzanne had not returned, and went to De Louvois. What she learned there only augmented her fears. In this state of mind she came across Corporal Grippard, who immediately volunteered to ascertain the whereabouts of Madame d'Albergotti, and Bouletard, proudly descending the grand stairway, offered the opportunity. Grippard invited the braggart into a wine-shop, where he was only too willing to air his knowledge. Upon hearing Belle-Rose had been shot, Claudine resolved to leave for England, and Grippard offered to escort her.

Life in the convent was cheerless for Suzanne, but one brief ray of sunshine was the tender affection that sprang up between her and a young girl whom her family had forced to take the veil in order to obtain her fortune. Gabrielle de Mesle was slender and white like a lily. Soon after taking the veil she contracted a fatal illness. She confided to Suzanne her secret and unhappy love for a Chevalier d'Arraines, who had been sent to the army, while she was immured in the convent. Her only letter from him, together with a tress of hair, was given to Suzanne.

"You will leave here," Gabrielle whispered, just before she died, "and one day you will meet Monsieur d'Arraines. Show him at the bottom of this letter some words which I have written, and give him this tress of my hair."

Belle-Rose was out of danger when Claudine and Grippard

reached England. O'Brien was overjoyed to see his sweetheart, but Déroute only found pleasure in cursing Bouletard, and he finally announced his intention of going back to Paris to save Suzanne from the clutches of De Louvois and De Charny. His friends had kept the fact of Suzanne's captivity from Belle-Rose, and when Déroute departed, merely saying he wished to learn how their affairs were getting along, Belle-Rose suspected nothing. But one evening, in spite of his wound, he and Cornelius rescued a stranger from the attacks of a band of ruffians. He was profoundly grateful and related some of his experiences to his saviors. It was the Comte de Pomereaux, and from him Belle-Rose learned all.

"Recollect," said the stranger at parting, "that if ever you have need of a purse or a sword, the Comte de Pomereaux places himself entirely at your disposal."

On the morrow Belle-Rose, who could brook no further delay, set out for Paris with his friends.

Déroute had been in Paris fifteen days when Belle-Rose, Cornelius and Claudine arrived, and he learned the lay of the land. The four allies, disguised, began the siege of the convent: Claudine entered it as a novice, Déroute became the gardener's assistant, while Belle-Rose and Cornelius engaged rooms at Mériset's to await a signal for action. Even Grippard was in the conspiracy, becoming attached to the police, under Bouletard, who kept vigilant watch over the convent, placed there by De Charny, for he and De Louvois were aware that Belle-Rose was in the city. In fact his return had given De Louvois a new determination: Suzanne must marry De Pomereaux in three days or take the veil. The appointed bridegroom himself vouchsafed this news to Cornelius, whom he accidentally met prowling around the convent, and also hinted that De Louvois might send Suzanne to prison if she persisted in her refusal. Before they separated De Pomereaux presented the Irishman with a ring, which would always open the doors of his palace in case of distress.

Thanks to the loose tongue of Mériset's nephew, the police got wind of the plans for Suzanne's rescue, and the clever conspirators were foiled in their first attempt. This maneuver made De Louvois order that Madame d'Albergotti be im-

mediately removed from the convent. Evening came. That night Déroute set fire to the sheds on the convent grounds. Panic ensued, and the convent doors were broken in by an excited throng. During the confusion Déroute signaled Suzanne and Claudine to follow him. Belle-Rose and Cornelius were waiting with horses. Each raised his sweetheart in his arms, and away they dashed, Grippard and Déroute forming a rear-guard.

Bouletard and De Charny had witnessed the flight, but neither had been able to prevent it, being hemmed in by the crowd. After considerable delay they followed the fugitives, De Pomereaux joining in the chase, and being better mounted than his companions, he first overtook Belle-Rose, and the two men crossed swords.

But, after a few thrusts, the nobleman suddenly exclaimed, "*Morbleu!* you are the man to whom I owe my life!" and, recognizing Belle-Rose, he lowered his blade. The Count directed the fugitives to an abbey in the neighborhood, then turned to meet the approaching Bouletard and De Charny.

"Are they taken?" asked the minister's favorite.

"Who?" inquired the Count.

"Eh! Belle-Rose and his gang?"

"My faith, they are still flying."

The pursuers again flung themselves forward. As they gained ground Déroute turned and fired at Bouletard, the bullet crashing through his head; Grippard aimed at De Charny, but hit his horse, and the rider was thrown. The police stopped.

"Forward!" thundered De Charny, leaping into a saddle, but the fugitives had reached the abbey and passed its portals.

"Open in the name of the King!" cried De Charny. There was profound silence; then the great door swung open, showing the fugitives kneeling in the sanctuary, under the protecting cross. The Abbess approached De Charny, who recoiled.

"This is the house of God," she said, "and God protects those whom you seek. Enter now if you dare." The Abbess returned to the chapel, and, pushing aside her veil, she showed the face of Geneviève, Duchess of Châteaufort.

De Charny was compelled to return without his prey. De Louvois swore vengeance when he heard all. "As to Monsieur de Pomereaux, I will show him that chivalry is out of date," he said. Meanwhile that doughty relative had put himself under the protection of Prince de Condé, and had returned to the convent in time to witness the double wedding of Belle-Rose and Suzanne, O'Brien and Claudine.

"I owe my happiness to you," said Suzanne, throwing herself in the arms of the Abbess. Suddenly M. de Pomereaux uttered a cry. He held a little box in which were a letter and a tress of hair. Suzanne explained.

"Gabrielle is dead?" said he.

"Yes," replied Suzanne, "her last sigh has been the name written upon that box."

"The Chevalier d'Arraines!"

"Do you know him?"

"I am he—my God!" And the Count concealed his face between his hands. "You consoled her suffering," he said to Suzanne. "In joy and in misfortune, by the sacred name of Gabrielle, I am your friend." De Pomereaux took his leave, giving orders to the postilion to drive to the hotel of his cousin. De Louvois was at first exultant to have the man who defied him in his power, but when the Count coolly declared himself an officer of the great Prince de Condé's household, the minister was afraid to punish.

Belle-Rose had still another duty to perform, and he and his shadow, Déroute, traveled over hill and dale until they reached a little cottage where lived an old guard and a beautiful child. This boy, Gaston, was the son of M. d'Assonville and the Duchess de Châteaufort. Before returning to the abbey with his charge, Belle-Rose had to go to Paris for the papers which stated the boy's situation. It was midnight when he reached Mériset's door; Déroute, grumbling, had already gone on with little Gaston to Pomereaux's, where he arrived safely. But Belle-Rose was shadowed as he left the Rue de Pot-du-Fer. This spy despatched a companion to De Charny, while he kept the trail. Belle-Rose, aware of this, waited for his pursuer in the shadow, and soon there was a struggle, which left a poniard buried in the spy's breast. At that moment a troop of archers

raced down the street, but Belle-Rose had climbed the balcony of De Pomereaux's hotel, and entered.

"Monsieur," he said to the Count, "I come in the name of Gabrielle to ask for hospitality."

"You have pronounced a name which makes you inviolable," answered his host. Presently knocking was heard, and De Charny was ushered into the room. As he had no order for the arrest of Belle-Rose, De Pomereaux refused to give him up. Rather than endanger his noble defender, Belle-Rose volunteered to submit to arrest. The Count prevented this, and suggested that Belle-Rose and De Charny fight it out. Swords were crossed, and Belle-Rose disarmed him thrice.

"Well, strike, then!" cried the conquered man furiously. But Belle-Rose, despising him, broke the enemy's sword.

The Count, Belle-Rose, Déroute, and the child, Gaston, were driven across country to the abbey, where the Duchess's son was restored to her arms. Months of peace and joy passed for the inmates of the sacred retreat, then rumors of war disturbed their solitude, and the invasion of Holland, in 1672, startled Europe. Belle-Rose, Déroute, and O'Brien decided to go to the front. Claudine and Suzanne (who went to stay meanwhile at the abbey) bore the separation bravely. The trio were hailed with delight by the camp.

In June Louis XIV had arrived on the banks of the Rhine. That river once crossed, the King would be veritably upon Amsterdam. During the night preceding the arrival of Louis XIV, Belle-Rose stole from his tent, and after a noiseless ride plunged into the Rhine. The next day he led the army over the ford he had discovered, and the river was no longer an insurmountable obstacle. Terrible fighting had taken place during the passage, but victory crowned the effort. Many were killed, but Belle-Rose and his friends were unhurt.

"Do you know the name of the gentleman who found the ford?" said the King to his circle.

"Belle-Rose," replied M. de Luxembourg. Louis XIV remembered the name. "It is well," said he; "the officer who has fought so well under my eyes cannot be guilty." He sent for Belle-Rose, and charged him with delivering some despatches to Louvois at Paris. When Belle-Rose was an-

nounced, the minister trembled, and said: "Captain Belle-Rose, you are very imprudent to come here."

"I do not think so," said Belle-Rose. He handed the minister a packet of papers. The statesman read of the crossing of the Rhine. Then he turned to the bearer of this victorious news.

"The affairs of the kingdom are ended; I imagine, Monsieur, that we can pass to yours," he said ominously.

"You have not read all," replied Belle-Rose, pointing to a sealed paper. De Louvois read it, and his face grew livid. He sent Belle-Rose into an adjoining room, and passed the letter over to De Charny.

"Colonel and vicomte, with the title of Malzonvilliers! All honors together!" exclaimed the minister. "She, too, escapes me!"

"Oh, there is a chapter of accidents," replied De Charny, leaving the room with a sinister smile. And he concocted a devilish design. He managed to send poisoned fruit to Suzanne, together with a letter from Belle-Rose, which he succeeded in getting from a lackey.

When Belle-Rose reached the abbey, the Duchess de Châteaufort was dying. The poison had done its work. Only through the timely arrival of Déroute was Suzanne saved. After the funeral ceremony, Belle-Rose returned to Paris bent upon revenge. He forced De Charny to fight. Terrible purpose shone in the eyes of the duelists. Their swords, rapid and flexible, were interlaced like luminous serpents. Feeling himself losing ground, De Charny slipped a pistol from his pocket and fired a shot which grazed Belle-Rose's shoulder.

"Traitor!" he exclaimed, and fell upon the coward, his blade piercing him through.

"You poisoned Geneviève de Châteaufort," said Belle-Rose, "die, then, and be cursed."

Belle-Rose regained the abbey, and Suzanne ran to him, her face pale, but with smiling eyes.

"What! blood!" she exclaimed, seeing his cloak.

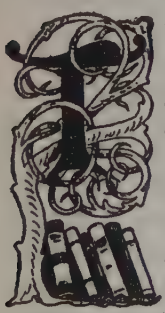
"It is nothing," replied the soldier, "I have just killed a serpent."

GRACE AGUILAR

(England, 1816–1847)

HOME INFLUENCE (1847)

This novel and its companion, *The Mother's Recompense*, were written when Grace Aguilar was in her early twenties. *Home Influence* alone appeared in her lifetime (1847), and rapidly passed through thirty editions. Its sequel, *The Mother's Recompense*, published posthumously, was translated into German. Devonshire, the principal scene of the story, was where the author lived during its composition, and she repeatedly expresses her own love of that region through the mouths of her characters. *Home Influence* and *The Mother's Recompense* are replete with autobiographical touches, and the character of Ellen may be said to be that of her creator.



HIRTEEN years had elapsed since the sisters met, and now Mrs. Hamilton, the elder, had come all the way to Wales, only to be present at the deathbed of the once lovely Eleanor, whose elopement with Colonel Fortescue had caused the estrangement. Painful had been the lot of the erring woman, separated from her too-indulgent father, Lord Delmost, and from that kindly sister, who had hastened to ease her last moments, and assure her that her two children would be cared for. Ever since her runaway marriage Mrs. Fortescue had lived in India, where her husband was commissioned, and where he had been killed in a native uprising. Upon his sudden death the widow decided to return to her native land, and seek forgiveness of Mrs. Hamilton. She had been taken ill, and got no farther than the straggling village of Llangwillan, where the minister, Mr. Myrvin, did everything for her, until Mrs. Hamilton arrived.

Ere she died Mrs. Fortescue evinced an absorbing love for her son Edward, a lad of twelve years, while her indifference to Ellen, a delicate-looking little girl, about a year younger, was

marked. The dying woman entreated her sister to cherish Edward, and even once implored Ellen to shield him from any blame. The poor child promised, with a solemnity little imagined by her mother, though she seemed at last to recognize the worth of her neglected daughter.

"I have done you injustice, my sweet child," she murmured, in a voice that Ellen never forgot.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, with the orphans, quitted Llangwillan the second day after the funeral. A difference in the children's dispositions became apparent during the journey to Oakwood: Edward could laugh and talk as usual, except when any object recalled his mother; but Ellen seemed to shrink into herself. Her vivid fancy, rendered more so from her having been left so much to herself, dwelt morbidly on all that had passed in her mother's illness, on every caress, and every unusual word of affection. The promise made to love and help Edward returned to her memory again and again, each time with increased determination to keep it.

Percy and Herbert Hamilton—the former the gay, rollicking son, the latter a serious youth—greeted their parents and cousins on the steps of Oakwood. The family reunion was happy, and Ellen and Edward were made acquainted with their two other cousins, the proud Caroline and the gentle Emmeline. Time passed rapidly until the prayer-bell sounded. Morning and evening it had been the custom of the Hamilton family, for many generations, to assemble their whole household for family devotions. To both Ellen and Edward this service was as striking as it was strange, neither of them having seen anything like it. It was incomprehensible that the servants all joined them, a class despised in India.

A short time sufficed for Percy and Emmeline to introduce their cousins to all the delights of their old home. Oakwood Hall, on the banks of the Dart in Devonshire, was a place to revel in. Life in London did not appeal to Mrs. Hamilton, and she had determined to avoid its society until Caroline was old enough to be introduced. If any one of the household regretted London, it was Caroline, whose dearest friend, Annie Grahame, kept her informed of its wonders, and deplored Mrs. Hamilton's course.

The Grahame home-life at Moorlands was utterly different from that at Oakwood. Lady Helen Grahame was weakly indulgent with her three children, while her husband, Montrose Grahame, in endeavoring to counteract the evils arising from her influence, grew unduly austere. But another home in the neighborhood was in even stronger contrast to the Oakwood circle: that of Mrs. Greville. She had married a man who laughed at her ideals and thwarted every plan. Her son, Alfred, though not evil-disposed, was dominated by his father, and led to form wrong ideas; but Mary, her daughter, clung to her sorrowing mother and comforted her.

About a week after the orphans' arrival Lady Helen Grahame and her daughter, Annie, visited Oakwood. Of course the spoiled girl disliked Ellen, and said to Caroline: "I never saw a girl so plain."

A few days later Mrs. Greville and Mary came to welcome the young strangers. Mrs. Hamilton found much in Ellen to puzzle her; the child was unnaturally sad and silent. One night his aunt questioned the joyous Edward about his sister's looks, and whether she had always been so morose. The boy replied in the affirmative; she had been constantly ill in India, and once had a very dangerous fever.

"I don't know why she is so very sad now," he said, "unless she is ill again; and that no one can tell, for she will never complain." Unconsciously he touched the mainspring of his little sister's character. The family physician of Oakwood declared he was convinced that the child had been neglected, and that the unwholesome climate of India had undermined her constitution. Hence Ellen became for Mrs. Hamilton an anxious charge, and more so when she discovered a disregard for truth, a want of candor, which Mrs. Hamilton believed to be the effect of neglect and extreme timidity, though her husband and Miss Harcourt, the children's teacher, thought otherwise. Much indeed sprang from the poor child's mistaken idea of the nature of the promise she had made her mother, to shield Edward. Mrs. Hamilton imagined there was a great deal more in her niece than was discernible, and she bore calmly the anxiety and pain which those faults and their correction occasioned. As for Edward, though he was loyal and honorable,

the weakness of his character lay in accepting his sister's sacrifices, without giving them much thought. He had been too long taught that Ellen was his inferior, and must always give up to him. Pride and a quick temper were Edward's besetting sins, but he seemed more easily persuaded than his apparently obdurate sister. He had been put under Mr. Howard, the rector of Oakwood, who also acted as the boys' preceptor, and he proved a ready scholar. Speaking of his teacher one day to Ellen, Edward exclaimed: "He will teach me astronomy and navigation too, so I shall not be ashamed to go to sea next year!"

More than a year passed in unalloyed domestic peace. Christmas was approaching, and the children were eagerly looking forward to its festivities. One thing alone marred the holiday spirit: Ellen was found guilty of disobedience in moving a flower-stand, which action caused the breaking of a myrtle-blossom belonging to Caroline. No one knew that Edward had coaxed her into the act, that he might obtain a book he had flung under the stand. Ellen, when questioned, attempted to deny knowledge of the deed, but finally confessed, though withholding Edward's collusion. Mrs. Hamilton banished the culprit to her own room, there to remain, excluded from Christmas frolics. This was a severe punishment, but Mrs. Hamilton felt it her duty to make the child realize her sin.

Great was Edward's grief and consternation when he learned of the consequences of his fault. He went to Ellen, and offered to make a clean breast of it, but she begged him not to, saying that it would only get him punished too, and do her no good. On Christmas eve, after suffering from a severe constitutional headache, Ellen was forgiven and reinstated in the family circle as it gathered about the Christmas tree for the customary distribution of gifts. That night Mrs. Hamilton was startled at the depth of feeling displayed by her timid, reserved niece, in the manner in which she silently clung to her.

The children's ball at Oakwood on New Year's night was always a delight to old and young. Mrs. Greville, with her two children, Mary and Alfred, was among the first to arrive, and many other friends followed; but it was quite late before Mr. Grahame, Lady Helen, with Caroline, Lilla, and Cecil, put

in their appearance. "You are so late," said Mrs. Hamilton, as she came forward to greet them.

"Miss Grahame was so dreadfully afraid of being unfashionably early," replied her father.

"I suppose Annie was thinking of her London parties, and forgot how completely Gothic we are as to hours and everything else in Devonshire," said Mrs. Hamilton, noting Lady Helen's look of entreaty.

Altogether the dance was a great success, and Caroline Hamilton was the belle of the evening, in spite of Annie's elaborate clothes.

"And you will leave all these delights to imprison yourself in a man-of-war?" asked Mr. Grahame, jestingly, of Edward.

"Imprison!" was his indignant reply, "and on the wide, free, glorious ocean!—flying on the wings of the wind!"

"Only hear him, Hamilton!" exclaimed Grahame.

Shortly afterward young Edward Fortescue did indeed attain his desire, and went to sea as an enthusiastic midshipman. Painful was the parting, especially to Ellen, but she went through the ordeal bravely.

Two years and four months elapsed, and the greatest and most keenly felt event had been the departure of Percy and Herbert for Oxford. Now the time was approaching when Caroline would be introduced into London society, an initiation dreaded by her anxious mother, and eagerly looked forward to by the girl herself.

Edward had done well, and had distinguished himself, though for a period he had been intimate with a Gilbert Harding, who bore an evil reputation. For a full year after Edward's departure, Ellen's conduct had given nothing but pleasure; but of late her old reserve and shrinking had returned, which afresh bewildered her aunt as to her real character. Of course the old prejudice against her revived. Suspicion seemed justified, too, for change in manner was not all—almost every second or third month Ellen's allowance strangely disappeared, and she gave no explanation.

Few changes had taken place in the Greville and Grahame families. Mr. Greville and his misled son, Alfred, continued a joint course of dissipation, while the mother and daughter

sorrowed in close companionship, their only consolation being Mrs. Hamilton's words of sympathy, supplemented by long letters from Herbert. In the Grahame family the only change had been the sending of Master Cecil to Eton.

About this time letters arrived which had a profound effect upon the inmates of Oakwood Hall. Mr. Hamilton was summoned to one of the Faroe Islands, where for generations his family had cared for the civic and spiritual welfare of the poor inhabitants. Duty now bade him visit them, and perhaps the journey and task would occupy a year. Caroline's début was postponed till his return. The news of her uncle's departure seemed to relieve Ellen of some worry. The reason was that Ellen's last letter from Edward had led her into great temptation and sin. No one knew but his sister that Edward, under the influence of his companion, Harding, had become a gambler, and had repeatedly implored Ellen for money, and his last appeal had been for thirty-five pounds. The unhappy boy had threatened to destroy himself unless it was forthcoming. Thoroughly frightened, Ellen had gathered her trinkets to take to Widow Langford, who was the faithful nurse of all the Hamilton children. The desperate girl had intended to ask her for twenty pounds on them, for she had saved the other fifteen of the sum required. Strangely enough, on her way to the cottage she found twenty-five pounds, stained with water. On the impulse of the moment she appropriated the money, and sent Edward the amount he needed, retaining one of the soiled five-pound notes, which she thrust into her desk. Terrible remorse followed, but Ellen resolved secretly to regain the money and some day restore it, perhaps by gradually disposing of her trinkets. Yet day after day the knowledge of her deed grew harder to bear.

But before sailing for Faroe Mr. Hamilton heard from Robert, a domestic, of his loss a month previous of this money, entrusted to him for delivery in a neighboring village. The poor fellow had been afraid to tell his master until now. Worst of all was the suspicion of his fellow servants that he had used the money in some reprehensible manner. Mr. Hamilton assured him of his firm belief in his innocence, and that very evening addressed the whole household upon the subject, en-

joining the servants to believe Robert, for he could not suspect him of theft.

"Theft!"—that word blazed before Ellen's eyes, and rung in her ears long after; but her lips were sealed. She must keep her brother's secret. Ellen put her plan of disposing of her trinkets into operation, though Widow Langford strongly objected. The good woman advanced small sums to please the despairing girl, who had made up her mind to return the money to Robert.

Meanwhile the home-coming of Percy and Herbert to spend their midsummer holiday somewhat lessened the pain of parting with Mr. Hamilton. Both boys remarked Ellen's extraordinary depression and silence, and her aversion to society. Vain were Percy's witty sallies and Herbert's affectionate remonstrances. One morning Percy said: "Lelly, Emmeline wrote me a description of your birthday watch; show it to me now, there's a dear!"

Ellen answered, almost inarticulately, that it was not in her power to show it him. This information startled everybody.

"Where is your watch, Ellen?" said Mrs. Hamilton; but Ellen refused any explanation. Nor did an hour's exhortation move her.

"That you are under the evil influence of some unconfessed and most heinous fault, Ellen, I am perfectly convinced; what it is, time will reveal," said the troubled aunt. "I give you one month to decide on your course of action. Subdue this sullen spirit, confess whatever error you may have been led into, and so change your conduct as to be again the child I so loved, and I will pardon all that is past."

Then Mrs. Hamilton gave her niece to understand that she would feel compelled to send her from Oakwood, into a stranger's care, unless she repented.

Not long after this interview an accident revealed in Ellen's desk the hidden five-pound note which Robert identified with reluctance.

All persuasion apparently left Ellen unmoved, though she suffered intense agony under her aunt's cross-examination. She would not reveal her motive in taking the money. Mrs. Hamilton could not connect Edward with the crime, not know-

ing his hidden vice, and hearing only most favorable things about him from his captain. She determined on denouncing Ellen's guilt and proving Robert's innocence before the whole household that night. Accordingly, when prayers were over Mrs. Hamilton arose and told all, without extenuation.

Mr. Howard was sent for to see whether his arguments could prevail upon the culprit; but his words were unheeded.

"This rebellious spirit must be conquered," he said, on rejoining Mrs. Hamilton. "Solitary confinement and complete idleness may bring her to a better temper, and, in fact, should be persisted in, till a full confession be made."

Ellen was given to the care of Ellis, the old housekeeper, in rooms apart, until Mr. Hamilton should be heard from. Only once did Ellen betray the anguish within her breast, and that was when her aunt said she intended writing the whole affair to Edward.

"Oh, Aunt Emmeline, in mercy spare him!" wildly implored the wretched girl. "Do not throw such shame upon him, who is so brave, admired, honored!"

"I cannot grant your request, Ellen, for to refuse it appears to me the only means of softening you," replied Mrs. Hamilton.

Ten days went by, and news came that Edward was returning home, invalided for a three or four months' leave. There had been a severe engagement, in which young Fortescue had distinguished himself, but he had been wounded. He therefore became a hero in the eyes of his fond relatives. Word was also received from Mr. Hamilton, who sentenced Ellen to the care of an austere maiden lady in Yorkshire. Mrs. Hamilton sent for Ellen and gently told her of her uncle's decision. When the martyr-sister realized the terrible truth she fainted, and only recovered consciousness to give way to a violent fit of weeping.

"Ellen, my dear Ellen! why will you persist in making yourself and me so very miserable, when a few words might make us happier?" said her distressed aunt.

Mrs. Hamilton would not think of sending Ellen from Oakwood until Edward, who was expected daily, had joined them. Continued storms delayed the young sailor, but he

appeared one day in early November, when Ellen was alone, and completely overwhelmed her.

"Dearest Ellen, do speak to me; what has been the matter, that you look so pale and sad. Are you not glad to see me?"

"Glad! oh, Edward, you cannot know how glad; I thought you would never, never come, the storms have been so terrible!"

Explanations followed: Harding had been killed by lightning while standing beside Edward, and this act of God had dissolved the debt between them. Ellen's letter had not reached him, as the man carrying the mail was drowned.

"Changed as I am in appearance, it is nothing to the change within," exclaimed Edward, "I did not know its extent till now that I am here again, and all my happy boyhood comes before me; Aunt Emmeline's gentle lessons of piety and goodness—oh, Ellen, Ellen, what have been their fruits? For two years I have given myself up to passion!"

Ellen heard him with terror. Her sacrifice had gone for naught, then! Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Hamilton and Caroline, who cordially welcomed the wanderer. That night passed happily, but Edward noticed the estrangement of Ellen. He questioned his aunt about it, and the following day he was told the tale.

That night, after prayers, Edward acknowledged his sin, and set forth Ellen's devotion. The revolution of sentiment was instantaneous; but Ellen gave a cry of awful physical pain and sank unconscious.

Dr. Maitland said she had brain fever, and poor Ellen hovered between life and death, while her aunt watched by her side unceasingly. At last Mrs. Hamilton realized the full extent of Ellen's mental suffering, which she had not conceived possible in one so young. Edward found in Mr. Howard a sympathetic confidant and wise counselor, to whom he could pour out his sorrow. Those were terrible but purifying days for the brother and sister.

Ellen recovered, but her progress in health was retarded by the recollection of what had gone before, and Dr. Maitland advised Mrs. Hamilton to remove this mental barrier. Difficult as was the task, an occasion presented itself, and Mrs.

Hamilton had a long, serious talk with Ellen, in which she proved to her niece the wrong application of her promise to her dead mother, also demonstrating its proper use.

"Edward would have persisted in error, if your sin had been permitted to succeed. Its detection, and the sufferings thence springing, terrible as they have been to you, my poor child, have saved him; and will, I trust, only bring securer happiness to you."

"Saved him!" repeated Ellen, half starting up, "saved Edward!"

"Yes, dearest, by leading him to a full confession, and giving him not only the inexpressible comfort of such a proceeding, but permitting him to see that, great and disappointing as his errors are, they can be conquered. Do not fear for Edward, my own love; he will give you as much pride and comfort as he has given of anxiety and grief; and you, under God's mercy, will have been the cause."

From that day Ellen's recovery was without relapses, and the patient no longer shrank from the society of her relatives. But Mrs. Hamilton had a new cause for worry in not hearing from her husband. The weather, however, had been unusually tempestuous, and it was not unlikely that the seas round Faroe, always stormy, prevented any ship's leaving the island.

Near the end of January business called Mr. Howard tc Dartmouth, and he prevailed on Edward to accompany him. The third night of their visit there was an appalling storm. Several reports sounded suddenly from the sea—they were signals of distress. Edward rushed to the beach, where crowds of fishermen and townsmen had congregated, but to risk assistance seemed folly.

"They can be saved! A strong boat and two willing rowers, and I will undertake to reach the vessel, and bring the crew safe to shore!" exclaimed Edward. No one volunteered.

"Lend me a boat, I say, fitted for such a sea, and the lender shall be rewarded handsomely," cried the boy. "If there be such a risk, I ask none to share it; my life is my own, and I will peril it!"

Two men came forward. A boat was launched, and Edward took the helm. By a miracle they reached the sinking

vessel, and rescued the men aboard. It was the *Syren* bound to Dartmouth, from Faroe—owner, Arthur Hamilton, passenger now on board, nine in crew. Edward had saved his uncle's life.

Easter week Percy and Herbert spent at home completing the happy family circle. Pleasure succeeded pleasure in rapid succession, and when the whole nautical population of Dartmouth marched in gay parade to Oakwood, in honor of Mr. Hamilton and Edward, it completed the joy of a red-letter week. Ere long Edward received an appointment to set sail, much to his delight. Ellen bore up bravely, checking the tears in his presence, though she could not refrain from weeping at other times. The night of parting was particularly hard for both brother and sister.

"Ellen, love, good-night," said Edward in a faltering voice. "My own sister, God in Heaven bless you!"

As a talisman against future temptation Mrs. Hamilton gave Edward a little Bible, which at one time belonged to her long-lost brother. Edward opened it eagerly. "Charles Manvers!" he exclaimed, "my own sailor-uncle, whose memory you have taught me to love. It is indeed a spell, dear aunt, and you shall never regret a gift so precious."

Unusual emotion possessed Mrs. Hamilton. "Promise me that, under any difficulty or error, small or great, you will write to me as you would have done to your own mother, and I shall have no fear remaining." Edward promised, and Mrs. Hamilton folded him to her heart.

Peaceful were the days that now passed over Oakwood. Letters came from Edward frequently, bearing every evidence of an upright and stedfast character. With Ellen, too, Mrs. Hamilton's anxious care was bringing fair promise of success—the mistaken influence of her childhood appearing to be wholly eradicated. Greatly to Caroline's delight, the following October was fixed for them to leave Oakwood for London, where she would be introduced into society. But meanwhile there was a quiet celebration in June of Ellen's sixteenth birthday. She received from Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton a jewel-case, which contained the trinkets she had once pledged, together with a handsome chain and bracelets.

"You shall be put into fetters at once, Ellen," said Emmeline joyously. "Mama, make her put them on; I wish to see if she looks as interesting as Zenobia did in her golden chains."

"I think you might have found a prettier simile, Emmeline," replied Mrs. Hamilton, smiling, as she granted her request, by throwing the chain round Ellen's neck, and fastening the bracelets on her wrists.

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE (1850)

An even wider popularity than that achieved by *Home Influence* met this story, which is a sequel to the former work, and continues the recital of the events in the lives of the same characters.

FTER a tour through the south of England the Hamilton family reached their London residence, and masters and tutors were at once engaged to give finishing touches to the girls' education, especially to Caroline's, for that young lady was to be presented in the spring, and was all aglow with happy anticipation. Emmeline, on the other hand, the happy laughter-loving girl, who had so dreaded leaving her beloved Oakwood, grew morose in London, and refused to study or be comforted. This state of mind lasted until Mrs. Hamilton gently proved to her younger daughter that she was not only injuring herself by such conduct, but endangering her mother's reputation as a wise guardian and guide, for many disapproved of her old-fashioned way of bringing up children.

Meanwhile Emmeline's closest friend, Mary Greville, and her mother, had been undergoing new trials at the hands of the profligate father and son. Greville Manor, their old home in Devonshire, had been sold, and Mary's health, never robust, broke down, and she was ordered to leave England. The Hamiltons heard these tidings with misgiving. About this time a visit to the Grahame household, in Piccadilly, would have revealed a pretty plot on the part of Annie Grahame, who, under the cloak of friendship, planned to destroy the happiness of Caroline and Mrs. Hamilton, by undermining their confidence. Annie had always hated Mrs. Hamilton with the hatred of an inferior for a superior nature. The unscrupulous girl had already sown seeds of revolt in the débutante's heart, by dwelling on the thraldom in which her mother held her.

Annie also schemed to encourage Caroline to accept the

attentions of Lord Alphingham, a gay *roué*, whose past was known to only a few in London. When Caroline was completely enamored Miss Grahame intended that Mrs. Hamilton should learn his lordship's true character, and an agonizing *dénouement* would then be precipitated. Little did either Mrs. Hamilton or Caroline dream of these evil designs, though the former never had fully trusted Annie. On the contrary, Mrs. Hamilton felt unusual interest in Lilla, the younger daughter of Lady Helen, whose temper had been ruined by the indifference of her languid mother, as well as by the harshness of her governess.

The night that Caroline made her *entrée* into London society was memorable for more reasons than that of her own dazzling success. Mrs. Hamilton, who watched her beautiful daughter surrounded by a group of brilliant men, once more experienced that fear of love for admiration gaining ascendency. Lord Alphingham basked in the smiles of the bewitching Caroline, while she, convinced of their mutual attraction, decided to exert her power over another, who had come under her spell, the young Lord Eugene St. Eval. Caroline knew not the heart of him on whom she had resolved to use her fascination; perhaps, if she had, she would have hesitated. He loved her from the first hour, and her heartless plan boded ill; but Caroline had determined to prove to Annie, at any cost, her independence and worldliness. So throughout the entire season she encouraged every attention on the part of St. Eval, and apparently discountenanced Lord Alphingham, while secretly she imagined herself in love with this *blasé*, loose-living Viscount, whose able ally, Annie Grahame, slyly seconded his suit.

Before Mrs. Greville left England with her delicate daughter, Mr. Hamilton, Emmeline, and Herbert spent a day with them at Dover. Herbert had obtained a special leave of absence from college that he might bid his friends farewell. When he was alone with Mary he revealed his love, and discovered that she loved him. They exchanged vows with the understanding that when Herbert was ordained a minister of God they would be united. On the return journey he told his precious secret to his mother, imploring her consent and imposing silence.

"Even the good wishes of the dear ones at home," he said, "would sound, I fear, but harshly on my ears."

"My Herbert," she replied, "if I had been privileged to select one among my young friends to be my son's wife, my choice would have fallen, without a moment's hesitation, on Mary Greville. Her, amid them all, I deem most worthy to be the partner of my son."

How different was the emotion with which Mrs. Hamilton heard that Caroline had rejected the noble St. Eval, after offering him every encouragement! Great was the astonishment of both father and mother when they heard from his own lips the bitter acknowledgment of the lover's cruel repulse.

"Forget her, St. Eval, forget her; rest not until you have regained your peace," cried Mr. Hamilton, wringing the young man's hand.

Mrs. Hamilton was strongly moved. "Child of my heart, my hopes, my care, as she is, I must yet speak it—forget her, Eugene," she said indignantly. "Let not the thought of a deceiver, a coquette, debar you from the possession of that peace which should be yours."

To Caroline the triumph of her power had been achieved; but when the silence and darkness of the night brought the past to her mind more vividly, in vain she sought forgetfulness in sleep. She wept convulsively, but she summoned pride to stifle every feeling of remorse, and the next day she listened to her mother's just reproaches with a hardened heart. Estranged from this true counselor and friend, Caroline sought the sympathy of Annie, whose every word and act led the unhappy girl farther astray from the path of integrity and honor. Miss Grahame's plans appeared to thrive in every way, and she skilfully managed meetings between Caroline and Alphingham.

Three or four weeks before the end of the Oxford term letters were received from Percy and Herbert. On the subject of Arthur Myrvin both brothers wrote warmly, especially Herbert, who had chosen the young man as his chum. Myrvin was a servitor at college, and he suffered in that humiliating position, for he was as proud as he was sensitive. His father had been rector at Llangwillan, until compelled to retire by the covetousness of a rival. It was a singular coincidence that

the Myrvins were the same who had comforted Ellen, and taken care of her dying mother, seven years ago, in Llangwillan. Ellen was deeply grieved at learning the misfortune of those good friends.

"Oh, that I had it in my power to offer a sufficient sum to tempt the sordid and selfish being in whose possession Llangwillan now is!" she exclaimed, "that I might but restore it to Mr. Myrvin; that I might feel that that good old man was passing his later years in the spot and among all those he so much loved." Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton overheard this wish, and the former at once set about reinstating the old clergyman.

One of Percy's letters warned his father against Lord Alphingham's attentions to Caroline. "As you value my sister's future peace, expose her not to his many fascinations," he wrote. "I dare not be more explicit. I am pledged to silence."

Mysterious as this was, both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton knew Percy too well to imagine he would write thus without strong cause. They resolved to obey his warning, and when his lordship called on Mr. Hamilton, asking permission to pay his addresses to Caroline, he was politely but decidedly refused. Her father also bade Caroline withdraw herself entirely from Lord Alphingham's company. All this increased Caroline's resentment, and Annie made the most of her opportunity to poison the wayward girl's mind against her parents.

A circumstance happened about this time which appeared greatly to favor the schemes of Annie and Lord Alphingham. The Duchess of Rothbury had invited a few friends to spend the end of the London season at her country-seat. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hamilton could accept the invitation, but they permitted Caroline to go alone. The Duchess of Rothbury was one of the Hamiltons' oldest friends, and they felt that their child was in safe hands, not dreaming that the Viscount would be also one of the party—which he became quite accidentally.

Then began a storming of Caroline's heart, and in a moment of weakness he consented to elope with and marry him. Lord Alphingham was triumphant, but Caroline grew more miserable as the hour approached for their surreptitious flight. Her agony became unbearable.

Instead of keeping her guilty tryst with Lord Alphingham,

at the last moment Caroline returned to her home in London, and confessed all to her parents, begging their forgiveness.

"Caroline, my child!" were the only words Mrs. Hamilton could utter.

"Mother, my injured mother, oh, do not hate me!" she murmured. "I deserve to be cast from your love, to lose your confidence forever." Mrs. Hamilton folded her erring child to her heart, while her husband was overcome by emotion. That night Caroline wrote a letter to Lord Alphingham, repudiating him, and his lordship was contemptible enough to enclose it to Annie Grahame, thus exposing Caroline to ridicule. Stifling her mortification, that indomitable *intrigante* called upon the Hamiltons, where she was received without welcome. Caroline at last had cast off her false friend forever. Annie was defeated, but she began consoling herself with the Viscount's company, and he in turn found Miss Grahame a source of comfort.

Percy and Herbert soon joined their family circle, completing it, save for sailor Edward, who was cruising off the coast of South America. Between Caroline and Percy there was a restraint. Evidently Percy knew some secret of the quondam suitor's checkered past, the same that had prompted his letter of warning to his father. Caroline, finding him alone one day, summoned up courage to ask for an explanation.

"If I answer, what good will it do? Why should I solve a mystery that, if you love this Alphingham, as this extreme depression bids me believe, must bring but increase of pain?"

"Percy," replied Caroline solemnly, "I do not love Lord Alphingham—I have never loved, for I cannot esteem him."

Much relieved by these words, Percy disclosed to his sister the perfidy of that villainous Viscount, whose lawful wife still lived with their child, four or five miles from Oxford. Percy had saved her little girl from drowning, and that had begun the friendship. Subsequently she possessed him of her secret that he might save his sister from Alphingham's designs. This noble and virtuous woman still loved her heartless husband, living in hope of his eventual return, and too proud to force herself upon the man who had abandoned her.

Joyful preparations for the return to Oakwood were now well

under way. The trip was a delight, and only Caroline, whose bitter experience had subdued her spirit, shed a tear at again seeing the home of her childhood and innocence. By the time Christmas came round, however, Caroline had regained much of her wonted animation under the spell of her surroundings and the newly-formed friendship with Lady Gertrude Lyle, who was the favorite sister of Lord Eugene St. Eval. Letters from Mary Greville constantly alluded to St. Eval, for the rejected lover had long left England behind, and was trying to forget his grief in new scenes. Emmeline had given him an introduction to the Grevilles, with whom he now spent most of his time. Reflection revealed to Caroline that she really loved the exile, but she dared not confess it to Lady Gertrude, whose delicacy, in turn, forbade her imparting the knowledge of her brother's unchanged affection.

Young Myrvin and his father passed some days at Oakwood, to Ellen's great pleasure. They renewed their broken relations, and ere the departure of the elder man Ellen had the satisfaction of knowing that, through the efforts of her uncle, Mr. Myrvin was restored to the ministry at Llangwillan, while his son, Arthur, now ordained, received a curacy under the venerable Mr. Howard in the neighborhood. Herbert experienced a quiet joy in the companionship of Arthur, though he silently grieved at the enforced absence of Mary Greville from those beloved regions. Emmeline, too, missed Mary, but, like her brother, she filled the gap in the environment with Arthur.

As his father and mother, together with their children, were spending the winter holidays at Oakwood, it was natural that St. Eval should join them, though the present state of affairs caused momentary surprise at his determination. Caroline feared he wished to prove to her his utter indifference, but Lady Gertrude alone knew better. To every person in that charming circle he was uniformly kind; with Caroline he was somewhat reserved, but it could not be said he avoided her. His manner, however, confirmed the opinion of Caroline, and that of her anxious parents, that he no longer loved.

Toward the end of January, St. Eval and his family left for his beautiful estate in Cornwall, but he continued to visit Oakwood often, much to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's surprise.

In March Mr. Hamilton's family went to their London home in Berkeley Square. It was planned that both Emmeline and Ellen should be introduced to society this season; but unexpectedly Ellen earnestly requested that her début be postponed for a year. Mrs. Hamilton was pained and astonished, while her husband grew angry at such an unexplained notion. The only excuse Ellen offered was "to finish a task I have set myself; and my various avocations during the day prevent my having any time."

In the fashionable world Lord Alphingham had lost nearly all his former popularity. Certain rumors had banished him from the most exclusive sets, but Annie Grahame continued to show him a marked preference, in spite of her father's command to the contrary. As for Lady Helen, she grew weaker and more indolent every day, ruining her son, Cecil, with too much money.

Near the end of the season Lord Alphingham played his last card against Caroline by an attempt to poison the mind of St. Eval. The wily rascal had asked him confidentially:

"Will you envy me, St. Eval, if I confess that I, more than any other man, am privileged to speak in Miss Hamilton's praise, having once had the honor of being her accepted lover, and, had not cruel parents interfered, I might now have claimed that lovely creature as my own?"

When the Earl St. Eval despairingly repeated this remark to his favorite sister, she would not give it the interpretation Alphingham meant to convey. Instead Lady Gertrude at once went to Caroline, ascertained the whole truth and returned to her brother with it. His doubts were satisfied, not a lingering fear remained. Hastening to Caroline, he clasped her in his arms. "Gertrude told me you said not to her the magic word that will seal my happiness, though she wrung from you that precious secret of your love," said the young man.

"It is not in my power to answer you, St. Eval."

"Caroline! what can you mean?"

"Simply, that I have vowed solemnly and sacredly never to marry without the consent and blessing of my parents."

"Then I am satisfied," answered St. Eval, a flush of joyous excitement glowing on his cheek. And that night Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton confirmed his eager words.

Shortly after this, word came to the Hamiltons that Lord Alphingham and Miss Grahame had eloped. Caroline, knowing the story of the dissolute Viscount's earlier marriage, was distressed beyond description, until Percy sadly informed her of the wronged woman's recent death, which freed her from misery, and her unscrupulous husband from his galling tie.

Except to Arthur Myrvin and to Emmeline, the next summer was particularly joyous to the inmates of Oakwood. The new curate seemed to grow despondent, hence neglectful of his duties, and many were the complaints lodged against him. Emmeline became a victim of an indefinable longing, which she could not conquer. On the contrary, Ellen evinced extraordinary animation and light-heartedness, attributed by all her companions to anticipation of the long-absent Edward's return. This supposition was not altogether right. One afternoon she sought her aunt, and throwing into her lap a small calf-skin purse, she flung her arms round her neck, murmuring:

"The amount of all I took is there—all—all. Oh, take it, and let me thus feel it as a debt which I have paid!"

"Ellen, my own Ellen, be composed," entreated Mrs. Hamilton, alarmed. "Tell me, what are the contents of this pocket-book?"

Ellen opened the purse and placed in her aunt's hand bank-notes to the amount of those which had once been so fatal a temptation.

"They are mine—all mine. I have worked for them. It was to gain time for this that I refused to go out with you last winter."

Mrs. Hamilton was speechless in surprise and admiration, when she heard of the tedious struggle to accumulate the money by months of spare hours devoted to work on embroidery for commercial purposes.

That very night Edward astonished his relatives by suddenly appearing. During his voyages he, too, had managed to stint and save the amount sufficient to wipe out the money appropriated for him by Ellen in that memorable summer. Great was his wonder when he learned of Ellen's sacrifice.

"What are my efforts to hers!" he exclaimed. "Weak, frail, sensitive creature as she is, thus secretly, laboriously to earn that sum!"

Caroline and Eugene St. Eval were married one beautiful morning in September. Early in the day the bridegroom and his fair Countess left Oakwood for their castle in Cornwall. Thankful, yet tinged with sadness, were the feelings of Mrs. Hamilton, as she clasped the bride to her heart. Emmeline witnessed her sister's wedding with a depression unusual in one so buoyant. Her gloom was accounted for in the fact of losing her only sister.

With Arthur Myrvin things went from bad to worse. The poor country curate struggled with his passion for Emmeline Hamilton, but failed to subdue it. Concluding that in absence lay his safeguard, he resigned his place under Mr. Howard, and this move only the more confirmed the evil reports about him. Though he had resolved not to open his lips, in one moment of unrestrained and passionate feeling his love was told to the idol of his breaking heart. Emmeline acknowledged her love in return, and bade her despairing lover have courage to face their trial bravely, and prove to the world his true worth.

"I will obey you," he said, in a voice hoarse with contending emotions. "We part, and when I return years hence, it may be to see you the happy wife of one in all respects more suited to you; and although your love for me may have passed away, remember it is you whose gentle voice has saved a fellow creature from despair."

Arthur Myrvin had been gone a few weeks when a letter from him asked Emmeline to use her influence with St. Eval in obtaining him the position of tutor and companion to his younger brother, who was being sent to Germany for two years. Emmeline reflected long and deeply on this letter. Had she listened to the powerful pleadings of his deep affection, she would have shrunk from being the means of sending Arthur away, but she recognized the path of duty, and wavered only an instant.

Events occurred rapidly. Edward was made a lieutenant, and began his first voyage in that capacity. Before he left he and his sister met old friends—Mrs. Cameron and her son, Walter—whom they had known in India. Through Emmeline and Widow Langford the character of Arthur Myrvin had been reëstablished, for between them they discovered and denounced

his traducer, a man employed by the enemy of Arthur's father, the same scoundrel that had once taken the latter's parish of Llangwillan. Eulogistic reports from Germany also added to Arthur's reputation. But in the dark days of ordeal Emmeline had betrayed her cherished secret, and her parents knew of the love that was consuming her very life. Many were the anxious moments Mrs. Hamilton experienced while gazing upon her dutiful child, whose sweet resignation touched that mother's fond heart. Percy and Herbert won honorable distinction at Oxford, in contrast to the disgraceful expulsion of Cecil Grahame from Cambridge. That scapegrace had squandered away the whole of his foolish mother's fortune, and Lady Helen succumbed. She died, leaving Lilla to comfort her bereaved and dishonored father.

More than a year elapsed. Emmeline steadily declined. Meanwhile the fame of Arthur Myrvin increased a hundredfold; twice had he saved the life of his pupil. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton at last united the parted lovers and ignored all differences of station and wealth. Herbert having taken orders, his engagement to Mary Greville was announced in the family circle. Congratulations were showered upon the young minister; but the news had a peculiar effect on Ellen, and before she slept that night she prayed for strength to bear up under her secret sorrow. She loved Herbert Hamilton. Those who could not fathom her hidden feeling were duly astonished when Ellen kindly but firmly refused an offer of marriage from Walter Cameron, the friend of her childhood.

A thunderbolt could not have caused greater consternation among the members of the Hamilton family than that occasioned by Mary Greville's next letter from Paris. Her father was using every means in his power to induce her to marry a disreputable Frenchman, and had sworn she must obey him. This had made her ill, and she was looking forward for death to release her. Herbert Hamilton was prostrated, and all the family seemed stunned except Ellen, who with paling cheek and flashing eye urged Mr. Hamilton to fly to Paris at once.

"My father may as well plead to the hard flint as to Greville's feelings," muttered Percy.

"Ellen has spoken well, and may God bless her for the

thought," exclaimed Herbert, who had roused himself to listen to her earnest words. "Father, let us go!"

They traveled rapidly, reaching Paris the very morning Greville was killed by a fall from his horse. They found Mary and her mother. The former was dreadfully weak, but in a few days she was able to endure the journey to England. Poor Mary had returned to her native land only to die. For weeks she lingered, then peacefully passed away in her lover's arms, with the words upon her lips: "Kiss me, Herbert. I would sleep." Herbert steadily failed, and he found increasing consolation in Ellen's company, even as Mary had done. One day he spoke of his death as an event not far distant.

"Ellen, I look to you, under Heaven, to support my mother in this affliction," he said. "You alone of her children will be left near her, and you can do much to comfort and soothe. Will you not do this, my sister, my friend?"

"Yes," she answered tearfully, "trust me, dear Herbert. I will be to my aunt, my more than mother, ever as you wish."

At Herbert's entreaty, the marriage of his sister was hastened, and he performed the ceremony. Edward was enabled to be present, to the joy of all. His visit was hasty, however, as he was about to sail to Africa as second in command of a small frigate. The premonitions of Herbert came terribly true. A malignant disease broke out, to which he was constantly exposed, in his efforts to comfort the last hours of those afflicted. After weeks of tireless labor, in which he was aided by the fearless Ellen, Herbert was mortally stricken. Percy, who was on the Continent, received the fatal news just in time to reach home and have his beloved brother expire in his arms. One trouble succeeded another; first Mrs. Hamilton fell a victim to the epidemic; then word came to Oakwood that Edward was drowned off the Cape of Good Hope. Brave Ellen was equal to the task of nursing her aunt through a dangerous illness, as well as conquering her grief at Edward's reported fate. But her long-suffering was destined to be turned to sweetness: for with the complete recovery of Mrs. Hamilton, a letter from Edward arrived. He was on his way home with the preserver of his life Lieutenant Mordaunt.

Edward had a strange tale to tell; and it was stranger still

that his savior, Mordaunt, should prove to be the long-lost brother of Mrs. Hamilton, Charles Manvers, the Lord Delmost, who had suffered slavery in Africa all these weary years.

One more glance at those within the halls of Oakwood, and then farewell to the happy group! Eight years have flown lightly over the heads of Mrs. Greville (whose son had returned and reformed), and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, whose many grandchildren clamored about them. Edward, now the Earl of Delmost, stood near his wife, the former Lilla Grahame. Percy Hamilton, M.P. and also benedict, was talking with Mr. Grahame; Ellen was still single, and gave every indication of remaining so. The Lord St. Eval was playfully teasing her about the relative value of old maids *versus* wives, hinting that perhaps she would not be as happy married as she was single.

"There are cares and sorrows attendant on the happiest lot," observed Ellen thoughtfully, "but if a mother does her duty, in my opinion she seldom fails to obtain her recompense, however long deferred."

"You are right, my Ellen," said Mrs. Hamilton, who had overheard the remark. "There are many sorrows and many cares inseparable from maternal love, but they are forgotten, utterly forgotten, or only remembered to enhance the sweetness of the recompense that ever follows."

"Ah, could we perform our parts as you have performed yours, dearest mother, then indeed might we hope it," exclaimed the Countess St. Eval and Mrs. Myrvin at the same moment, their eyes glistening with emotion as they spoke.

"And if we reap the happiness of which you spoke, to whom shall we owe it, mother?" demanded Percy feelingly. "If indeed in after-years our children look up to us and bless us as we bless you, oh, my mother, the remembrance of you will mingle with that blessedness and render it still purer."

CHARLES HAMILTON AIDĒ

(France, of Armenian and English parentage, 1830)

RITA: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (1864)

Several well-known characters in the fashionable English society of the Mid-Victorian reign are portrayed in this romance, the dashing Colonel being a representation of the author's own father.

MY earliest recollection of home is the fourth story of a house in a dusky street in Paris, though I was born within the Tower of London, where my father, Colonel Percival, was then quartered in the Guards. Debt had driven him to Paris, where his intended career of economy resulted in worse extravagance. My mother was the fourth daughter of the penniless Honorable Ernest Rossborough; she had been the belle of a season, and might have done better for herself than marry the handsome, gay Jack Percival. It was not a love-match, and their married life proved the reverse of happy. He was selfish and sensual, and incapable of strong, deep affection. The harass of his accumulated debts made him irritable, and even violent. He was very little at home. I was not four years old when I felt that my father was the cause of my mother's frequent tears. My dear mother wanted energy to master the position of our affairs, though she deserved great credit for her endeavors to make both ends meet. Ill health very early compelled her to give up society.

One poor English nurse-girl, Betsy, took care of us five children, for besides myself, the eldest, there were my only sister Rose, my brother Ernest, and the twins, Arthur and Roger, whom my father never forgave for making their appear-

ance in this world. Immersed in the dissipations of Paris, my father paid no attention to his blooming family, and little did any of the grand ladies who occasionally visited "that poor Mrs. Percival" imagine all the shifts to which we children were often put for a dinner. My education, until I was about eight years old, was completely neglected, and I do not remember learning to read. When I was about nine my mother's uncle, John Rossborough, died, leaving us four thousand pounds, a windfall which changed our affairs somewhat, as it enabled my father to settle his debts, and we moved to a brighter apartment near the Champs Elysées. The Sunday after our "sad loss" we children dined for the first time on roast beef and plum pudding, in true British fashion.

Over us lived a little old French general and his wife, with whom I soon struck up an intimacy. He had belonged to Napoleon's army, and had been present on every battle-field from Lodi to Waterloo. General Gobemouche spent his time on the battle-field of the past, and Madame Gobemouche listened with never-flagging interest, as if she now heard the recital for the first time.

Monsieur Barac, the proprietor of our new dwelling, was another inmate of great interest to me. He was a connoisseur and speculator in pictures. This obese old gentleman took a fancy to the little dark-eyed girl who stood on the threshold and peeped in one day, and who, after the first invitation, came so readily to look at his Rubenses and Rembrandts, and showed such a ready comprehension of their beauties. One day he kindly suggested that I should try to copy a little chalk sketch, and I managed to produce a full-blown cherub, which he pronounced very fair for a beginner. From that time I spent many hours drawing with unflagging ardor and perseverance. But in every other respect my education still fared ill. There had been talk of sending my sister and me to some French school, but two years had rolled by without any further sign. Duns again poured in with the old regularity, my father, as usual, living beyond his means.

Just as I entered my thirteenth year, my mother's sister, the rich Lady Dacre, with her only daughter, Emily, visited us on her way to Italy. The presence of Aunt Mary seemed to

move my father strangely, and his manner and conduct underwent a remarkable change. I could not help observing that he never was at ease in her company, though his attitude was obsequious. My aunt treated him with chilling reserve. I soon saw that one of her first objects was to find out all she could of our interior economy. Silently and skilfully she probed all the hidden wounds of the establishment. Before she left us, a governess, Miss Lateward, was installed, and my education and Rose's began in deadly earnest.

When the Dacres returned from Italy our meeting was very happy, though my father appeared gloomy and preoccupied. Indeed, he avoided my aunt, night after night he remained out, and hardly ever dined at home. One morning I accidentally overheard a stormy interview between Aunt Mary and my father which puzzled and alarmed me. He pleaded with her, and she said: "The consequences of your sins fall on your own head. Henceforward what I do shall be for my poor sister and your children only. Your eldest girl, Rita—" My name aroused me from an entranced state, and I turned and fled. Shortly afterward my brother Ernest was sent to school in England, while a good drawing-master was procured for me. This was my reward for close application to studies under the inflexible Miss Lateward.

As I grew older, and my mother's health became worse, I began to assume a more prominent position in the household by superintending the domestic arrangements, and I had to devise humiliating subterfuges for deferring payments to butchers and bakers. My father's affairs were again deeply involved, and now only too well did I realize the relations between him and my Aunt Mary. Lady Dacre had more than once paid his debts. About this time, unknown to all save faithful Betsy, I began to turn my art into pecuniary profit, that I might satisfy clamorous creditors. I sold some landscapes to a dealer and disposed of a Holy Family to Felicien Ismael, a black-bearded Jew whom I had met through M. Barac. The morning of that bargain was a memorable one, as after-events proved. In the dingy rooms of Ismael I saw a young man, above the middle height, with very remarkable eyes, and a brow upon which the light fell broadly and evenly.

On my way home I had occasion to go to the assistance of a strange woman who told me her child was dying. She put into my hand a card, on which was written, "Marie Dumont, Embroiderer," and her face thanked me far beyond words.

As I expected, Miss Lateward did not approve of my actions, though she insisted on accompanying me to the address given by Marie Dumont, for I had secured her some work from Madame Gobemouche. The child, a pale little boy of five years, was getting better, thanks to the help of "a kind young gentleman encountered at the rooms of Felicien Ismael," to whom, at my suggestion, Marie had gone to sell two old vases. Thenceforth I was forbidden to transact business with old Ismael, but under the able management of my governess my sketches and pictures brought fair sums. M. Barac also assisted in the sale of an occasional picture. My Aunt Mary wrote to me her sanction of this plan. As for Marie Dumont, Miss Lateward ascertained her character, and found her a worthy object of interest, but insisted on negotiating alone with her.

Late one afternoon in December my mother presented me to Lady Greybrook, one of the fashionable leaders of Parisian society, who had been traveling in the East. She seemed to take a great fancy to me and invited me to call on the morrow. During a conversation between my father and mother, I gathered that Lady Greybrook wished me to make my début under her supervision.

"Well, Percival," said my mother, "I know Mary will disapprove of it very much. I remember her saying years ago that I ought not to know her—"

"Stuff!" exclaimed my father, "Lady Dacre knows as well as you do that the girl must be married, and those prudish, old-fashioned English notions are out of place in Paris."

"What is Lady Greybrook's object in wishing to do this?"

"She likes having a court of men around her, and the addition of a good-looking girl, who has some brains and conversation, is a great attraction."

"She is so very young—and doesn't wish to go out herself, I know," said my mother hesitatingly.

"I tell you," rejoined my father vehemently, "she must be married."

My head was sick and my heart faint when I lay down in my little bed that night.

Several of my partners at my first ball interested me, especially Lord Rowdon, a bitter, sarcastic Englishman, who bore the reputation of being a misanthrope, and his conversation with me supported it. Charles Murray, on the contrary, was the very type of a healthy, clean young Englishman, who talked of everything with a keen relish of enjoyment. Madame Gobemouche was also among the guests, but Lady Greybrook became exceedingly annoyed at my recognition of the quaint old woman with a bird of Paradise on her head. All evening I was conscious of a pair of eyes intently fixed on me; they seemed familiar, but I could not remember where and when I had seen them. We did not wait for the cotillion, and on the stairs I saw my father with a handsome woman on his arm.

"Who is that lady?" I whispered to Lady Greybrook.

"Is it possible you don't know the fair one with whom your father so constantly rides?"

A pain shot across my breast. "Do you know her?" I asked suddenly.

"Oh, no, I don't even remember her name. Not one of our set at all."

A letter from my Aunt Mary the following morning advised my avoidance of "a certain Lady Greybrook, and the cultivation of a Lady Janet Oglevie," now that I was launched into society. In the afternoon Charles Murray called, in spite of a blinding snowstorm, and we enjoyed his visit. At the opera that night Lady Greybrook introduced an old dandy, the Marquis d'Ofort, who was exceedingly repulsive to me. Lord Rowdon came into our box, much to the discomfort and jealousy of Madame Galoffska, a pale Russian, whose infatuation for Rowdon was current gossip. When the performance was over, I found in going out that I had dropped my fan, and begged Lord Rowdon to go back and look for it. A little old lady in a gray cloak brushed past us at the same moment. A minute later a hand was stretched out from the crowd, and my fan was given me; a small piece of paper was twisted between the sticks, on which was written, "You are in a dangerous position—trust the gray mantle, who passed you just now."

"I have found my fan, Lord Rowdon," I said, as he came back. "Some one picked it up. And now tell me, if you can, who is that lady in a gray cloak?"

"Lady Janet Oglevie—one of the few honest women in Paris, and she hates me."

My acquaintance with Lady Janet began under curious conditions. At a morning-party given by her kinsman, Mr. Griffiths, I acknowledged having painted and sold a Holy Family, which his nephew, Hubert Rochfort, had presented to him. Lady Greybrook and her set were horrified at my confession, of course, but the harsh Lady Janet shook my hand. She deplored my association with my chaperon and said she would be my friend. In Hubert Rochfort I found the owner of the magnetic eyes that had haunted me, and then I remembered seeing him at Ismael's some time before. We became good friends in a short time, even though he declared his dislike to Paris society, and particularly to my place in it. Hubert Rochfort called on us now and again, but Lord Rowdon was a constant visitor. These two men were antagonistic in all their habits of thought and action. One day, as poor old Miss Lateward was ill with a cold, I took some work to Marie Dumont, and there met Rochfort face to face. He, too, had procured employment for Marie. Our unexpected meeting was anything but pleasant, Rochfort evidently not liking my independence in visiting the vicinity. I thought his mild remonstrance impertinence, yet I rather liked him for it. Not long after this *contretemps*, he desired a sketch of a window in the Hôtel Cluny, which I copied for him. Meanwhile my father grew impatient at my indifference to the Marquis d'Ofort, who was only waiting for the least encouragement; and my angry parent protested against the attentions of both Rowdon and Rochfort. He considered that I was wasting time.

Another letter, and the last from my noble aunt, exhorted me to eschew the society of Lady Greybrook as much as possible. That estimable chaperon was now insistent in her injunctions to me to marry—preferably the old Marquis. "You know as well as I do the state of your father's affairs, and that his only hope is in your making a brilliant marriage to extricate him from his difficulties," her ladyship argued.

One night Mr. Rochfort gave me a note from Lady Janet Oglevie, inviting me to tea the next evening. I promised to go, though I informed him I might be late, because of a dinner engagement. He embraced the opportunity to praise warmly the austere Scotchwoman. A thought flashed like lightning through my brain, bringing both pleasure and excited curiosity with it. I requested him to write down Lady Janet's address for me. I compared it later with the scrap of paper mysteriously twisted in my fan-sticks the night of the opera, and the handwriting was the same!

By some fatality I was set down at the wrong house by Lady Greybrook, who drove off hurriedly to the Galoffskas. The strange house was a gambling-hell, and if Lord Rowdon had not been driving past in his brougham I should have been made a captive, for several men pursued the bewildered bareheaded girl in evening dress. My rescuer came just in time to snatch me from the arms of an unknown man. An altercation ensued, a challenge was given, and we drove off in the direction of my home. A man passed along the street. The light from the gas-lamp fell upon his face, as it fell into the carriage upon mine. He looked at me and I recognized him as Hubert Rochfort. Those few minutes had been more eventful than many entire lives.

Unusually early the next morning Lady Greybrook rushed in upon us with the news that Rowdon had fought a duel and was dangerously wounded. Fortunately for me, no one knew the cause of the encounter. I was truly wretched, a condition not eased any when I called upon Lady Janet to relate the circumstances of the previous night, and heard from that grim monitor of Hubert Rochfort's sudden departure for England. Several days elapsed before Rowdon was pronounced out of danger. Then came the dreadful information that my Aunt Mary, with her daughter, had been drowned in the Mediterranean. My mother was prostrated, while I experienced my greatest grief up to that time. The world seemed desolate.

Spring came, and upon the doctor's advice, reiterated by my mother, I accepted an invitation to go into the country with General and Madame Gobemouche. At their château I rapidly regained good health, though my mind constantly

reverted to the past, dwelling particularly upon one person, whose value I now fully appreciated. The first letter from my mother banished all fears regarding the enigmatical Rowdon; he had left Paris for some German baths, Madame Galoffska supposedly going with him. Mother wrote a great deal about Charles Murray, but one piece of intelligence grieved me. Miss Lateward could no longer be retained, as Rose had no need of her, and my twin brothers must be sent to school. A few days later I received a letter from my dear old governess, in which she regretted our severance and informed me that Lady Janet had secured her a place with Mrs. Rochfort in England.

Before leaving the hospitable roof of the Gobemouches, I had occasion to assist an elderly English lady traveling with her old bachelor brother. She had been ordered to the Pyrenees for her health. They thanked me for my aid and we exchanged names—theirs was Bissett. We expressed a hope that we might meet again, which I thought very unlikely.

A sudden summons obliged me to return to Paris, for Charles Murray and my sister Rose were to be married. My father and my brother Ernest, now grown tall, met me. Reaching home, I was shocked at my mother's appearance, and the high spirits she was in could not conceal the ravages of illness. Discussing Rose's trousseau one day, I suggested giving the making-up of some of the fine linen to Marie Dumont; so Ernest and I went down the narrow alley where she lived. Marie was delighted, kissed my hands, and had a great deal to say about Lady Janet, who had questioned her as to how living and working in England would suit her. Marie started and turned pale when she saw Ernest.

"Who is that?—who is that with you?" Her gaze seemed fascinated.

"My brother—why?"

"Strange!" she muttered, and from time to time she glanced uneasily at him. Her little boy had become a noble-looking child, whose cheeks glowed with the rosy hue of health. Marie promised to do the work, and during the next busy fortnight I had no time to think of her. Not until Rose had driven off, a happy bride, and most of the guests had departed, did Marie

put in a belated appearance. She had been through an attack of smallpox. I shrank back with horror, even when reassured that there was no danger. Voices in loud and laughing discourse came nearer and nearer. I was seized in an iron, icy grasp.

"Who—who is that? How comes he here?" Marie gasped.

"Who—which do you mean?"

"The last speaker—there—he who is showing the way—that tall, fair man?"

"That? Why, that is my father."

"Your father!" she shrieked, and threw up her arms wildly. A glimmer of the horrid truth flashed on me.

"*He is my Édouard Brown! He is the fa—*" A burst of hysterical sobs choked her utterance, and she sank on the stairs.

Poor mother was so alarmingly ill after the wedding excitement that I endeavored to persuade my father against going to England with Ernest, who had passage engaged for India. My father treated my fears as ridiculous. But they were well founded. My mother developed virulent smallpox and died. Before her death, however, she revealed the full infamy of the man I called father, though she forgave him. His passion for gambling had led him to sacrifice everything, even Aunt Mary (who had been engaged to him before my mother) failing to influence him, though he had loved her as much as he was able to love anyone. "And I know he will try to persuade you into marrying some one for his money. Don't do it, dear," warned my dying mother.

I had folded her hands and placed some white roses in them, when my father returned from his trip. The first days of heavy mourning were over eventually, and my father, to do him justice, showed respect for my mother's memory. For many months my faithful Betsy was my only companion. Once at my behest she sought out Marie Dumont and her child, but they were gone, whither no one knew. About a month before the home-coming of my little brothers for Christmas, I began to feel uneasy again in relation to an unusual symptom in my father's affairs—a profusion of ready money.

On an early morning walk Lord Rowdon overtook me, his

arm still in a sling, his face pale and haggard. Impetuously he declared his love, and implored me to marry him. As gently as possible, I refused him. He warned me wildly of some web gathering around me.

"Marguerite, tell me—promise me, at least, that you will not be persuaded into marrying that old Frenchman."

"There is no danger of my being persuaded to marry the Marquis d'Ofort, or anyone my heart does not choose," I replied. That very afternoon my father requested the favor of the old dandy's company at dinner on the following Sunday.

Rowdon wrote, begging me to see him and declaring that nothing could prevent his watching over me. My father's conduct toward me underwent a marked change. He made me walk with him daily, forced me to accept the society of the detestable Marquis, and finally introduced, as an intimate of our home, Madame de Barinnes, the handsome woman I had seen on his arm that night of my début. She never failed to dilate upon the excellence, the wisdom, and the wealth of Amédie-Joseph, Marquis d'Ofort. Remonstrance against these obnoxious visitors thrust upon me only inflamed my father into a sort of temporary insanity. While visiting my mother's grave with Betsy, I came again across the disconsolate Rowdon, who passionately renewed his suit. His pleading touched my heart, and I said slowly, "Lord Rowdon, I know your strong and loyal heart. I do believe your attachment is no light thing, to be swept away to make room for another, and because I believe it I will take a step that costs any woman dear—that few, indeed, can bring themselves to take. I will show you the great obstacle to my ever loving you as you deserve. It is that I also have loved, even as you love me—without return!"

Not long after this, a letter from Miss Lateward recounted that scandalous gossip concerning me had reached Rochfort Court; also that Hubert Rochfort had become engaged to his cousin, Miss Neville. The blow fell heavily. To banish thought, I permitted my father to take me to a ball, where I snubbed both the Marquis d'Ofort and Madame de Barinnes. Rowdon came to my relief. That night was a crisis. Rowdon proved to me my father's marriage to the Barinnes woman,

and I overheard her tell my father that she would compel me to marry the Marquis or ruin my reputation. Rowdon begged me to fly with him, to save myself from the abominable plot. Hardly aware of my actions, I let him lead me to a waiting carriage. We dashed home to find Betsy, who, with her usual energy, gathered a few necessary things and came with us. In spite of a fearful storm, we rode all night, reaching Amiens at dawn. My mad delirium was succeeded by torpor; then blessed unconsciousness eased my aching brain. When I opened my eyes, Rowdon and Betsy stood beside me; the former announced that he was going to fetch the English clergyman, and would be gone about an hour. Left alone, I threw myself on my knees and sobbed aloud. Growing calmer, I approached the window, and in the courtyard I saw Mr. Bissett, the elderly English gentleman I had once met in company with his sister, near Madame Gobemouche's château. His dark traveling-chariot was being made ready for a journey. A daring idea took possession of me. I found Miss Bissett's room and poured out to her my extraordinary tale, imploring her help. Brother and sister, after conferring, decided to take me to England, where I would be out of my terrible predicament. Ere our hurried departure, I wrote a letter to Rowdon beseeching his forgiveness, and asking him to return to Paris, that he might silence any rumors connecting our names.

The Bissetts would not hear of my staying in London, where I had planned to find a means of livelihood. They insisted on my spending a month at their home in Exton. But not until we were almost there did it come out that the Rochforts lived only fifteen miles away, and that their kinsfolk, the Nevilles, were neighbors of my good friends.

Here was a perplexing problem, and I began to plan to curtail my visit. I also requested that Mr. Bissett would permit me to remain unnoticed and unknown. He did not at all relish the idea, nor the change of my name to that of "Miss Hope."

Ten days passed, and I was looking forward to leaving Exton with great regret when my worst fears were realized in the sudden appearance of Hubert Rochfort and Maud Neville. He turned deadly pale, and stood looking at me as if I were an

apparition. I will confess that a spasm of joy shot through me, and my courage, strange to say, overcame my emotion when I saw that his self-possession was even more upset than mine. My peculiar situation and feigned name puzzled him, but I proudly refused him any explanation, and commanded my feelings sufficiently to offer him my sincere wishes that his marriage to his cousin would prove happy.

Leave the neighborhood I must, but I was constrained to remain a few days more, until Mrs. Deane, a kindly, gossipy woman, could hear from a London cousin about lodging me. This bustling body confided in me that she considered the match between Miss Neville and Mr. Rochfort unsuitable, but it was Mrs. Rochfort's heart's desire. Mrs. Deane further informed me that it was rumored that Hubert had an infatuation for a "half-French girl in Paris." I no longer doubted that he had loved me—nay, that he loved me still.

A pressing invitation came from Miss Neville to visit the Hall, and the amiable but obstinate little Miss Bissett insisted on my going. We had been there a short time when our hostess said she expected Hubert to bring over his mother that afternoon, and that she wished me to meet her. I urged our speedy return on account of the late hour, and we had driven only a little distance when a shot startled our ponies. They plunged ahead, and the next moment we had crashed into a carriage containing Mrs. Rochfort and her son. The gravel flew up into my eyes, and I knew nothing more.

Miss Bissett miraculously escaped injury, but I was an invalid for weeks at Neville Hall, under the tender care of Mrs. Rochfort, who had conceived a strong affection for "Miss Hope." During our conversation I gathered that Hubert's mother was much worried about his approaching marriage. True, she had once thought it the only thing for her son to do, but latterly she could not help noticing his indifference to Maud, besides his extreme preoccupation and melancholy, which was intensified by a letter from Lady Janet in Paris to Mrs. Rochfort. It set forth my vindication in warmest terms, declared that I had not married the old Marquis d'Ofort as reported, nor run away to live with my lover, Rowdon, as scandal would have it. The hard old Scotchwoman wound

up by actually admiring my conduct in leaving my father and his disreputable wife. This letter brought on the climax that had been hovering over our heads. Maud Neville, too keen not to know that Hubert still loved the maligned and unfortunate Marguerite Percival, canceled her engagement to him, that he might seek Miss Percival, wherever she was.

One morning Mrs. Rochfort entered my room. She was pale and agitated, and yet had a happier look in her eyes than I had ever seen there.

"My child, my dear, dear child," she said, "I know all, and so does Maud. How blind I have been!"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Rochfort?"

"It only wants a word from you now to make you really my child."

And when by-and-by Hubert sat beside me, holding both my hands within his, with those deep, earnest eyes fixed upon my face, my happiness seemed too great to be true—the sudden revulsion was hardly natural. There was one test that remained to be made—words that I felt must be said, but trembled to say.

"If I am to be your wife, Hubert, you must know all. From my husband there must be no reserve." And when I had told him my story, I added, "These are dark and troubled waters from which to take a wife, Hubert. Have you thought well? The world's tongue has been too busy with my name to be easily stopped, then—"

"Hush!" said he, smiling, and putting his hand before my mouth, "I must stop yours to begin with. You are a pearl of great price, my Rita, and they only who dive deep find such. We have gone through troubled waters, and, with God's blessing, all now shall be fair sea."

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY (1875)

This record of the author's visit to the United States caused no little pique to American readers, and afforded amusement to our British cousins, who accepted it as a faithful picture of life in "the States."

AMONG the passengers on board the *Teutonic*, bound for New York, were Miss Grace Ballinger, an English belle, and her brother, Sir Mordaunt Ballinger, Baronet and Member of Parliament. This was their first trip to the States, where their father had achieved distinction during his lifetime as a diplomat and author. Sir Mordaunt expected to make some profitable investment in the New World, while his sister accompanied him to study Americans on their own soil, and to banish the memory of an unhappy experience.

Various phases of American character presented themselves the second day after leaving Liverpool. There was Quintin Ferrars, a cynical Southerner, no longer in his first youth, who did little else besides vibrate between Europe and America; his antithesis was the optimistic young Harvard professor, Saul Barham, whose health had necessitated a trip abroad. Miss Ballinger became much interested in him, as well as in his mother, a sweet, pensive little woman, the wife of a Calvinistic New England clergyman. Contrasted with her were two countrywomen: Mrs. Courtly, a rich resident of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Van Winkle, a member of New York society and authoress of an audacious novel called *Phryne*. Another New Yorker abroad was "Jem" Gunning, a type of the *jeunesse dorée*. Two "advanced" women completed the first-cabin group: Lady Clydesdale, an inconsistent titled socialist who would abolish all class distinction, and Miss Lobb, a spectacled maiden lady interested in abstruse subjects.

In the course of several conversations Grace Ballinger gathered characteristic opinions about their destination. Quintin Ferrars once said in his caustic way, "We are a very young, raw country. Youth, in the educational stage, is apt to offend against good taste. We are made up at present of odds and ends. You are sure to get hold of some odds. The ends require to be unraveled." The patriotic Saul Barham had declared to her, "Of course there are things I dislike, things I deplore, in my own country; but she has a great future before her, and it behooves every American to do his best to advance that future, so that the generation that follows may be richer than the present in wisdom and in worth."

"Not only in wealth?" suggested Miss Ballinger.

"You have been told that that is the only God we worship? Well, that is true perhaps of the majority—not of all."

"Jem" Gunning bored Grace with his perpetual talk about his yacht, his athletics, and his big game. "You'll let me drive you in my team one day?" he had ventured. "I'll get up a luncheon-party for you somewhere in the country. We'll have a band and dance afterward; we'll have a rare, good time."

"I shall do whatever my brother likes in New York," Grace replied. "You must ask him. I shall have absolutely no will of my own."

Before the voyage was over Miss Ballinger had established a friendship with the Barhams, and had promised to spend a day with them at the rectory. "It will interest me to see something of your New England village life," she said. At the same time the frank and vivacious girl had arranged to visit Mrs. Courtly at Brackley. Grace admired and liked that many-sided tactful lady more and more, though she was not attracted to Mrs. Van Winkle, who strove to maintain a reputation for daring wit and shocking repartee.

Sir Mordaunt, on the other hand, entertained a different set of opinions. He thought Gunning not half a bad sort, and Barham a thin, pasty-looking young professor; while it would require a shipwreck to make Ferrars and himself intimate. He found Mrs. Courtly perfectly charming and Mrs. Van Winkle "the greatest sport I've met for a week of Sundays." But most of the time Mordaunt Ballinger walked the quarter-deck

for hours with certain American men, whom he encouraged to talk of their various interests and enterprises, and believed he was gaining a vast store of useful information thereby.

The day after their arrival in New York, Grace wrote a long letter to her Aunt Susan (Mrs. Frampton), who was expected to join them before long. She told her aunt of a fashionable dinner at the Hurlstones, old friends of Mrs. Frampton. The New Yorkers were very hospitable, and "Mordy seemed in a fair way of being lionized. Nearly every other guest was actually, or prospectively, a millionaire," she wrote. "The women were all very well dressed, and wore a great many jewels —perhaps more than we should think quite good taste for this sort of party. . . . Some of the men struck me as clever, especially in conversation with their own countrywomen; their quickness and incisiveness were remarkable." Grace also gave a humorous account of an interview with Miss Clutch, a reporter on the *New York Scavenger*, in which the press representative had been snubbed, and took revenge by describing Miss Ballinger as "a grenadier in petticoats."

Invitations of all descriptions poured in upon Sir Mordaunt Ballinger and his sister. Mrs. Frampton had rightly predicted that her brother's name would be an "open sesame" to his son and daughter. They dined at Delmonico's one night, and met two merry Kentucky girls, whose unconventionality exceedingly amused the English visitors. One of them, a certain May Clayton, told the young Baronet: "You're a lovely man to flirt with, but unless you find a girl with a pile you're not eligible as a husband, you see."

After this dinner a thoroughly American play was witnessed. "Viewed as a literary production, the piece was amazing. . . . It seemed curious to Grace that the actors and actresses should not have caught even the faintest outward resemblance to ladies and gentlemen."

Though Quintin Ferrars had told Grace that business in Virginia brought him over, he remained in New York and called on the Ballingers. To Grace the man appeared more depressed than ever. The thing she did not see was that he was in love with her. Mordaunt, with not half her perspicacity, saw it, but held his peace. Grace had too recently had a bitter

disappointment in a man she had loved, named Ivor Laurence, for him to fear that she would fall in love with the first middle-aged American who laid his heart and fortune at her feet. Rich "Jem" Gunning was also unremitting in his attentions to the charming Englishwoman. Meanwhile Sir Mordaunt was making friends among business men, and felt drawn toward a shrewd man named Reid, who advised him to go out West and personally look into various investments.

Mordaunt and Grace went to the Hurlstones' box one night to hear *Siegfried*, and were there nearly an hour before their friends arrived. It was surprising to see the occupants of the grand tier indulge in a continuous fire of conversation without even the semblance of any attention to the orchestra or stage. Mrs. Hurlstone pointed out to Grace the Princess Lamperti, whose divorced husband sat with another woman—Madame Moretto—in a box not far away; the story repeated was certainly scandalous. Between the second and third acts a powerfully-built young man, a Mr. Caldwell, was introduced to Miss Ballinger, and expressed his pleasure at meeting the daughter of his mother's friend, Sir Henry Ballinger. He said, "I believe my mother has taken the liberty of writing to you to-night, Miss Ballinger. We shall be only a short time in New York, but my mother hopes she may see you." When he had quitted the box Mrs. Hurlstone explained that the young man spent most of his time in Colorado, where mining operations required his supervision, his mother and sister living in the West with him.

For Grace's special benefit "Jem" Gunning gave a party, to which all the very smartest of New York society were invited, including the Hurlstones, Mrs. Van Winkle, and Quintin Ferrars. The feature of the evening was Carmencita, who gave her wonderful dances before the fashionable gathering. Miss Ballinger was presented to the Princess Lamperti, and after a brief interchange of remarks, Grace turned to the place where Ferrars had been seated, but to her surprise he had disappeared. Young Caldwell took the vacant chair and said, "My mother was so delighted to get your note. She is glad that Sir Mordaunt and you can dine with us." Grace looked toward her brother and Miss Hurlstone, engaged in each other's con-

versation, thinking, "Well, dear Mordaunt is an out-and-out flirt; of course it means nothing to him. It is to be hoped the girl is equally case-hardened."

Barnum's Circus was attended the next afternoon, where Grace met Mrs. Caldwell and her daughter, Doreen. Mordaunt talked chiefly to the mother, and Grace saw that the naïve daughter did not attract him. Beatrice Hurlstone's undisguised encouragement and capacity for flirtation treated as a fine art, or May Clayton's audacious drollery, were much more to his liking. However, when Gunning introduced him to Clare Planter, a Pittsburg beauty, Mordaunt thought her the prettiest girl he had seen since he had landed. As the audience trooped out of the theater Ferrars again strangely disappeared.

"Certainly Mr. Ferrars is not fit for New York society," thought Grace. They had just reached the crowded entrance, where for the second time Grace saw an unforgetable face, that of Madame Moretto. Prince Lamperti was her escort. That night the Ballingers went to a ball at one of the greatest and most exclusive houses in the city. Grace was dazzled by the beauty of the women, their gowns and diamonds. Supper was a trial to her, however, for "Jem" Gunning chose that absurd time to propose, an honor which the English girl curtly refused. Her brother divided his attention between Miss Hurlstone and Miss Planter, and Grace had cause for fresh wonder in the American girl's attitude toward flirtation, apparently attaching no importance to it.

Miss Ballinger was not even faintly aware of the true state of his feeling, when Quintin Ferrars bade her good-by with a certain rigidity and difficulty of utterance.

"I am so sorry you are going," she declared. "I hope you will try to be at Brackley when we are there."

"Yes, you may depend on that," he answered. "Mrs. Courtly will write to me, she has promised."

"I fancy we shall not be there beyond the middle of February, and I think from what my brother said yesterday that he means to go to Boston straight from here."

Mordaunt had dropped something more than this—that Miss Planter was a friend of Mrs. Courtly's, and was going

to stay at Brackley in February. But Grace did not give this reason.

Mrs. Van Winkle got up a "blue dinner" in honor of Sir Mordaunt and his sister. It was a unique affair, strongly flavored with its creator's extravagant personality. The Princess Lamperti chose this occasion to relate her painful domestic experiences to a cold but curious circle. Grace listened to all this in silent astonishment. A morning or two after the Van Winkle dinner a letter arrived from Mrs. Frampton addressed to Mordaunt. Aunt Susan enjoined him to invest in nothing until she should arrive. She was looking forward to meeting her niece and nephew in Boston. This good news was somewhat spoiled by the information that fresh evidence had been found against Ivor Laurence, Grace's former lover. When the painful subject was introduced, Grace and Mordaunt quarreled. She would not believe that the man she had loved was guilty of the charge he was to be tried for—that of changing a rich uncle's will in his own favor. "If the whole of London cut him dead, it would make no difference to me. I know him to be a perfectly honorable, truthful, noble character," she cried.

Mordaunt retreated. Burning tears of wounded love and disappointment succeeded the brother's exit, but that afternoon Grace bravely battled with her grief at a "ladies' luncheon," where seventeen of her sex had been invited to meet Miss Ballinger. These women were almost all interested and active in better things than gossip, parties, and dress. They were not pretentious, though many of them did adventure upon subjects that demand more time, thought, and preparation than most English women conceive it fitting to give to any study. In the evening Grace and her brother dined with Mrs. Caldwell, and enjoyed the brilliant conversation of several celebrated men. Their personal banter, so good-naturedly given and taken, was a new side of American character, and an extremely engaging one to Grace, who realized that such a contest would not be possible in England.

The Caldwells were to leave New York for their home in the Rocky Mountains in the course of a week. It was arranged that Grace should write to Mrs. Caldwell when she and her

brother went westward, and Mrs. Frampton was included in the cordial invitation to "Falcon's Nest" offered to the English travelers.

Though she had crossed the ocean resolved to put the past behind her, and the round of social engagements in New York was well calculated to achieve that end, Grace longed for repose and reflection. Brackley offered both, and Mrs. Courtly gladly hailed the advent of her friends of the *Teutonic* in her beautiful home. The Planters were already there, and Quintin Ferrars arrived a few hours after the English visitors. Clare Planter assured Grace that she loved England and English life. A pleasant diversion was afforded Mrs. Courtly's guests the first evening of their stay by the presence of Mr. Laffan, a famous American author, and Mr. Burton, a brilliant musician. During the playing of this young man, Ferrars, who persisted in talking to Miss Ballinger, incurred her displeasure. Thereupon, like a chidden child, he retired to a distant corner of the room and spoke to no one the rest of the evening. The next day was Sunday, so Grace, Mordaunt, and Clare Planter went in the morning to hear a great preacher. His sermon was a splendid piece of oratory charged with noble thought, clad in language that seemed, like lightning, to strike and tear the ground. When they had left church Clare spoke.

"Well?" she asked, addressing Mordaunt. "What do you say? Is he not just wonderful?"

"Wonderful! I believe you! I never heard a chap pour out so many words to the minute before. It's perfectly awful, going on like this, for more than half an hour without stopping."

"How I wish I could write shorthand!" exclaimed his sister. "I never heard anything so splendid, so stirring!"

That afternoon Grace read Quintin Ferrars a playful curtain-lecture on his sulky conduct. He accepted it meekly. "If I were under your influence always," he said, in a low voice, "I should become more tolerant, I believe. I should look at things from a different point of view." Grace laughed heartily and attached no serious meaning to his words.

It was strange that Ferrars, a middle-aged man of the world, should mistake the interest in him evinced by Miss Ballinger; he evidently misunderstood her eager concern about him.

To Mrs. Courtly he revealed his passion. Familiar with the secret of his past, his hostess said, "She is not a woman to be lightly won, Quintin."

About this time Saul Barham came to Brackley, and Grace greeted the young professor with a warmth which made Ferrars jealous. The whole-hearted English girl reiterated her promise to visit the Barhams soon, and a cablegram from Mrs. Frampton, announcing her embarkation, gave her the opportunity, for Mordaunt, of course, would go to meet his aunt in New York. Mrs. Courtly opened her eyes on hearing of the plan.

"I suppose you know it is only a very small rectory? I hope you will be comfortable," said the exquisite lady of Brackley.

"Oh! I am not afraid of that," laughed Grace. But what she was afraid of was the desperate stage reached in the flirtation between Clare Planter and her brother. Mordaunt seemed hard hit, while the American appeared to be simply "having a good time." Grace sounded Mrs. Courtly, but that lady declared it was impossible to fathom the girl. Instead, Mrs. Courtly told Grace a great deal about Quintin Ferrars, endeavoring to gain her sympathies for the unhappy man, who had secretly married a Spanish widow many years before. She had turned out to be thoroughly bad, and he had left her. She was now living in Rhode Island in order to secure a legal divorce on the plea of her husband's desertion, that she might marry the Prince Lamperti.

"Prince Lamperti!" exclaimed Grace. "Do you mean that that woman, Madame Moretto, is Mr. Ferrars's first wife?"

"Yes, that was her first husband's name."

"Good heavens! that explains his strange conduct in New York. He must have seen his wife when he left us so suddenly," said Grace.

Before Grace and her brother quitted hospitable Brackley, she had refused Ferrars's offer of marriage upon his release from Madame Moretto, and Mordaunt had been rejected by Clare Planter, who said mischievously, "I like you awfully, I really do. But to marry—Oh! I think a man takes a deal of knowing before one can make up one's mind to marry him." So the Baronet was put off. Yet he hoped that the tantalizing Amer-

ican girl would yield to his ardor when they met in the far West. Ferrars, on the other hand, was disconsolate at Grace's gentle but firm decision. "God! if you knew what it was to be utterly alone in the world without a creature you care for, or who cares for you!" he had muttered.

Fellbridge, the small town of which the Rev. Joseph Barham was the rector, pleased Grace, though the rectory, a green-painted frame house, standing in a "yard," was certainly discouraging. Its interior, however, presented some pleasant features, indications of work and of home life. She was most heartily welcomed by the family, Saul being especially delighted. Two notable visits were made during her stay, one to that magnificent woman's university, Wellesley College, which far surpasses, in extent and scope, as Grace found, any similar institution in England. Then an afternoon was devoted to seeing Harvard, over which Grace was very enthusiastic. She noticed that day, with concern, how wan and tired Saul Barham looked, how frequently he coughed. She also discovered that he cherished a far stronger feeling for her than she could encourage. Poor fellow! Oh, the pity of it! That, ill as she knew him to be, she must speak words which must wound him, words which sounded cruel even in her own ears. But, oddly enough, Saul Barham influenced her, unconsciously, in one unforeseen direction. An earnest conversation between them, in which he answered many of her veiled queries, led Grace to write poor Ivor Laurence how deeply she felt for him, assuring him of her unwavering confidence and cordial sympathy.

When Grace fell into the expansive embrace of her Aunt Susan in Boston that vigorous lady was full of grievances about the horrible climate, the roasting railway trains, and the dreadful streets. Her niece laughed, and said Mordy and she meant to make her like the country very much. And almost at once began a round of entertainments for their benefit—a moonlight sleighing-party to the Country Club, where a dance was held, several excellent dinners with brilliant people, and trips to noted places. Altogether the time passed agreeably, though Mrs. Frampton was horrified at the lengthy hotel *menus* and at the crowded promiscuity of the electric cars.

Mrs. Frampton soon noticed that Mordaunt was unusually

silent and preoccupied. "I am afraid he cares—*really* cares for this girl," she said to Grace, who ventured a favorable opinion on Miss Planter. "I wish it had been Miss Hurlstone," sighed the elder woman. Then she unfortunately drew her niece's attention to a paragraph, in an English paper, which hinted at some damaging evidence expected against Ivor Laurence. Heated argument followed, out of which Grace emerged victorious, and peace was restored.

Before leaving Boston for the West, the English travelers had a taste of that city's "earnest set," most of them being persons devoted, body and soul, to some one scientific, religious, or philanthropic cause; but the individual of paramount interest among them, to both Sir Mordaunt and Mrs. Frampton, was John Reid, the brisk young financier. Chiefly on his advice they intended pushing on to Colorado, where the relative merits of ranches, mines, and building property could properly be investigated only on the spot. Philadelphia and Chicago were stopped at on their journey to Denver. Fairmount Park, with its three thousand acres of hill and dale, wood and winding river, pleased the tourists. The party stayed three days at Chicago, and all were duly impressed with its vastness, and its extraordinary diversity of architecture.

The trio at last reached "Falcon's Nest," the home of Mrs. Caldwell and her two children. The Colorado scenery recalled to her guests the wild creations of Gustave Doré. Their visit was pleasant and tranquil on the whole, though one Western man who frequented the house temporarily upset their equanimity. His name was Bloxsome, and he was coarse and loud, with a grating voice and accent, and his "spread-eagleism" was especially offensive to Mordaunt. This "rough diamond," as Mrs. Caldwell kindly called him, looked upon the English Baronet in the light of a fortune-hunter. He knew Clare Planter, and declared that she was spoiled since she crossed the ocean, while her mother had become a regular Anglomaniac.

But for the tight rein held on Mordaunt by Mrs. Frampton, he would have invested in everything—Pierce Caldwell's splendid mines, real estate, and what not. His enthusiasm rose to fever pitch at various prospects. "Don't be in a hurry," cautioned his astute aunt. "This climate is really too exciting

to judge of anything dispassionately. Wait till we get damper, my dear!"

Meanwhile Grace watched eagerly for the arrival of each mail. Three weeks had elapsed since she last wrote to Ivor Laurence. It was strange he should not write, but perhaps he was waiting till he could tell her the result of the trial. To all appearances she enjoyed every diversion offered her by her hospitable hostess, and not even keen Mrs. Frampton suspected the torture of "hope deferred" which Grace suffered. Snow delayed the Ballingers' departure two days, and how Grace blessed that detention, when, on the arrival of the mail, a thick packet was placed in her hand!

It was a long letter from Ivor Laurence. At last he had broken through his sensitive reserve, casting pride to the winds; he related all to Grace, and she was satisfied. There was now no longer any doubt of his absolute innocence. Grace fell on her knees and thanked God. When she arose there was a light on her countenance which shone there all day.

Sir Mordaunt considered it a direct manifestation of Providence that the Planters were on the train the Ballinger party took for San Francisco, and of course he spent the greater part of the journey with Clare. Mrs. Frampton complained of the tedium of those three days and nights on the road, but to Grace —her head pressed against the window most of the time, with a wonderful panorama rolling past her dreamy eyes—the time did not seem long. Her thoughts and heart were far away—now in some foggy chambers in King's Bench Walk, now in the still foggier law courts.

Two of Clare's California admirers met her at the San Francisco terminus, and during her stay in that city she had other aspirants dangling after her, much to Mordaunt's discomfiture. These young men were loud and familiar. Mrs. Frampton dubbed them "the braying chorus." Anonymous letters received by both Mordaunt and Mr. Planter sought to sever their friendship. This, together with Clare's capricious conduct, decided Mordaunt to move on to Monterey, Grace and Aunt Susan gladly supporting his decision, though Clare was nettled at her lover's independence. However, the Planters soon followed their English friends, to the intense joy of Mor-

daunt, who again had the American beauty to himself. But alas for his hopes! When he urged his suit Clare announced she must have a year to make up her mind.

Complete happiness came to Grace at Monterey. The newspapers gave the longed-for account of Ivor Laurence's honorable acquittal, and one day the tried and true lover appeared in Monterey to claim the faithful Grace. Though thunderstruck, Mrs. Frampton and Mordaunt were too just not to recognize and acknowledge Ivor Laurence's noble character at last.

One day Grace and Ivor were alone together. He spoke: "You have never doubted, through my silence, that I loved you better than anything in the world? You understood how it was that I kept silent till I could face your brother, your aunt, everyone, without the suspicion of a stain upon my name?"

"No, I have never doubted, in my inmost heart, though I blamed you," she said, and the tears now rained down her cheeks. He threw his arms around her and kissed the tears away.

"My darling, it was my great love for you—my desire that your name should not be bandied about in connection with mine as long as this accusation hung over my head."

She smiled up at him through her tears, while her head lay upon his breast, and said, with a little gesture of negation, "Perfect love casteth out fear."

A year after these events Quintin Ferrars was in Honolulu, devoting his life to the lepers. Saul Barham died in the next springtime, leaving this message for Grace: "Tell her that the happiest hours of my life I owe to her. She knows that the first and only love of my manhood was for her."

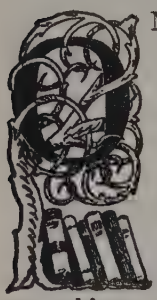
Between Clare Planter and Mordaunt a constant battledore and shuttlecock of letters led Mrs. Ivor Laurence to assure her aunt that she must make up her mind to the inevitable result of the Planters' approaching arrival in England.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

(England, 1805–1882)

THE TOWER OF LONDON (1840)

According to Ainsworth's own avowal, his main object in writing *The Tower of London* was to tell Englishmen something about that historical structure. In this he succeeded admirably, and his work is most valuable even if considered solely as a description of the great pile. For the purposes of his story, he has taken large liberties with history. His picture of Queen Mary—the Bloody Mary of the histories written by her enemies—is more flattering than is that of the generally accepted records. Fortunately for this aspect of her, he stops his story before Mary's marriage to Philip of Spain, and before the lighting of the fires that destroyed more than three hundred Protestants in her short reign.



ON July 10, 1553, fifty gilt barges, hung with cloth of gold and arras and decorated with innumerable silken banners and streamers with silver bells attached to them, lay in the Thames before the Tower of London, around which hung a cloud of powder-smoke that was increased constantly by salvos from every loophole and every turret. Heralds, esquires, knights, and nobles thronged every landing-place and every street. The river was ablaze with the gorgeous shields that bore the armorial bearings of England's greatest. Thousands of men-at-arms, in all the fantastic splendor of costume that the bizarre fancy of the age could suggest, thronged the streets.

Yet when all that great procession at last began to move by land and water, no cheers arose among the people. Not a cap was thrown in air, not a scarf waved. Over all the crowds lay a deep and ominous silence. Even Heaven seemed to frown. The brilliant sunshine that had reigned in the morning gave place suddenly to heavy leaden masses of thunder-clouds that mounted menacingly behind the Tower; and peals and wild

flashes of lightning overpowered the peals and flashes of man's artillery. Thus was Lady Jane Grey, wife of Lord Guilford Dudley, the son of the mighty Duke of Northumberland, taken to the Tower to begin her reign as Queen of England—against the will of the people and against her own will; for she urged the prior claims of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, and prophesied that the crown would be taken from her with the head that wore it.

Before she had been within the ancient fortress an hour, her dark fate began to close in on her. Led by the secret counsel of the Spanish Ambassador, Simon Renard, Pembroke, Cecil, Arundel, and most of the other peers of England refused in her presence to sign an answer denouncing a proclamation issued by Mary, in which she claimed the crown.

"If this despatch is signed," whispered Simon Renard to Pembroke, "Mary will suspect treachery on the part of her friends and flee to France, which is what Northumberland desires."

"I will have your hands to this paper!" cried Northumberland, "or I will seal it with your blood!"

There was a stern, deep silence.

"Guards!" said Northumberland fiercely. "Attach their persons! I will grant five minutes for reflection. After that time, nothing shall save you from the block as traitors!"

Simon Renard smiled. The game was playing into his hands. He whispered again to the Earl of Pembroke.

"Sign," said he. "I will find a way to inform Mary."

Sullenly the peers advanced and wrote their names.

"Now," said the Duke, "let the Tower gates be closed, the drawbridges raised, and suffer none to go forth without my written order, on pain of death!"

"You are prisoners!" said Renard with a sneer. "Now do you consent to the only solution—to Northumberland's removal?"

"I do," replied Pembroke. "But who will strike the blow?"

"I will find the man," answered Renard.

As these last few words were whispered, Cuthbert Cholmondeley, squire to Lord Guilford Dudley, was pressed close enough to hear them. At once he tried to force his way to his

master's side; but the great throng prevented. Hastily he wrote a message and gave it to an attendant.

That night, as the young squire passed under a narrow postern, he was struck down from behind and carried away with a gag in his mouth. His message had been intercepted, and the conspirators lost no time in doing away with the man who knew their secret. There was none to mark the deed; for the Tower of London was wild with revel through all the length and height of its great expanse. Many of those who should have been on guard had succumbed to the attractions of the Stone Kitchen, where Master Trusbut, the royal pantler, had provided a great banquet for the warders and other officials. Here sat a wonderful company: Mauger, the headsman; Hairun, the bearward and keeper of the lions; Xit, the Tower dwarf; and his three enormous patrons and foster-parents, the giants Og, Magog, and Gog, who boasted that they were sons of Henry VIII himself.

These mighty men, each nearly eight feet tall, were devouring incredible quantities of food and drink, to the delighted amazement of the company. Having despatched a huge dish of quails at the rate of two to the mouthful, they attacked a lordly baron of beef and destroyed it to the bone. To refresh themselves after this prodigious exertion, they drained three gallons of metheglin, after which they ate half a calvered salmon, a Westphalia ham, a mighty venison pasty, a larded capon, and then a peacock.

There was only one person to whom this scene offered no amusement. This was Cicely, the "Rose of the Tower," who was said to be the daughter of some illustrious lady who had died in a dungeon in the time of Henry VIII. She had been brought up by Dame Trusbut, and appeared strangely out of place with her beautiful, distinguished face, her radiant blue eyes, and her proud bearing, in that rough company. No smile came to her lips, and it was evident that her thoughts were far away.

A tall, dark man was looking at her malignantly and seemed to know of what she was dreaming. The great bunch of big keys at his belt proclaimed him for what he was, the chief jailer of the Tower. This man, Lawrence Nightgall by name, slipped to her side with a sinister smile.

"Your sprig of a lover has left you forever," said he. "It was mad in you to dream that one so noble as the Squire Cholmondeley would wed you."

He seized her arm and swore that she must be his. Cicely screamed, and Magog stretched forth his hand, shook him like a rat and, wresting from him his drawn poniard, used it for a toothpick. The jailer slunk away amid loud laughter. Cicely, frightened by his hint about her lover, followed instantly.

Her pursuit led her to a part of the wall near the Devil's Tower, where he unlocked a tiny door. He sped down a low passage leading deep underground, with Cicely close behind him. After winding in and out through a maze of similar passages, he came to a heavy door. He unlocked it, and his torch fell on Cuthbert Cholmondeley, fastened to the stone floor with a heavy chain.

The young squire scowled at the jailer. Having been aware for some time of Nightgall's jealousy, he felt sure that he divined the reason for his imprisonment. He was not surprised when Nightgall promised him freedom if he would renounce Cicely. Angrily he refused. The next instant Cicely appeared before them and offered herself as the sacrifice. Unheeding Cholmondeley's remonstrances, she told Nightgall that she would be his if he would take the squire beyond the Tower walls and bring her back a token to prove that he had done so.

Under pretense of telling her what the token was to be, Cholmondeley managed to get a few words with Cicely. He gave her a ring and charged her to carry it at once to Lord Dudley.

Nightgall, suspecting something of the kind, hurried Cicely away and took her home, where he charged Dame Trusbut not to let her go out that night. In this predicament she slipped the ring to Xit, the dwarf; but Nightgall had been on his guard, and soon managed to take it from the little fellow.

The young esquire, left alone, decided to feign death. When the jailer returned next day, he found the food untouched and the prisoner stretched on the floor. Quite deceived at first, he unlocked the massive fetter without stopping to think. The next moment Cholmondeley had him down and chained to the floor in his turn.

Wrapping himself in the jailer's cloak, he snatched the keys and set forth. But before he made good his own escape, he darted down the passage to solve a riddle that had puzzled him during his imprisonment. He had heard the fearful screams of a woman at intervals, and once he had seen her—a creature looking like a tenant of the grave. Yet despite her condition there was something in her face that told that she had once been beautiful and distinguished. He had spoken only a few words to her—only enough to learn from her ravings that she was called Alexia, and that she wanted her child Angela, who had been taken from her.

The squire's search was vain, and he was forced at last to desist. For a long time he wandered through passage after passage, often passing cells whence came terrible groans. At last he found a spiral staircase, and at its end saw a small stone door that appeared to have neither bolt nor lock. After some search he discovered a small iron plate. He pressed it. The stone turned, and he emerged into what he recognized at once as St. John's Chapel. At that moment footsteps were heard, and he extinguished his torch.

The men that approached were Simon Renard and the Earl of Pembroke, and the squire, still muffled in Nightgall's cloak, followed them. They paused behind an arras. Peering over their shoulders, he saw Queen Jane, and kneeling before her an old woman whom he recognized as Gunnora Braose, foster-mother of the Duke of Somerset, whom Northumberland had sent to the scaffold. She was begging the Queen to abdicate. Weeping, she confessed that she had been bribed by Northumberland to poison her predecessor, young Edward VI, and that the ambitious Duke had hired her to do the same for Jane herself, so that his son Dudley should become King of England.

At this moment, Renard and Pembroke pressed forward and told the Queen that the standard of Mary had been raised and that her army was pressing toward London, carrying all before it.

"You are no longer Queen," said Renard. "Your father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, has disbanded his own forces and proclaimed Mary this day."

The Spanish plotter spoke truth for once. Within a few days Mary entered London, acclaimed by the people, whose hatred for the Duke of Northumberland was so great that they preferred Mary, even though they knew that with her would come a reascendance of the Church of Rome.

The pageantry that accompanied her entry was greater even than that which marked the accession of poor Lady Jane. The splendid train that accompanied her, on steeds trapped with burnished silver and covered with cloth of gold, rode through streets tumultuous with joy, where wine ran out of great fountains for all to drink. The Tower, radiant in the sun, had hung out all its banners once more, and once more was wreathed in the smoke of its cannon.

Mary's first act was to order the imprisonment of the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Guilford Dudley, and Lady Jane; and soon every dungeon in the Tower was filled with their friends and partisans, who took the places vacated by prisoners freed by Mary when she entered the fortress.

Among those thus set free was a remarkably handsome young man with noble features and a commanding figure. This was Edward Courtenay, son of the Marquess of Exeter, who had fallen under the ax. Courtenay had been a close prisoner in the Tower almost since his childhood, for he was of the blood royal, and it had been to the interest of many to keep him out of sight.

Before long Simon Renard remarked that Mary smiled most radiantly on the young prisoner, and he decided to nip the affair at once, for he intended that the Queen should wed his master, King Philip of Spain. Another cunning plotter also saw, but did not object. This was De Noailles, Ambassador from France, who welcomed any marriage of the Queen except one with the Spanish King.

Thus, hardly had one head lost the crown and another assumed it, when the curse of the old Tower began to be woven around the new wearer.

It was not long before all the court was aware that Mary loved Courtenay. The Queen's hand was his when he should choose to grasp it. The peers approved. Only his own folly could snatch the prize from him.

Simon Renard perceived the opportunity. As he had been strictly confined from his youth, the beauty of the ladies at court bewildered and enchanted the young man. The crafty Spaniard at once led him in the paths of gallantry, and then took care that the story of her favorite's adventures should reach the Queen's ears. Mary heard—and pardoned. The Spaniard saw that he must use stronger measures. He brought Courtenay and Elizabeth together, knowing that there was not a creature in the world of whom Mary was so jealous as of her sister. His plan succeeded better and sooner than he had dared to hope. It was only a few weeks before he was able to lead Mary to a place where Courtenay was on his knees before Elizabeth. That night Courtenay and Elizabeth were prisoners in their apartments, and Mary signed the marriage contract with Philip of Spain.

At first Mary, in her rage, was bent on putting Courtenay and Elizabeth to death; but her adviser Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, warned her that she would have a rebellion to face, because every step taken against Elizabeth would be fearfully resented by the Protestant party, which looked to her all the more since Mary was an ardent Catholic. The artful Bishop's appeal to Mary's burning zeal for the cause of her creed was successful. The injured Queen contented herself with making Courtenay a close prisoner and banishing Elizabeth to Ashbridge. She showed mercy, too, to Lady Jane and Lord Dudley, liberating them on condition that they retire to private life. But the proud Duke of Northumberland went to the block, where he died pusillanimously enough, making open recantation of the Protestant creed in the hope of a pardon at the last moment. The last words that he heard ere the ax fell were the curses of Gunnora Braose for his murder of Somerset.

Far from being deterred from further ambition, Lord Dudley allowed neither the death of his father nor the unhoped-for mercy in his own case to take from him the dream of yet possessing the crown—a dream that was changed to hot desire when the news suddenly swept through England that Queen Mary was about to espouse the hated Spanish King.

The French Ambassador De Noailles was quick to see his

chance. He drew to him all the nobles who hated the Spaniard and the Church of Rome. Between them they succeeded in helping Courtenay to escape from the Tower. Then the conspirators lost no time in inflaming the minds of the people, and soon England was afire with the cry: "No Inquisition! No Inquisition in England!"

Dudley hastened to join the forces that were rising around London, and insisted that Lady Jane accompany him. She fell on her knees before him and besought him to abandon the plan.

"Believe me," cried she, "this plot will fail totally and conduct us all to the scaffold. I implore you to remain here and submit to the Queen. I will take no part in your criminal design."

"Farewell forever, then," said Dudley. "Since you abandon me in this extremity, I shall no longer consider myself bound to you by any ties."

"Alas," said Jane, "I cannot part thus. Since you will have it so, I will go with you."

"Come, then," cried Dudley, taking her by the hand, "to the throne!"

"No," replied Jane sadly. "To the scaffold."

At first the insurrection was triumphant beyond the wildest hope of the conspirators. An army under the lion-hearted Sir Thomas Wyat beat down all resistance, and at last invested the Tower. But here the uprising fell back, shattered. Twenty-four hours after the Tower was attacked, the supporters of Queen Mary had dispersed the enemy and the leaders were in dungeons in the Tower.

Now the subterranean chambers of the fortress resounded with the groans of the tortured. Some expired on the rack, others were executed secretly; twenty pairs of gallows were erected in the public places of London, and even the churches were converted into prisons.

Among those who were racked was Sir Thomas Wyat. He withstood the question ordinary with heroic fortitude; but sharper tortures were applied until even he could bear no more, and in his exquisite agony he said what his tormentors desired. He accused the Princess Elizabeth of having been a party to the conspiracy with the expectation of gaining the throne for herself.

At once Elizabeth was seized and brought from Ashbridge

to the Tower, where she proudly demanded to be confronted with Wyat. She was taken to the subterranean dungeons and confronted with a dreadful spectacle. At one side of the room, which was lighted by a dull lamp from the roof and furnished with hideous implements which all seemed to have been used recently, crouched a wretched being on whose form every refinement of torture had been practised. A cloak was thrown over his shattered lower limbs to conceal them, but his writhen and ghastly features showed the extremity of suffering. Elizabeth could hardly believe that in this miserable object, whom it would have been a mercy to despatch, she beheld the once bold and haughty Sir Thomas Wyat. Near him stood the Queen, looking at Elizabeth coldly.

"Sir Thomas Wyat," cried Elizabeth, in a loud and authoritative tone, stepping toward him, "you have accused me of countenancing your traitorous practises against the Queen's Highness. You well know it is false. Do not die with such a stain upon your knighthood and your honor. The worst is over. Further application of the rack would be fatal, and it will not be resorted to, because you would thus escape the scaffold. Retract your words, I command you, and declare my innocence."

"I do," replied Wyat in a firm tone. "I have falsely accused you, and was induced to do so in the hope of pardon. I unsay all I have said, and will die proclaiming your innocence."

At his request his supporters placed him at the feet of the Princess, where he begged for her pardon. Turning to the Queen, he declared that now he had told the truth. Then he motioned to the attendants to raise him, the pain of kneeling being too exquisite for endurance.

Now, seeing Simon Renard, who stood near the Queen, he cried: "It was you who instigated the charge that the Princess was conspiring with me. You, who have deceived the Queen, deceived me, and would deceive the devil, your master, if you could."

"I ask no clemency for myself," cried Courtenay, who had also been brought to the chamber; "but I beseech your Highness not to let the words of that crafty Spaniard weigh against your sister. From his perfidious plots all these disasters have originated. My heart was yours, and yours only, till I allowed

myself to be influenced by him. He it was who chose as his unconscious tool the Princess Elizabeth."

"Ha!" said the Queen, lost in thought. "Let the Princess Elizabeth and Courtenay be taken back to their prisons. I will consider their sentence," and she quitted the torture-chamber with her train.

History has told what happened as the result of this grim scene. Elizabeth and Courtenay were pardoned; and in the end Renard was dismissed from court in disgrace before Philip of Spain arrived, and thus, after all his plotting, did not realize his plan of ruling England through his master.

Cuthbert Cholmondeley, who had been taken with Lord Dudley, was the next victim to taste the rack. His torture was destined to be the more exquisite because it was to be administered by his enemy Nightgall, who had nearly starved before he was found and released from the dungeon where the squire had left him chained. Just as he came to the head of the stairs leading to the torture-chamber, the door opened and a great glare of red light burst forth while a dismal groan smote his ears. It was followed by a creaking noise the meaning of which the squire divined too well.

The first object that caught Cholmondeley's gaze was a figure covered from head to foot in a bloody cloth. Cholmondeley was convinced from the stature of the hidden man that he was Lord Dudley, and cried his name in anguish. The figure was greatly agitated, but only an inarticulate sound could be heard. The attendants hurried away with him, and Cholmondeley was seized and thrown on the rack. The sharpness of torment to which the hate-filled Nightgall subjected him was such as few could have withstood. But not a groan burst from him, though his whole form seemed rent by the dreadful tension. At last the surgeon declared that his bones would be wrenched asunder if another turn were given to the rack, and the jailer angrily permitted him to be carried away and restored.

When he became conscious, two men in sable dresses were chafing his limbs with ointment, which had a marvelous effect in subduing the pain and restoring pliancy to the sinews and joints, so that in a short time he felt able to move. Then they departed, and Simon Renard entered.

He began to interrogate Cholmondeley about Elizabeth. Suddenly a masked figure appeared behind him and aimed a terrible blow at him with a poniard, but missed. Renard grappled with him, but was forced to the ground. The assassin's mask fell off, and disclosed the face of Nightgall.

"I am paid by De Noailles to put your Excellency to death," said he with the utmost coolness, keeping a knee on Renard's chest and shortening his sword. The next moment he was pulled backward by Cholmondeley. Renard scrambled up and drew his weapon. But Nightgall slipped under their hands and fled, followed by the Spaniard.

Cholmondeley, seeing that the door of his cell had been left open, snatched a lamp and quitted the dungeon as hastily as he could. He had not wandered far before he met Cicely by a lucky chance. The two made their way to the upper air, where they blundered on soldiers, and before they could hide they were taken and carried to the guard-room in the White Tower.

Hardly had they entered it before four soldiers came in carrying a man who presented a frightful spectacle. In the mutilated though still breathing mass Cholmondeley recognized Nightgall. Renard had forced him at the sword's point to the highest window in the White Tower and there compelled him to leap into space. When his victim was picked up, he followed him and regarded him with savage satisfaction. Seeing Cholmondeley, he said: "You saved my life and shall find me not ungrateful."

Nightgall motioned Cholmondeley and Cicely to his side and confessed that the woman Alexia, who had died since the squire saw her in the dungeons, had really been Lady Grace Mountjoy, Cicely's mother; and that he had kept her prisoner in the hope of turning the story to account some day after he had married Cicely. He handed the girl papers to prove the truth of the story, and died.

Renard was true to his word once more—a luxury in which he did not often indulge himself. Cholmondeley was pardoned and freed. The Queen, deeply interested in Cicely's history, restored to her her rightful title and estates.

The two visited Lady Jane in her prison, and she begged

that they be married in her presence before she was sent to execution. This was done, and Lady Jane extended her hand over the young man who had so faithfully served her husband, and cried: "My blessing upon your union! May it be happier than mine!"

Cuthbert Cholmondeley and his bride retired to the family seat in Cheshire, where they spent many years of happiness. But before they turned from the blood-stained Tower and the fierce ambitions of the court each had a sacred duty to perform. The squire accompanied his master on his last journey—to the scaffold. And Angela performed the same service for Lady Jane.

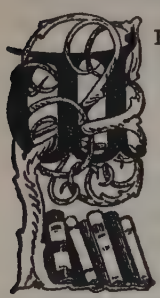
As Lady Jane was led to the place of execution, four soldiers bearing a litter covered with a cloth advanced toward her. She uttered a cry of horror: for she knew it to be the body of her husband. But she was firm again in a moment, and ascended the scaffold without aid. Angela tied a handkerchief over her eyes and turned her long tresses over her head. The executioner assumed his hideous black mask and shouldered his ax. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but, fearful of making a false step, felt for it with her hands and cried, "What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?"

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. The Queen's confessor, who had accompanied them, veiled his countenance with his robe. Jane placed her head on the block and said in a loud, strong voice: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!"

The ax fell, and one of the very fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulders fell likewise.

JACK SHEPPARD (1845)

Ainsworth's most widely read novel is, perhaps, *Jack Sheppard*, which is hardly an historical novel at all, so thickly has the author overlaid the real Jack with the wealth of his imagination and sentiment. Jack always will remain one of the traditional heroes of the underworld; but he was a sordid hero, not at all like his portrait as painted by Ainsworth, and he was finally captured, not at his mother's grave, but drunk in a low drinking-place. Yet Jack was so popular in his day that Sir James Thornhill painted his portrait in Newgate, and Hogarth sketched him and made him the model for his *Idle Apprentice*. The great popularity which Ainsworth's novel obtained on its publication, and the questionable morality of transforming a criminal into a hero, so enraged Thackeray that he immediately wrote his story of *Catherine*, painting a criminal as he really is, in all his sordid viciousness and ignorance, with those realistic touches in which the author of *Vanity Fair* excelled.



HEN gallant Tom Sheppard to Tyburn was led,
'Stop the car at the Crown—stop a moment,' he said;
He was offered the bowl, but he left it and smiled,
Saying: 'Keep it till called for by Jonathan Wild.'"

So sang Owen Wood's idle apprentice, as he carved his name on a rafter.

"Ah, Jack Sheppard," said the worthy carpenter, "will nothing warn you and make you industrious? Where is that packing-case ordered for Lady Trafford? It must be done to-night. Thames Darrell has done his allotted work long ago."

"Thames was always your favorite," replied Jack sulkily, "but I don't care. I get all the hard work, but I would do anything for Thames Darrell."

"And so Thames would for you," said a cheery voice, and a lad of about the same age as Jack—who could not have been more than thirteen—entered the shop. "Come, let me help you," continued Thames; but Jack refused and said: "Master, the case shall be ready and taken to Lady Trafford in two hours."

The two apprentices afforded a strong contrast. On the high-bred face of Darrell frankness and honor were impressed.

He was taller than Jack and more robust. Jack had a high forehead, but his face, while displaying quick intelligence, had faithless eyes and a coarse mouth. His physiognomy resembled one of those vagabond heads which Murillo loved to paint—faces full of roguery, vivacity, and enjoyment.

"Jack," said Mr. Wood solemnly, when Darrell had gone, "I hear that you frequent the public house in the next street and are frequently seen in company with a man nicknamed Blueskin. Do you not know that he is the agent of the notorious Jonathan Wild, who brought vour father, once my honest workman, to the gallows?"

"Master," said Jack, "I will try to do better."

Mr. Wood went to his house only to fall into a quarrel with his spouse. "Been helping that odious Mrs. Sheppard again, have you? Needs must set her up in a cottage at Willesden, besides taking her son on as apprentice. Doubtless there is good reason for it. And Thames Darrell, too. Picked him from the river, did you, on the night of the great storm, and so named him Thames! Well, well! Nice story!" Poor, innocent Wood was used to this sort of talk.

When Jack came back from carrying the case to Lady Trafford's he found Thames and pretty, gentle Winifred, the carpenter's daughter, making childish love to each other in all innocence. "Ah," said Jack with a savage expression coming into his eyes, "billing and cooing as usual," and added some remarks which resulted in a fight between the two apprentices in which Jack got the worst of it. Then, boy-like, the two shook hands, and Winifred dried her tears.

Just then Jack's eyes chanced to light upon a penciled sketch of Thames which Winifred had drawn. "How like it is!" said he thoughtfully. "Not strange," replied Thames, "that it should resemble the person it was drawn for."

"But it also resembles a miniature which I have in my pocket," returned Jack. "Of whom?" asked Darrell. "I half suspect of your father," said Jack, and handed Thames a miniature set with diamonds. It was the picture of a man evidently of the highest rank, whose patrician features certainly did bear a remarkable likeness to Darrell.

"Where did you get this?" cried Thames. "But I need

not ask. Come, you must take this immediately back to Lady Trafford's. I will go with you." Jack hung his head, but followed.

In a stately chamber of a house in Southampton Fields Sir Rowland Trenchard was speaking with a stranger who had just obtaeind a private audience with him. "Oh, we have met before, Sir Rowland. Let me see. The time was November 26, 1703, the night of the great storm, you know. The place was the Mint, that section of Southwark which still retains some of its ancient privileges as a sanctuary for unfortunate debtors."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied the knight.

"I think not," said the other. "Allow me to tell you a few facts regarding your history. You are the son of Sir Montacute Trenchard, who had three children—two daughters and yourself. The eldest daughter, Constance, through the carelessness of a servant, was lost in infancy and has never been heard of since. The other, Aliva, is the present Lady Trafford."

"These particulars are fairly well known," remarked Sir Rowland ironically.

"Perhaps," replied the stranger; "but there are others which are not. Sir Montacute quarreled with his son and left his money to his daughter Aliva, who was betrothed to her cousin, Sir Cecil Trafford.

"Rowland did what any sensible person would do; broke off his sister's match and did it so skilfully that he still retained the friendship of Sir Cecil. But one day he learned that Aliva had privately married—though he could not ascertain the name and rank of her husband—and was living in an obscure dwelling in Southwark where she had given birth to a child. You will remember the attack of Rowland and Sir Cecil on that home with the intention of murdering the husband and child, and the flight of the father with the child in his arms to the sanctuary of the Old Mint. You will recollect the pursuit on the river the night of the great storm when, unmindful of the terrors of the elements, Rowland consigned his sister's husband and his sister's child to the waves. Aliva, after the death of her husband, was induced to marry Sir Cecil on terms

suggested by her brother, conditions strange and unprecedented. Sir Cecil was to be her husband in name only. Sir Cecil is no more; Lady Trafford is dying; ere long the estates must revert to Sir Rowland."

"Are you man or fiend?" cried Sir Rowland.

"My name is Wild—Jonathan Wild," replied the visitor blandly.

The knight started at the name of the great thief-taker and laid his hand on his sword. "Mr. Wild," he said in a sarcastic tone, but with great firmness, "a person as astute as yourself must be aware that there are secrets which are dangerous to the possessor."

"Sir Rowland does me only justice," returned Jonathan coolly, "but some of my—my janizaries, I call them—are without, and one of them is furnished with a packet containing the heads of the discourse I have just had the honor to deliver. If I do not return within a certain time he has instructions to take the packet to the proper authorities. Besides, I am accounted a tolerable shot and a fair swordsman, as you probably know."

"What do you expect to gain by this interview?" demanded Trenchard.

"Ah, now we come to business," returned Wild. "Give me a thousand pounds and I am silent, and will also agree to free you forever of the boy."

"The boy!" exclaimed the knight.

"Yes," returned Jonathan with a leer. "Your sister's son was not drowned on the night of the great storm, but was rescued by one Owen Wood, a carpenter; and under the name of Thames Darrell the boy is now that carpenter's apprentice."

Sir Rowland caught at a chair for support and Wild, suddenly changing to a savage manner, said: "If it were my pleasure to crush you I could do so in a minute. You are wholly within my power. Your plottings with the exiled house of Stuart are known. I have in my pocket a warrant from Walpole for your arrest as a traitor. But put up your blade. King James III will have need of it. Instead of arresting you, I offer you my assistance."

By the time the boys arrived at the Trenchard house, Lady

Trafford had already departed for her country-seat, having set out before her intended time; and Wild and Sir Rowland had come to an agreement.

"This is most opportune," said Wild when an attendant announced that two boys from Mr. Wood's were inquiring for Lady Trafford. "Bring them in."

"So you have something which you want to give to Lady Trafford, have you?" inquired Wild; and snatching the packet containing the miniature he glanced at its contents with deep interest and continued: "You stole this!"

"I did not," replied Thames.

Sir Rowland also took the miniature and regarded it intently. He had never seen it before, for his sister had always kept it from his gaze.

"Do you know whose portrait this is?" he asked.

"I do not," replied Thames, "but suspect that it is the portrait of my father."

"Do you know this picture?" asked Jonathan of Jack.

"I should think so," replied Sheppard. "It came from Lady Trafford's jewel-box."

"Who stole it?"

"Thames Darrell, the boy by your side."

"Liar!" cried Thames. But Jonathan called in his janizaries and was giving both lads into their custody when a great commotion was heard in the anteroom. Lady Trafford, too weak to continue her journey, had returned in a dying condition and was being brought into the house.

Sir Rowland was suddenly and terribly affected by this sight of his dying sister. Bitter remorse and sorrow overpowered him. He stood, shaken by an uncontrollable emotion that overwhelmed him.

"I could die content," said the unhappy lady, "if I could but behold my child."

"You shall behold him, Aliva," cried the remorseful knight. "He is alive! He is here! Behold him!" And taking Thames by the hand he led him to his mother's arms.

Sir Rowland now demanded of his sister the name of her husband, the boy's father, but her emotion had been too much for her. Before she could reply she fell back dead.

Jack Sheppard was taken by Wild to the Old Mint, where he was started upon a career of crime as Jonathan had once started his father, Tom Sheppard. And Thames Darrell was delivered to the captain of a Dutch trading-vessel in the pay of Wild, who agreed to throw the lad overboard at sea—and kept his word.

"At last I am my own master," said Sir Rowland as he and Wild were returning from seeing Darrell on board the trading-vessel.

"Not so," rejoined Wild, "you are my prisoner. Here is my warrant to arrest you for high treason."

"Traitor!" shouted the knight, drawing his sword.

"Away with him!" cried Jonathan to his janizaries, who were in waiting.

All the evidence against Sir Rowland was in the possession of Wild, and it was rumored that it cost the knight one third of his fortune to suppress that evidence and keep his own shapely head from rotting on Temple Bar.

Nearly nine years passed. Then one day a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance, tall and robust, his features regular and finely formed, his complexion clear and blooming though slightly shaded by travel and exposure to the sun, took his way along Wynch street and stopped at the house formerly occupied by Mr. Wood, over the door of which now appeared the sign, "William Kneebone, Woolen Draper."

The stranger was almost afraid to state the object of his visit. He was overjoyed when the draper informed him that Owen Wood was not dead, but that, on the contrary, he had prospered greatly and was now living on an estate which he had purchased near Willesden, called Dollis Hill.

"And his daughter?" asked the stranger. "Is—is she married?"

"Married?" replied the draper. "Oh, no; nor is ever likely to be unless the grave gives up its dead. When a mere child she fixed her affections on a youth named Thames Darrell, who perished, it is supposed, about nine years ago."

"If I remember, there was another boy besides Darrell whom Mr. Wood brought up," said the young man. "What became of him?"

"Oh, Jack Sheppard? Why, have you not heard? He is the most celebrated housebreaker in the country and is under the protection of Jonathan Wild, who will one day hang him as he did his father. For some reason of his own, they say, Wild resolved upon the destruction of both of Mr. Wood's apprentices. It is certain that he tried to marry Mrs. Sheppard after her husband was hanged, and has tried since. But she, poor woman, is now almost beyond the reach of even Wild's cruelty—she has become insane through grief over her son's course and is confined in a madhouse."

Shortly after this conversation the young man was riding away in the direction of Dollis Hill. He had halted his steed for a moment at Tyburn gate when two horsemen rode by him and, proceeding to a little distance, stopped likewise. One of them was a short, stout, square man, with harsh, forbidding features. The other rider was showily dressed in a fine scarlet riding-habit heavy with gold lace. His form was that of a young man slightly but well built. He turned to look at the stranger, and the two recognized each other with a start of surprise.

For an instant Thames Darrell and Jack Sheppard gazed into each other's eyes, and then Jack, turning his horse, rode swiftly away, with Blueskin at his heels.

Of the meeting between Darrell and Mr. Wood nothing need be said; and if the faithful Winifred wept, her tears were those of joy. Darrell had indeed been thrown overboard, but he had been picked up by a fishing-vessel and taken to France, where he had made friends. Finally he had become an officer in the French army, and on the death of the Duke of Orleans had resolved to return to his native land.

The family at Dollis Hill sat talking long that night. After midnight the house was entered and robbed by Jack Sheppard and Blueskin. Thames, aroused by a noise, descended from his room to find Mrs. Wood lying dead on the floor and the thieves fled. The woman had discovered Blueskin making off with a bag of silver, had attempted to stop him, and had been stabbed, in spite of Jack's strict injunction that there should be no bloodshed.

A few hours later Jack stood before Jonathan Wild in the thief-taker's mysterious house opposite Newgate.

"I am tired of this sort of life," said Jack. "I will live it no longer. I shall go abroad."

"Jack Sheppard," said Wild calmly, "I will neither allow you to leave England nor the life you have engaged in. You are my slave."

"I defy you!" cried Jack. "But one motive alone shall induce me to go on with you. Thames Darrell has returned. You can restore him to his rights. Do so and I am still yours."

"I will make no terms with you," returned Wild. "I swore to hang you two years ago, but as you have been useful to me I have deferred my purpose. You came in here under my protection. You can depart in safety. I give you two hours. Then my 'setters' will be placed on your heels."

Jonathan was as good as his word. A few hours later Jack was arrested and lodged in Clerkenwell Prison. But so far no prison in the land had been able to hold the notorious bandit, and Clerkenwell was no exception.

A few nights later, Jack was hiding in the fields. From the shelter of a hedge he saw a horseman ride by, followed by a mounted servant. Just in front of Jack the servant's horse slipped and fell and before its owner could recover himself Jack had stretched him senseless with a blow from the butt of his own pistol and was stripping him of his clothes. Then he saw that the fallen man was Quilt Arnold, one of Wild's "setters." Hastily attiring himself in Quilt's clothing, Jack mounted the horse, and rode on after the traveler. Jack recognized Sir Rowland Trenchard. Sir Rowland, seeing his attendant, as he supposed, following again, rode on, and they went to the house of Jonathan Wild. As they entered, Blueskin came out of the audience-room, where he had been interceding with Wild for Jack.

"Don't start," Jack whispered to him, "but remain within call. It is I, the captain."

"You were no doubt surprised by the news I sent you of your nephew's return," said Wild to Sir Rowland.

"What do you propose regarding him?" asked the knight coldly.

"I would treat him as you treated his father," replied Jonathan.

"It is vain to struggle against fate," said Trenchard. "Flight is left me. I will escape to France."

"And you think I will allow it? No! No!" cried Wild. "Bah! It is a miserable weakness to be afraid of bloodshed. The general who gives an order for a wholesale carnage never sleeps a wink less soundly for it. We should deride him as a coward if he did. Besides those I have killed with my own hands, I have brought some thirty persons to the gallows; yet I cannot remember that any of them have disturbed my rest. For one third of your estate I will have Darrell's throat cut. Here, sign this paper."

And the thief-taker pushed a document toward Sir Rowland, who hesitated a moment and then signed.

"And now," said the knight, "who was this young man's father? Why is he called Darrell?"

"Darrell," replied Wild, "was the name his father gave to Wood when that worthy carpenter directed him to a hiding-place the day he fled with the child—a hiding-place which did not serve him, you will remember, against your vengeance, for you found him later on the Thames. It was not his right name. Later I may tell you that. But now, in return for your generosity, I will tell you another secret. I need not remind you, Sir Rowland, that you had two sisters, Aliva and Constance."

"Both are dead," observed the knight gloomily.

"Not so," returned Wild; "Constance is still living."

"Constance alive! Impossible!" exclaimed Sir Rowland.

"Mrs. Sheppard is Constance Trenchard," returned Wild with a malicious smile.

"What!" cried the knight. "My sister the wife of one felon and the mother of another? It is false! Your proof!"

"Here it is," said Wild, calmly pushing a paper toward the knight. "It is the attested confession, as you will see, of the gipsy woman who stole Constance as a child, and who was hanged some time since for a similar crime. Mrs. Sheppard is, and always has been, entirely ignorant of her birth. She was brought up and has lived among vice and poverty. You are aware that by the terms of your father's will, on the death without issue of your sister Aliva, the estate was to go to Con-

stance, should she ever be found. Now we have three persons to get rid of: Thames Darrell, Jack Sheppard, and Jack's maniac mother. But this need give you no uneasiness. I will arrange the little matter for you."

Jack was so completely disguised in Quilt Arnold's wig and clothing that he had not been recognized by Wild or Sir Rowland. It had been hard work for him to listen to this conversation without betraying himself; but just as he was about to start forward and defy both Wild and Sir Rowland, Quilt rushed into the room crying out that he had been robbed and half murdered by Jack Sheppard, whom he had recognized just as he received the blow which stunned him.

"And there he stands!" cried Quilt, catching sight of the disguised Jack.

"What ho, Blueskin!" shouted Jack.

At once all was confusion. Swords were drawn, lights overturned, blows struck; but Jack made good his escape, and an hour later stood before the family at Dollis Hill, of which Thames Darrell, as the accepted suitor of Winifred, was now a member.

"Your audacity passes all belief," cried Wood. "If you have contrived to break out of your confinement this is the very last place in which you ought to show yourself."

"Villain," said Thames, "if you have come to surrender yourself to justice, it is well. You cannot depart."

"I come to serve you and save your life," replied Jack. "If you try to detain me I shall make no defense."

Jack then hastily detailed the conversation between Wild and Sir Rowland which he had overheard, and in proof he handed Thames the written confession of the gipsy, which he had caught up from the table when the scuffle began.

"Oh, Jack!" cried Winifred, while the others read the paper with astonishment. "Repent! Pray!"

"I cannot repent—I cannot pray," returned Jack sadly. "Winifred, I loved you hopelessly as a boy—and it made me desperate, so that I fell an easy prey to the villain Wild. I shall always love you—hopelessly."

Winifred burst into tears, and Jack, turning to Thames, said: "Thames, I believe they will try to assassinate you this

very night. When I tell you that, after my mother and yourself, I am the heir to the estates now held by Sir Rowland Trenchard, you will believe that my warning is sufficiently disinterested. Hark! There is someone in the garden now. I saw a face at the window. It is Jonathan. Your uncle—our uncle—is with him."

"Follow me," said Thames, drawing his sword.

"To the world's end," answered Jack; and the two sprang through the window into the garden, where they were at once assailed by Wild, Trenchard, and their attendants. Jack sprang upon Wild with such fury that he drove him into a shrubbery, and would have finished him had not his foot slipped, so that he fell heavily and lay stunned.

When he recovered consciousness, Blueskin was bending over him. At a little distance lay Darrell, apparently dead.

"Are you hurt, Thames?" asked Jack.

"Not dangerously, I hope," replied the young man. "But fly—save yourself. The villains have gone, thinking their work done. If you desire to please me, fly."

Several weeks passed, and Jonathan Wild sat again alone in his house opposite Newgate. Jack Sheppard had been arrested by Wild and his "setters," lodged in the prison over the way, tried, and condemned to death for burglary, proved on evidence furnished by the thief-taker.

"Sir Rowland will be here to-night with the money," said Jonathan to himself, "and his business might as well be finished now as any time. Yes, to-night."

Just then a messenger rushed in, saying that Jack Sheppard had again escaped, aided by Edgeworth Bess and Mrs. Maggot, who were known in the underworld as the housebreaker's two "wives," and had been admitted to take farewell of him.

"I will have him back before morning!" cried Wild, and gave hasty orders to some of his assistants to direct the search.

Shortly afterward Sir Rowland was announced. "Get behind the screen," said Wild to Abram Mendez, an attendant who had remained with him, "and when I give the signal—you know!"

Fancying they were alone, Sir Rowland produced a heavy

bag of money and a pocketbook filled with notes, all of which he threw upon the table.

"You have behaved like a man of honor. Right to a farthing," said Wild, after he had counted the money.

"I trust," said the knight, "that we may never meet again. I have settled my affairs, and sail to-morrow for France. I have made such arrangements that, in case of my death, tardy justice will be done to my nephew. While I am alive you are safe—after my death I can answer for nothing. Before I go will you tell me the name of Thames Darrell's father?"

"Willingly," replied Wild with a sneer. "He was the Marquis de Chatillon, of the Blood Royal of France. For private reasons he wished the marriage to be concealed for a time, but had you delayed murdering him just a few days it would have been announced. Here are documents to prove the truth of what I assert. My agents went to some trouble to steal them from the papers of your sister and from elsewhere."

"Oh, had I known this!" cried Sir Rowland in an agony of remorse. "Hound, why have you persecuted my family thus?"

"Well," replied Wild coolly, "when I have hanged Jack Sheppard and had Thames Darrell assassinated, I intend to marry Mrs. Sheppard, and claim, in her behalf, that portion of the Trenchard estate which I have not already extracted from you. The lady is now, I hear, removed from Bedlam, and is under the care of Mr. Wood at Dollis Hill, where she has, partially at least, regained her reason. I intend shortly to have her abducted and brought to this house, where I shall find a way to make her accept me as a husband."

Sir Rowland stood aghast as the whole plot of the villain was revealed to him, but Wild, without apparently noticing his manner, said: "Pray take a glass of wine, Sir Rowland—you have a long journey to go." This was the agreed signal. As the words were uttered Mendez sprang from behind the screen and threw a blanket over the knight's head, while Jonathan fiercely attacked him with a bludgeon.

When Wild and his attendant left the room to dispose of the body in a receptacle which the thief-taker had for such of his victims as he personally despatched, Jack Sheppard and Thames Darrell entered the apartment, followed by Blueskin.

On his escape Jack had sent for Thames to come and take farewell of him, as he was about to fly to France. While they were together Blueskin had brought word that Sir Rowland had been seen entering Wild's house, and the two young men had at once resolved to follow him there, and confront their uncle and his accomplice.

Jack and Blueskin had got in by a secret way. They had scarcely time to note the blood on the floor, the gold and money on the table, and the documents which the knight had examined, when Wild and Mendez came back. Jonathan gave the alarm and set upon Jack. The attendants rushed in, and a fight ensued, in which Darrell was left for dead on the floor, Jack was captured, and Blueskin, in the confusion, seizing the money and the papers and overturning the lights, escaped by the secret way, and that night lodged the documents in the hands of Mr. Wood.

When the tumult was over, Wild, seeing that there was yet a little life in Darrell, thought at first to despatch him, but, considering a moment, said: "Not quite yet. He may be of some use to me yet alive," and had him conveyed to a dungeon under the house.

Jack, being again in Newgate, tried to bring charges against Wild, but could find no official to listen to such a notorious character as himself.

In spite of the utmost precautions Jack was destined to make another of his famous escapes, an escape which is still regarded as the most remarkable story of the Newgate Calendar. Freeing himself of his irons, and working his way through stone walls and barred doors, he gained the roof of the prison and descended upon the roof of an adjoining house. Stealthily entering one of the rooms, he was startled to see Winifred Wood, who had called there with her father, who had business with the owner.

Cautioning the girl not to cry out, Jack told her of his present condition, and of what had taken place in Wild's house the night of his capture.

"Oh, it cannot be true that Thames is murdered!" cried Winifred. "We have searched everywhere for him, it is true, without avail. But dead! Oh, no! No! And, Jack, your

mother, too, has been abducted, and we have been unable to find out whither she has been taken. Oh, this is too horrible!"

"Winifred," said Jack, "if hopeless love of you made me desperate and drove me to crime, so the thought of you has often kept me from evil. If Darrell is alive he shall be restored to you, and when I am no more, think as well of me as you can." Imprinting a kiss on the forehead of the fainting girl, Jack stole quickly out of the house and took his way to the secret entrance which led into the house of Jonathan Wild.

As he stole in he saw Quilt Arnold with a light descending into the dungeons, and softly followed him. "In an hour, so Wild says, she must marry him. Poor woman! I don't like the job, but Jonathan will kill me if I don't go through with it," muttered Quilt. "The young man is to be killed first."

Setting down the light on the floor, Quilt unlocked the door of a cell and, drawing his sword, stepped inside. Jack heard the voice of Darrell, and rushed in just as the assassin was about to accomplish his work. He felled the villain to the floor with an iron bar which he had caught up in his escape from the prison.

"Oh, Jack, is it you?" feebly cried Thames.

"It is," replied Jack, unbinding him. Arm yourself with the rascal's weapons and follow me. I believe my mother is a prisoner here."

"She is," answered Darrell. "The monster Wild visited my dungeon last night and told me she occupied a cell near me, to add to my misery."

They had not proceeded far along the passage when a low moan was heard. "She is here," said Jack, stopping before a cell. It was locked, and Jack tried to force it open with the iron bar.

"Wretch!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, thinking it was Wild. "If you open the door I will kill myself. I have a weapon—a knife."

"It is I, Jack," cried the son. But the half-crazed woman did not recognize his voice, and continued to threaten her life.

"What shall we do?" said Jack, "we cannot leave her here."

Just then steps were heard and, rendered desperate, Jack forced the door, only to find that his mother had carried out her threat and lay dying.

She recognized her son, and, throwing herself into his arms, breathed her last, while Jack groaned in agony, and begged her forgiveness. "I have nothing to forgive," were her last words.

Taking his ghastly burden in his arms, and followed by Darrell, Jack reached the street, and hurried down Seacoal lane.

They buried the poor lady the next Sunday in Willesden Churchyard. As the coffin was lowered into the grave Jonathan Wild laid his hands on Jack's shoulder, saying: "You are my prisoner."

Jack made no more escapes. His spirit was crushed, and, he was hanged in Tyburn within a month. There was a great riot at the hanging, and the mob burned Jonathan Wild's house. Within the year Jonathan himself paid the penalty of his many crimes on the same gallows to which he had brought Jack Sheppard and his father.

Jack lies in Willesden Churchyard beside his mother, and, as long as they lived, Winifred and Thames, the Marquis and Marchioness de Chatillon, saw that the spot was carefully tended where lay the remains of two most unfortunate and unhappy mortals.

PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARCON

(Spain, 1833–1891)

BRUNHILDE (1891)

SERAFÍN ARELLANO, Spain's first violinist, and leader of the orchestra in the *Principal Theater*, Cadiz, arrived at Seville, one April evening, to take leave of his only sister, Matilde, before departing for Italy, where he planned to realize the dream of his life—the perfection of his musical studies. Already the talented young man had revived the good old fashion that the leader of the orchestra need not be a species of optical telegraph, but a distinguished violinist, who may accompany the singing voice in the different passages, who may play the preludes of songs, and who may inspire, so to speak, the rest of the instruments with the sentiment of his own genius, and not by means of dumb signs traced in the air with the bow or bâton.

On the way to the Duke's Plaza, where his sister lived with an invalid aunt, Serafín was transported with delight to encounter his dearest friend, Albert, whom he had not seen nor heard from in three years. The two chums embraced enthusiastically, and each found it necessary to speak of the many events that had taken place since their last meeting. Albert had received a legacy of two hundred thousand dollars from an old uncle, and was spending it in seeing the world. He had visited America, Egypt, Greece, India, and Germany.

"And all this without method—just in passing like an eagle," said the gay Albert. "What three years they have been! But where do you suppose I am going now?"

"Tell me."

"I go—pay attention now and prepare to be astonished—I go to the North Pole!"

"And when do you start?" asked the astonished Serafín, thinking Albert was jesting.

"To-morrow afternoon."

"On what ship?"

"On a Swedish brig, which dropped anchor four days ago in Cadiz, if the newspapers do not lie, and it sails the day after to-morrow for Lapland."

When Serafín had recovered his breath he told Albert that he, too, should depart for Cadiz the next day, preparatory to sailing for Italy. Eager inquiry about Matilde on Albert's part betrayed the fact that the rollicking fellow really loved his friend's fair sister. Serafín stammered:

"She is married."

"Great God! Matilde married! Just when I was thinking of marrying her myself! Truly, I was born under an unlucky star."

"You might have made Matilde very unhappy," said the artist gravely.

"Why?"

"Because you love a different woman every day. You are never in earnest; you are fickle."

"You are right! You are right!" exclaimed Albert, affecting more gaiety than he felt. But a few moments later, in the presence of Matilde, he could hardly restrain himself from clasping her to his heart.

"And your husband?" asked Albert, endeavoring to speak indifferently.

"He is in Madrid," Matilde replied.

"Of course you are happy?"

Serafín coughed.

"Very," answered Matilde, moving off to ring the bell.

During dinner Albert diverted himself and his friends with an account of his latest passion, while gazing at Matilde adoringly. There was in town a wonderful prima donna, whose history, name, and companions were shrouded in deep mystery. Numerous rumors were afloat concerning her identity, but all that was known absolutely was that she sang for charity,

and that two forbidding-looking men formed her escort. She was to sing *Norma* that night. Thereupon Serafín decided to manage to take the leader's place, and play with "the daughter of heaven," as the *diva* was popularly called.

"Ah, you rascal, you wish to accompany the beauty's trills and warblings with *your* violin," said Albert.

"Precisely."

"Then must I consider myself vanquished," sighed Albert; "with your violin in your hand, the daughter of heaven will applaud, and perhaps even fall in love with you. Truly, I am unfortunate in love!"

Even as Albert had ruefully predicted, the violinist and the singer established a wave of sympathy between them which every hearer in that great audience understood and thrilled to. Serafín was dazzled, electrified, enraptured. With his soul in his eyes, he told her all that was passing in his heart. She understood, and was carried away by an excess of cynical sublimity, of wonderful inspiration. The last act was an apogee of harmonious enchantment. She did not remove her blue eyes from the dark eyes of the musician. She said "Farewell" to him in all the notes she was articulating; "Farewell!" repeated the saddened face; "Farewell!" cried her hands, crossed in desperation. Instead of taking leave of life, it was as if Norma were taking leave of Serafín.

Between the acts Serafín and Albert conferred. The latter informed the enamored musician that the daughter of heaven would leave Seville on the morrow, her destination unknown. Albert also noted the uneasy behavior of the tall, fair young man in a Norwegian cloak; he was one of the two strange men that acted as the singer's body-guard.

"We must unravel the mystery which surrounds this family, and discover what connection exists between this man and the daughter of heaven," said Serafín. "To-night we must know who is this fellow with the white mantle."

Accordingly they followed the carriage containing the prima donna and her guardians. It drove to the very edge of the river, where the daughter of heaven alighted to board a gondola. Her elderly companion, a dwarf-like man, went along, while the tall fellow remained behind to investigate the ma-

neuver of his shadowers. Albert challenged him to an immediate duel, which the stranger coldly refused, though he promised to meet his antagonist on the same spot within a year.

"Why?" cried the impetuous Albert.

"Because for four years I have been striving to succeed in a project, the happy results of which I shall soon attain," answered the other, "consequently I do not wish to expose myself to death without experiencing that felicity." He turned and disappeared.

Circumvented by the self-possessed stranger, Albert and Serafín attempted to ascertain the movements of the gondola, and learned that it had made in the direction of a Norwegian steamer, which had immediately weighed anchor.

"We must overtake her," said Albert.

"Impossible," said their sailor informant.

"Enough!" exclaimed Serafín quietly and decidedly.

The two friends returned home, and the next morning left for Cadiz, where they hoped to embark for their respective destinations.

Matilde was in tears. She slipped into Albert's hand a little note. "Good-by, Matilde, I love you," whispered Albert.

"Good-by, Albert," exclaimed Matilde, taking refuge in the arms of her brother.

During the trip to Cadiz, Albert could do nothing but think of Matilde, whose note declared her love for him. Yet she was married!

Serafín's mind was full of his "Norma." On their arrival in port Albert learned to his dismay that the Swedish brig on which he had planned to secure passage for Lapland was a private yacht belonging to a Russian gentleman, but a seaman promised that he would arrange it by pretending that Albert was a political refugee. The same sailor was commissioned to purchase Serafín's ticket for Italy. Meanwhile the two disconsolate love-stricken youths passed the hours drowning their sorrows in Amontillado. When it came sailing-time they were intoxicated and had to be taken in charge by waiters and sailors, who kept repeating: "This one for Italy, and that one for Lapland; this one for Lapland, and that one for Italy." It is needless to say that our two heroes had to be carried into the

boats in order to get them off. Ere Serafín lost consciousness he saw the daughter of heaven in her gondola, which "flew like a sea-bird, and soon disappeared in the darkening shadows of the night."

Serafín awoke to find himself seasick and a strange blond man regarding him cynically. This individual resembled the youth with the white cloak who accompanied the singer.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said the stranger. "I am Jarl* Rurico de Calix, captain of this ship, and you are under my orders." Thereupon he told Serafín that he had taken passage under false pretenses; that he was a love-sick violinist, enamored of an adventuress, called the daughter of heaven, who was a kind of Lola Montez, and had cost the speaker a great deal of money. She had sailed the previous night for South America.

Serafín was overwhelmed, but could not credit his ears.

"Oh, Captain! at least tell me her name," he cried.

"You love her still?"

"I shall always love her; I shall love her as the most beautiful of the many illusions I have lost."

"Her name is Jane, and she is English," said Rurico.

"Jane! what a horrible name!" muttered the artist.

But more uncomfortable surprises were in store for Serafín. The crew of the *Leviathan*, as the vessel was named, were all blond dwarfs, none understanding any language he tried on them.

During the day a little negro gave him a note, written in Italian in a delicate hand, warning him to be on his guard. Serafín believed himself transported to a world of specters. But the consolation of seeing Italy still remained. Nothing more of moment occurred for a week, but the ninth day out Serafín broke his seclusion and went up on deck. It was extremely cold, much to his amazement, and he thought it one of the captain's disagreeable jests when that forbidding man said that they were bound for Hammerfest. Serafín suddenly remembered his violin, retired to his stateroom, where he began to play the last aria of *Norma*, and his heart was again filled with that fanatical love which the words of Rurico de Calix had not

*Scandinavian Count.

been able to kill. He slept, embracing his violin. The next morning its case had disappeared.

"So they have stolen it," he thought. "They want to separate us, my violin! Here is another mystery to clear up. I must be on an enchanted ship, or in the power of a pirate crew. But what possible harm can the divine music of *Norma* do to a crew of pirates? Heavens! Can it be possible that the daughter of heaven is on board?"

After sunset Serafín sought the captain and boldly announced that he had come to dinner as a self-invited guest. Rurico was disconcerted, but proved himself equal to the occasion. They dined royally. The captain drank inordinately, thus obliging his guest to do likewise. Before the meal was finished Serafín became insensible under the influence of mixed liquors, but not until he had discovered two things—that he was really bound for Lapland, and that in a room adjoining the captain's someone had played on a piano the music from the last act of *Norma*.

Rurico called his servants. "Carry this man to his cabin!" he said, pointing to Serafín, who gave no sign of life. He tapped at the stained-glass door dividing his apartments. The little negro opened it, and Rurico entered. Two Laplanders seized Serafín and carried him on deck, where the cold air revived him. He recuperated rapidly, realizing his situation and his destination. Then he heard the voice of the daughter of heaven singing the sublime music, but it suddenly ceased, to give way to angry tones. Rurico and the little old man, the other companion of the daughter of heaven, emerged from the captain's cabin. They could not see Serafín, but he heard enough of their conversation, which was carried on partly in French, to convince him of his suspicions. The divine songstress *was* on board the *Leviathan*, and somehow knew that Serafín was there too. This evidently protected him against the hate of Rurico. The elder man, who was called Jarl Gustavo, cautioned Rurico against any desperate deed. But Serafín could not fathom the relationship between these men and the *diva*, whom they alluded to as "the Jarlessa." During that memorable dialogue, Rurico said:

"I ask only one favor of you, Señor Gustavo, and that is that you will beg her not to sing again until the voyage is over.

This everlasting playing and singing of the last act of *Norma* is getting very tiresome; it continually reminds me of a night that I should like to forget. As for him, he will not play again on this ship."

"Why not, what have you done?"

"My cabin-boy got the violin last night, box and all, and threw it overboard this morning."

Serafín smiled in the darkness.

"Bad business, Rurico! Very bad business!" exclaimed the Count.

Hardly had Serafín dressed the next morning when the negro boy appeared bearing another note, warning him that the first day he went on deck a sailor would feign madness and attempt to stab him.

"No signature!" exclaimed Serafín, "but it is from *her*! To-day I shall go up on deck."

As he made this brave resolution, Rurico de Calix appeared, to invite him to his cabin that night. The crafty captain further offered to put the artist ashore at one of the Hebrides, whence he might retrace his journey to Italy. Serafín refused the opportunity, declaring that he wanted nothing better than to reach Lapland. Rurico cast a murderous glance at the audacious Spaniard. "God be with you!" he exclaimed, leaving the cabin. It sounded like a death-sentence.

Events happened as anticipated. The pseudo-madman threw himself upon Serafín, dagger in hand, but the violinist warded off the blow, and threw the miserable wretch overboard. He then covered the captain and crew with a pair of revolvers. Rurico became a fiend in appearance. He addressed his men in his own tongue and parted his blue tunic at the throat, exposing a red shield crossed by a yellow ribbon. This mysterious insignia had a maddening effect on the sailors, and they rushed with uplifted daggers upon Serafín, who fired a shot in the air. As he expected, the report brought the daughter of heaven on deck, followed by Count Gustavo. Rurico spoke to the crew and they paused in their deadly attack. "Señora," said Serafín, addressing the lovely woman; "Sir," he continued, facing Gustavo; "bear witness that from this moment until we reach Lapland I hold Count Rurico de

Calix, captain of this ship, responsible for my life. If I die during this voyage, he is my assassin and I denounce him now."

This bold stroke conquered the captain. That night a terrible storm struck the ship. The commands of Rurico could be heard above the fury of the tempest. Instinctively Serafín sought the cabin of the singer, whom he found singing the last act of *Norma*. For a moment he was transfixed, then approached her and fell upon his knees.

"Forgive me!"

Startled, she turned and beheld the musician at her feet. The *Leviathan* shook from stem to stern, like a wild beast in its death agony.

"You here!" she exclaimed, turning upon Serafín an indefinable glance.

"We are in great danger," answered he, "and I wish to save you or die with you."

In answer to all his pleadings of love, she only replied that she belonged to Rurico, and that Serafín must learn to forget her, should they survive the hurricane.

Suddenly she cried, "We are wrecked! Go to your cabin. The captain and another whom I love as a father will come here when all is lost. They will wish to perish at my side." At this moment the floor was flooded with water.

"Your name, that I may bless it in the hour of death?" implored the artist.

"Brunhilde," she replied.

"Good-by, Brunhilde!" exclaimed Serafín, pressing his lips to hers in a mad embrace. "If we are saved from death, let me see you once more; it will be our last."

"I swear it!" she exclaimed. "Now, go!" she added, freeing herself from his arms.

But Rurico pulled his ship through the storm, and fifteen days later they arrived off Hammerfest, without Serafín hearing or seeing Brunhilde. He was put ashore, alone in the world. No one understood his language, and in vain he tried to make his porters understand he wanted a carriage, a hotel—anything. He sat down to think, and soon saw the gondola leaving the *Leviathan*. It was occupied by Count Gustavo and Brunhilde. Serafín waved his handkerchief, and another

fluttered in return. Night fell. Meanwhile Rurico left his ship, and as he approached the shore he saw the violinist draw a revolver. He had passed from sight when a shot rang out. Rurico breathed easier, but Serafín had fired only to attract attention, that he might secure shelter. An hour later four men in a peculiar livery appeared, and conducted him to a magnificent palace. Serafin conjectured his escort to be the police, until he was ushered into the presence of Brunhilde, who had been told that he had committed suicide.

"You live! Thank God, you are not dead!" murmured the girl. The artist gazed at her rapturously.

Brunhilde proceeded to tell Serafín the story of her life. She had sworn to marry Rurico de Calix before she had known him, because he had saved her old father from a terrible death, years before, at the hands of "Oscar of the Mask," a merciless corsair and bandit. At that time, Adolphus, Jarl of Silly, her father, had promised the hand of Brunhilde to his savior, who was then bent on a dangerous secret mission which would occupy considerable time. Thereupon the two men had parted, one to return to his rejoicing daughter, the other bound for Spitzbergen with valuable documents connected with his quest. Five months passed, and one day the aged Jarl was brought home to the castle bathed in blood and covered with wounds. "Oscar of the Mask" had been avenged. Fifteen days after her father's death, Brunhilde and her uncle Gustavo were visited by Rurico, Jarl de Calix, who was none other than the captain of the *Leviathan*. Brunhilde loathed him at sight, but the oath given her dead father fettered her to this man. He desired the marriage as soon as possible, but Brunhilde postponed the evil hour four years. And during that time she and her uncle had traveled the world over, accompanied by the indomitable and persistent Rurico.

"You know the rest, Serafín," continued Brunhilde. "I have been in Christiania, Stockholm, Copenhagen, London, Paris, Vienna, Venice, Lisbon, and Seville. In some of these cities I have sung, giving up to my ambition, and consequently you heard me. I should like to go to America, but in two months more the four years will have passed, and Rurico will call upon me to fulfil my oath. I have bowed my head submissively,

and followed him to this city. Three days hence we leave for Silly, and then good-by, world! good-by, hope! good-by, all! for I shall be buried alive."

Once more before their final separation they played and sang together the pathetic melodies of *Norma* as they never were heard. A mutual kiss, a long kiss, neither premeditated nor asked for, but spontaneous, instinctive, burning, ended that mysterious colloquy of souls. They parted, Serafín giddy and tottering, Brunhilde white and insensible.

For a month Serafín had brain fever and recovered slowly. When able he took passage on a sloop, the *Matilde*, which had come from Spitzbergen and was bound for Cadiz. Imagine his unspeakable astonishment to find that the skipper was his old friend Albert, who, in spite of everything, had made his projected trip north in his own ship, purchased for the purpose. The chums exchanged experiences. Albert related an extraordinary adventure of finding a body embalmed in ice at Spitzbergen. In its grasp was a box containing the memoirs of Jarl Rurico de Calix, written in the hour of death. This name electrified Serafín. Albert read aloud the pitiful narrative of the murdered man. "Oscar of the Mask" had followed him to Spitzbergen, where he had plunged a dagger in his breast, leaving him to a lingering death. Then the pirate told him he would return to kill Brunhilde's father and present himself to the girl as Rurico de Calix, come to claim his bride. His face was unknown to the whole world, and he would risk the subterfuge to gain Brunhilde.

It would be impossible to describe the revolution that took place in Serafín's feelings as he heard these memoirs. Albert harangued his crew, and the *Matilde* put about, and fairly flew for Silly, to save Brunhilde from the impostor! Serafín kissed and embraced Albert, and took him completely off his feet.

The friends arrived at Castle Silly on the day of the wedding.

"Is she married?" asked Serafín in Italian, French, Spanish, and Latin.

"Is she married?" asked Albert, trying English, German, Greek, Arabic, and Portuguese.

The servants shrugged their shoulders, not understanding. Rushing to the chapel, the excited friends were in time to

prevent the ceremony just beginning. They accused and denounced the false Rurico de Calix, who laughed them to scorn, declaring them a pair of adventurers. His cool nonchalance turned the balance of opinion in his favor among the guests. Everything was going against them, in that assembly of strangers, when an aged madwoman came on the scene. It was the mother of the real Rurico de Calix. She shrieked denial that the groom standing beside Brunhilde was her son.

"I am not her son!" exclaimed the pirate, drawing his dagger. "I am not!" he repeated, opening his shirt and disclosing the red and yellow insignia on his breast. "I am Oscar of the Mask," he added, menacing all with the assassin's blade. He advanced toward Brunhilde, but Albert and Serafín put themselves in his path with leveled pistols. Albert cried out to the demented mother that Oscar had slain her beloved boy. She sprang upon the pirate, clutched him by the throat, and threw him to the floor. He thrust his dagger into her left side. The frenzied woman plucked it from her wound, and plunged it repeatedly into the bandit's heart. Both expired, he with a curse, she uttering a wild, savage laugh.

Two months passed rapidly. A double wedding was celebrated in Seville; Brunhilde and Serafín were one couple, Albert and Matilde the other. The latter had not been married before, as Albert had been informed, but the story had been concocted to test the strength of his love.

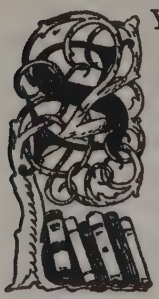
Once again the daughter of heaven sang *Norma* in public, and that was upon the anniversary night of the memorable meeting between Brunhilde and Serafín. The house was crowded, and Serafín and his bride were inundated with flowers and applause.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

(United States, 1832–1888)

MOODS (1881)

This novel was written by Miss Alcott when she was eighteen years of age She says of it that her aim was "to show the mistakes of a moody nature, guided by impulse, not principle." Her first publishers, preferring a more romantic theme, requested its alteration in such a way that marriage appeared to be the *motif* of the book. Later, Miss Alcott restored the omitted chapters, cut out some portions that were not in the book originally, allowed Sylvia to live and be happy, instead of consigning her to an early grave because of the complications in her youthful love affairs, emphasized a little her first treatment of the subject, and published the story as it appears here in brief. It is this story to which allusion is made in *Little Women*, where Jo's first book is spoken of, and it seems likely that Miss Alcott experienced some bitterness of feeling over the novel's reception by the critics.



YLVIA YULE was the daughter of a prosperous merchant whose summer home was just out of town near the sea. Her mother was dead, an older sister, Prue, acting as housekeeper and counselor to the young girl and her artist brother, Max. Sylvia was seventeen, endowed with considerable beauty, much originality of mind, and a temperament at once attractive and dangerous. She was a creature of moods, and often mistook the impulse of the moment for her deepest and most lasting feeling. She was often lonely, and longed for a companionship and sympathy which she did not find in her practical sister.

Near Mr. Yule's mansion was a fine old place, The Manse, whose owner, Geoffrey Moor, had been absent for five years. Sylvia hardly remembered him, but he had been a great favorite with the older members of the family. And it was with the anticipation of much pleasure that one summer morning Prue went to her sister's room to ask her to call with her on the neighbor, only just returned. But Sylvia was still in bed, because, as she said, "there wasn't anything to get up for."

"Come with us," urged Prue. "The drive will do you good, and Geoffrey will be glad to see you."

"I don't want to know him," said Sylvia pettishly. "New people always disappoint me. I shall not get up for Geoffrey Moor, so that bait fails. I'm tired and cross, so let me keep out of the way, and drowse myself into a cheerier frame of mind."

Prue and Max made the visit, and at lunch they were eloquent with the praises of Mr. Moor.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Sylvia, "what shall I do with such a prosy person eternally haunting the house?"

"Don't disturb yourself; he isn't likely to notice such a freakish midget as you are," retorted Max.

"He did yesterday, anyway," returned Sylvia, with a saucy nod, "and I rather liked his appearance." In answer to exclamations of surprise, she related an adventure of the day before. Seeing The Manse open, she had invaded the library and had purloined a book. As she was hastening out of the grounds, she had most unexpectedly come face to face with the master himself, and had then and there made his acquaintance. The cultured man of thirty was pleased with the freshness and intelligence of the young girl, and soon a real friendship sprang up between them, delightful to both. But a new element was about to disturb this pleasant condition of things.

One afternoon after a long storm a watery ray of sunlight tempted Sylvia to the ocean. "It will be magnificent at sunset," she said.

She ensconced herself on her favorite rock, and, inspired by the thundering billows, she sang song after song, her fine voice rising above the dashing waves. A young man on the cliff above, hearing the voice, looked for the singer, and discovered not only the maiden but also that the tide coming in had almost surrounded the rock. At the same moment, a wave, cold as ice, broke completely over Sylvia, wetting her to the skin. She sprang up in terror, saw that she was in great danger, threw off her cloak, and prepared to leap in and swim to shore. At the moment a voice arrested her.

"Stay where you are. I am coming!" it cried. A tall form strode out to the rock, strong arms lifted her, and bore her to the land. The rescuer was Adam Warwick, a friend of Moor,

just arrived at The Manse. He proved as congenial as Geoffrey, and from that day a new life began for Sylvia. Moor was gentle and poetic, Warwick masterful and earnest. They found the original young girl very entertaining, and she made no secret of her enjoyment of their friendship.

Among the pleasures which Moor planned for his guest was a three-days' picnic up the river. Max Yule was to be of the party, and when he saw how his sister Sylvia's eyes shone at the description of their plans, he suggested that she be invited. He was devoted to his young sister, and he believed that she would be welcome to the others also. In the romantic setting of water, woods, camp-fires, and summer dawns the sentiment of friendship, already in Moor's heart changing to a warmer feeling, became unsatisfying even to the hitherto untouched Warwick. A deep love and longing took possession of Adam, as unexpected as they were delicious, although they were accompanied by a presentiment of pain. For he soon divined the attachment of his friend, and even in the pleasure of his first love he felt that honor was standing guard. And in Sylvia, after her return home, there was a subtle change which her observant sister at once noticed.

"I never did understand you, Sylvia," she said one morning. "But this month you've been a perfect enigma to me."

"I always was to myself," the young girl answered, waking out of a reverie.

"But it must be right," continued Prue, "for ever since that wild trip up the river you've been growing quiet, lovable, and cheerful, and I really begin to hope you'll be like other people," was Prue's rather equivocal compliment.

"I only know," said Sylvia meekly, "that I am happy. I seldom have the old dissatisfied feeling. Life begins to seem sweet and earnest. I suppose it is only one of my moods, but I pray that it may last."

With sudden inspiration Prue exclaimed, "My dear, you're growing up!"

"I think I am," said Sylvia simply. "And when in that wild trip up the river,' as you call it, I seemed most a child, I was learning to be a woman."

Changes of this kind progress rapidly, and soon a crisis

came to Sylvia. One evening she raised her eyes, to meet the gaze of Warwick fixed intently upon her. He little knew all that his look revealed, nor she how perfectly she responded to it. Into Undine a soul was born, and the hitherto childlike Sylvia hurried to her room, where, covering her face, as if to conceal herself from herself, she whispered to her full heart: "Now I know why I am happy."

When at Prue's summons Sylvia descended to bid the guests good-night, Moor felt her little hand tremble in his, and hopefully blessed the omen. Warwick seldom shook hands, but that night he gave to each a cordial handshake, and Sylvia never forgot the strong, lingering grasp. She dreamed of the morrow, but when Moor came the next day, alone, his first words were:

"Console me, Sylvia. Adam is gone. A note was his only good-by."

Sylvia was her gayest self that evening, but grief, doubt, and bewilderment haunted her pillow. She had deceived herself! It was not love but pity she had read in Adam's gaze. With morning, however, came hope, whispering that he would return or write. But days grew to weeks, and Warwick neither wrote nor came.

Several months after Warwick's sudden departure, Moor surprised Sylvia alone in the library. He never had suspected his friend's secret, nor Sylvia's interest in him. The softening of her nature, and the sweet confusion which he now sometimes saw in her, he attributed to her growing affection for himself. On that day in the library she was living over that happy summer and the wonderful water-trip, and was comforting her wounded heart with sweet memories. Her mood was tender, and Moor could not resist her charm. He uttered his love fervently, and waited to hear from her lips what he believed to have already read in her manner.

Poor Sylvia! it was very hard for that sympathetic spirit to wound so dear a friend. But the image of Warwick steadied her wavering nature, and although her lips faltered her heart did not. Moor could not believe that her "No" was final. When he left her that evening, he said softly:

"Sylvia, is it good-night or good-by?"

"Forgive me," she answered sadly, "it is good-by."

Moor went away to live down his disappointment, and the Yules went to the city for the winter. No word came from Warwick, and Sylvia tried to forget her grief in a life of excitement, most unnatural to her. With driving, shopping, sightseeing, and entertaining by day, and balls, concerts, and the theater by night, she filled her time, till her friends became astonished and almost alarmed. A love-affair in the family—the engagement of her brother to a dear friend of her own—made an outlet for her inward excitement. The marriage was set for the first day of August, and, what with the rapture of Max, the satisfaction of Mr. Yule, and the domestic activity of Prue, Sylvia had little time for melancholy. She congratulated herself that she had forgotten Warwick, and no longer felt the need of love.

Through the winter occasional letters had come from Moor to Max, and at Christmas some tokens of remembrance for herself. For these she wrote a few lines of thanks. On her birthday a beautiful basket of flowers brightened the day for her, and so touched her heart that her thoughts turned to her faithful friend and lover with new tenderness.

"Oh, if he would come back now," she murmured, "I believe I could love him."

Strangely enough, that very evening, as she was standing alone at the far end of the drawing-room, waiting for guests, a familiar voice said from behind her, "Sylvia!"

She turned quickly toward the doorway leading into the hall, and met the eager eyes of Geoffrey Moor. Advancing, she extended both hands, and with a bright smile exclaimed: "Oh, Geoffrey, I am glad, I am glad!"

From such a welcome there was but one inference for a lover, and when he left, after a happy evening with his old friends, he said, recalling the bitter parting of the previous summer: "Sylvia, is it good-night or good-by?"

"It is good-night," she answered sweetly, "and come to-morrow." So, on the first of August, a double wedding was celebrated at Mr. Yule's country-seat. Jessie Hope became Mrs. Max Yule and Sylvia became Mrs. Geoffrey Moor.

During the time intervening between Moor's return and the wedding, Geoffrey was often puzzled by Sylvia's manner. Always gentle toward him, she disappointed his deep love by a

passive acquiescence that seemed too much like indifference. But he promised himself that he would win her heart wholly yet, and during the first weeks of the wedding journey he seemed to be accomplishing his purpose. Sylvia leaned on him more and more lovingly, and their married life looked brighter from day to day. In the last week of their stay in the mountains, an excursion to a difficult point took Geoffrey and Max away for the day, and Sylvia sought for herself a cool nook among the rocks. There she was reflecting in tranquil happiness on her fortunate lot and her noble husband, when a step on the path above startled her. Looking up she saw, not a stranger, but Adam Warwick hastening down the path to her side.

He had no knowledge of her marriage, for he had heard from Moor of the ill success of his first venture. Without giving Sylvia time to explain, he seated himself at her side and poured out explanations, love, and hopes. He had left hurriedly, he said, after learning Moor's secret, unwilling to trust himself in Sylvia's presence or to remain a guest at The Manse longer. But when the news of Sylvia's rejection of Geoffrey reached him, he had instantly set out on his return. Thinking that Sylvia's efforts to restrain him were due to maiden coyness, he clasped her in his arms, exclaiming, "My darling, did you think I would never come?"

An hour of heart-breaking admissions and renunciations followed. When he left her the world was changed to him, and Geoffrey found his wife so pale and spent that he chided himself severely for leaving her alone so long. She did not tell him of this fateful interview. It was all over, she said to herself, and there was no need to raise a new barrier between them to give him pain.

She had said that it was all over, but when they returned from their wedding journey the thought of Warwick kept obtruding itself between herself and her husband. She could not keep her young heart true to the calm affection and the resolution to live only for his happiness which she believed were all of love that life now held for her. Her growing languor could not long escape her husband's eye, and he planned a surprise which would, he thought, brighten life in the old Manse—a life too dull for a young wife. Without mentioning it to Sylvia, he wrote to

his cousin, Faith Dane, and to Adam Warwick, simply saying that he wanted them both at The Manse at once.

The two guests, themselves old friends, accepted the invitation promptly, each feeling somewhat mystified by the brief message. They surprised Sylvia and Moor engaged in a domestic frolic particularly homelike and cheerful. Sylvia was on the floor before the fire, popping corn, and Geoffrey was arranging a feast of nuts and apples on a rug spread out by her side. As the pretty scene was at its height, the maid announced Miss Dane and Mr. Warwick. The hostess, completely taken by surprise, and almost terrified at Adam's reëntrance into her life, sprang to her feet; while she was introduced to the new cousin, she collected herself so that she greeted Warwick with a simple courtesy that set him at ease and quite deceived him.

The first few days passed without especial embarrassment. Warwick was out much with Geoffrey and Max, and Faith proved a delightful friend. But long before the week was over, Sylvia felt that her efforts at concealment had failed. Adam, she believed, had read her heart, and even Faith, she saw, feared that all was not just as she had supposed between Geoffrey and his wife. It sometimes seemed to Sylvia as if she could not endure this singular visit another hour. To her great relief, an early day was set for their departure, and she hoped to escape any further interview with Adam. But, at the moment of leaving for the boat, Warwick was missing, and Faith thought it not best to wait, as no one knew where he had gone. Escorted by Moor she departed for the pier, saying, as she bade Sylvia good-by: "Dear child, if ever you need any help that Geoffrey cannot give, remember Cousin Faith."

Left quite alone, Sylvia sought the easy-chair in the study, which she had named "the refuge," and tried to think out her duty. While sitting in the firelight, she half lost consciousness, and was suddenly aware that Warwick was in the room. She could not help the welcome of her heart, and she said kindly:

"Come at last! Where have you been so long, Adam?"

"Round the island, I suspect, for I lost my way. May I sit here before I go, and warm myself at your fire, Sylvia?"

She did not need to answer, and to his further questioning she said:

"Faith has gone, but Geoffrey hopes to keep you longer."

"Shall I stay, Sylvia?" he asked.

"Faith expects you to follow her, and I think you will," was Sylvia's low answer.

Then, ignoring Sylvia's pleadings that he should not speak, Warwick spoke. He told Sylvia that she was doing a great wrong to Geoffrey and to herself by continuing the concealment of her first attachment from her husband.

"I ask nothing for myself," he said vehemently, "but for the sake of truth I urge you to tell Geoffrey all. Will you do this, Sylvia?"

"No, Adam. He waited for me very long, is waiting still. Can I a second time disappoint that patient heart? No, I ought not, dare not do it. I have married him, and it is too late. If I forgot you once, I can forget again."

Warwick, with his wonted vehemence, continued to urge her to tell Geoffrey the truth, let the cost be what it might, appealing to her sense of justice and love of what was right. But Sylvia's decision was unmoved. She could see no duty but that of remaining with her husband and fulfilling as best she could her marriage vows. The only promise that Warwick could obtain from her was that if, after she had faithfully tried for as long a time as her conscience dictated, to return Geoffrey's affection wholly, she failed she would tell him the whole pitiful story. He longed to help her.

"What can I do for you, Sylvia?"

"Go—go now, while I can say it as I should," she answered earnestly. And Adam went.

Nearly a year passed, and the relations between Moor and his wife had not improved. Moor began to divine that something was radically wrong in their common daily life. Finally, one night she suddenly appeared asleep at the study door where he was writing. He hesitated to wake her, lest he should alarm her, and presently she spoke. Her words startled him into a conviction of a secret trouble that was ruining their happiness. After she had waked, and was sitting quiet but abstracted by the fire, he felt that he could no longer bear the unnatural conditions of his home, and he made up his mind to learn their cause.

"Sylvia," he said, and his look was not to be evaded, "I must have your confidence. My wife, what stands between us?"

She saw that the time for confession had come. She answered, calling all her moral strength to her aid: "Adam Warwick."

The effect of this revelation was worse than Sylvia's worst fears. Moor was a changed man in an instant. His eye grew fiery and stern; his whole face became terribly altered. He left her—Sylvia never knew for how long; and when he came back he demanded the whole story, which Sylvia, with burning tears and broken voice, told as best she could. When she had finished, he conducted her to the stairs, and bade her a kind but sad good-night. In the morning Sylvia found a note awaiting her—Moor was gone. In the note he advised her to take counsel with the members of her family; he had gone to his cousin Faith; at the close he assured her of his unchanged affection. But he said no word of ever seeing her again.

Left alone, Sylvia's changeful heart at once began to realize the comfort and strength she had always found in him, and already turned to him with tenderness. Recalling Faith's parting words, she decided to go at once to her.

"She will tell me what is right," she said to herself in her sore trouble.

Faith Dane proved a wise counselor. She made Sylvia's duty to "love and live for Geoffrey" plain beyond doubt, and she also made clear to her the true nature of her interest in Warwick. She advised a year's separation from her husband, and offered her the loving support of a sister whenever she might need it.

Sylvia returned to her father's home, and Moor went abroad. The Yules all went down to see him sail, Sylvia among them. Just before the steamer left, a broad-shouldered man forced his way through the crowd of waiting friends and crossed the gang-plank. When Moor turned for a last gaze at the group on the wharf, Warwick was at his side. Everything but their friendship forgotten, they had clasped hands, and as they steamed away Geoffrey strained his eyes to see the drooping little figure on shore, but Adam's gaze was fixed on Moor.

Uninfluenced by the presence of either her husband or his

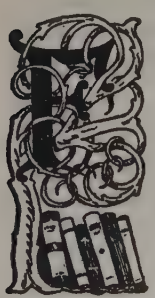
friend, Sylvia was not long in understanding her own heart. She recognized that the fascination of Adam's strong personality was a far less precious thing and a far less enduring feeling than her quiet but strong love for her first friend. To him her heart constantly turned, and every token ever received from him became sacred to her. The year looked endless to her awakened heart, and, before it was fully over, a letter from his cousin Faith to Geoffrey bore a postscript in a different handwriting. The words of the postscript were only three: "Husband, come home!"

Within a fortnight Moor and Warwick were on the sea. But they did not come as they had gone, together. A shipwreck near the shore proved the sincerity of Adam's words before he went—that he was "going to take care of Geoffrey." It was through his herculean efforts that Moor was rescued, and in rescuing his friend he was himself overpowered by the waves and drowned.

May had come again, and The Manse wore its loveliest aspect to greet its master. And on the threshold stood his wife—not the wayward child he wooed nor the melancholy girl he married, but a woman with her soul in her face, her heart upon her lips, and outstretched arms that caught and held him long in her close embrace.

LITTLE WOMEN; OR, MEG, JO, BETH, AND AMY
(1868)

This book first made Miss Alcott's name known over English-speaking lands. It was the second book she wrote, and its success was a great surprise to all concerned. Some months after its publication Miss Alcott went to see her publishers, and on the way to the office she passed a number of packing-cases. When she reached the office her publisher smilingly said to her, "Isn't it simply splendid?" "What is splendid?" asked Miss Alcott. "Your book; those packing-cases are full of copies ordered from all over the country." The characters were taken from her family and friends. Her own sisters furnished the prototypes for Meg, Amy, and Beth. She herself was much like Jo, and Julian Hawthorne, who was an intimate friend of the family, became Laurie, while the author's father, A. Bronson Alcott, sat for Mr. March's portrait in the story. There have been besides one or two other men who have claimed an identity with Laurie, and it seems likely that he was a composite of several of the young men who frequented the Alcott home. Many of the incidents were records of actual happenings, but in its essentials the story is, of course, a work of the imagination.



OUR sisters, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, lived with their mother, Mrs. March, in a rambling, charming old house in a New England village not far from Boston. Their father was serving as a chaplain in the War of the Rebellion, and they had very little indeed to live on, but their cheerfulness and courage rarely failed. Nor did they give up the pleasure of giving to others less fortunate than themselves. On a snowy Christmas morning they followed their mother, with their breakfasts put into a big basket, to the home of a starving German woman and her five little shivering children. They built a fire, joked with and fed the wondering children.

"*Ach, mein Gott!* It is good angels coming to us!" cried the poor woman.

"Funny angels in hoods and mittens," said Jo, and set them all laughing.

Meg and Jo, the two elder sisters, went out every day to earn something, Meg by taking care of several young children in

a rich family named King, Jo to read to and do errands for her Aunt March, the rich relative of the family, a crotchety but interesting old woman, who was an excellent curb to Jo's wild temper and impatient spirit. And she possessed, moreover, a good library, which delighted Jo, who was an omnivorous reader. Lately a new family had come to live in the big house next door to the Marches: an old gentleman of distinguished appearance, and a dark, handsome, foreign-looking boy. They were a Mr. James Laurence, and Theodore Laurence, called Laurie, because, as he told Jo later, Theodore was such a "girlie" name and the boys would call him Dora. He was an orphan and the grandson of Mr. Laurence, whose son had run away with and married a beautiful Italian woman, a musician. They were wealthy, and grew to be great friends with the Marches, who, on their side, brought to the lonely youth all the love and spirit and fun which he lacked and needed, and to which he eagerly responded. Their great library awaited Jo's eager scrutiny, the conservatory filled them all with joy, shy Beth reveled making music on the grand piano, and Amy in the spacious luxury of the whole house. Jo and Laurie became the greatest comrades, Jo being as boyish as he, as daring, as athletic. He came into the Marches' house like a brother, joined their domestic theatrical company, which enacted plays written by Jo, with incidental music furnished by Beth. They organized the "Pickwick Club," which issued a remarkable paper at intervals convenient to themselves; and set up a post-office between the two houses, which was a capital institution and flourished wonderfully. Tragedies and cravats, poetry and pickles, garden-seeds and long letters, music and gingerbread, forgotten rubbers, invitations, scoldings, and even puppies, passed through it. And in the years that followed, how many love-letters!

Beth, too shy to come into close contact with the outside world, stayed in the home nest, attended to the housework under the direction of Hannah, their faithful servant, and was the sweet and tranquil spirit of the house. Amy was vain, but a dear little girl, for all her faults. She went to school until one unfortunate day when she had smuggled some pickled limes into her desk for distribution among her chums at recess.

Limes had been forbidden by the teacher, Mr. Davis, an old martinet, and he publicly struck sensitive, proud little Amy on the hand, and forced her to stand on the platform. It was dreadful! It would have been bad enough to go to her seat and see the pitying faces of her friends, or the satisfied expression of her few enemies; but to face the whole school with that shame fresh upon her seemed impossible, and for a second she felt as if she could only sink where she stood, and break her heart with crying. But she fixed her eyes on the stove-funnel above what seemed a sea of faces, and stood there, so motionless and white that the girls found it hard to study, with that pathetic figure before them.

Her mother heard her story and told her she need not go back to the school, as she did not approve of corporal punishment nor like Mr. Davis's way of teaching.

"That's good! I wish all the girls would leave, and spoil his horrid old school. It's perfectly maddening to think of those lovely limes," sighed Amy, with the look of a martyr.

"I'm not sorry you lost them, for you broke the rules and deserved some punishment, although I would not have chosen that way," was the severe reply, which rather astonished Amy, who expected nothing but sympathy. "You are getting conceited, my dear, and it is time you set about correcting it. You have many little gifts and virtues, but the great charm of all power is modesty."

"So it is!" cried Laurie, who was playing chess with Jo in a corner. "I knew a girl once who had a really remarkable talent for music, and didn't know it, nor guess what sweet things she composed when she was alone."

"I wish I'd known that nice girl; maybe she would have helped me, I'm so stupid," said Beth eagerly.

"You do know her, and she helps you better than anybody else," answered Laurie, with such mischievous meaning in his merry black eyes that Beth suddenly turned very red and hid her face.

Meg presently received an invitation from Annie Moffat, a school friend, to spend a fortnight with her in the city. All the sisters and the mother contributed little articles of dress and adornment toward her wardrobe, and off she went very merrily.

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Hand-painted Photogravure on French Plate Paper after the original painting made for this edition by Alice Barber Stephens.

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Annie had many friends and knew how to entertain them. Her older sisters were fine young ladies, and one was engaged, which Meg thought very romantic. Mr. Moffat was a fat, jolly old gentleman, who knew Meg's father, and Mrs. Moffat a fat, jolly old lady, who took as great a fancy to Meg as had her daughter Annie. Everyone petted her, and "Daisy," as they called her, was in a fair way to have her head turned. They took her to the play and to concerts, and gave her parties. Poor little Meg felt rather hurt and unhappy because her clothes were somewhat old and unfashionable to wear at these gay gatherings, and at the last affair her friend dressed her up very gorgeously in one of her sister's frocks, with a low-cut neck; she wore high heels, blue boots, and her hair done up, and was so tightly laced she could hardly breathe. Laurie was invited to this party, and Meg, who was older than he, was patronizing and affected toward him. But Laurie told her plainly that he "didn't like fuss and feathers." They quarreled, Meg telling him he was rude. But they soon made up and danced several times together. Ned Moffat, Annie's brother, was very attentive to Meg. He and a youth named Fisher, a friend of his, brought her champagne, and she flirted and giggled in a manner quite unlike her usual sweet and modest self. Laurie disapproved heartily of all this, but Meg kept away from him, only begging him, before he left, not to tell her family about her foolishness. For she was already tired of it, and when Saturday arrived was very glad to get home again. Once there she "'fessed" to her mother all her silliness and vanity. Later it came to their knowledge that the Moffats had gossiped about Laurie, hinting that Mrs. March had made matrimonial plans in regard to him and Meg. Mrs. March was ill pleased that such ideas should be put into Meg's innocent mind, and Jo was very indignant.

"It's the greatest rubbish I ever heard," she cried. "Just wait till *I* see Annie Moffat, and I'll show you how to settle such ridiculous stuff. The idea of having 'plans' and being kind to Laurie because he's rich, and may marry one of us by-and-by!"

"I'd rather see you poor men's wives," said Mrs. March.

smiling at the two girls, "if you were happy, beloved, and contented, than queens on thrones without self-respect and peace."

"Poor girls don't stand any chance, Annie says, unless they put themselves forward," sighed Meg.

"Then we'll be old maids," said Jo stoutly.

As the girls matured, Jo was ambitious to become a famous author, and was always scribbling poems and stories. Laurie caught her one day as she came out of a mysterious doorway in the city, and she confessed to him that two of her stories had been accepted by a newspaper, and would soon be published. She was quite wild with joy, and so was Laurie. In return he told her that he suspected his tutor, John Brooke, of being in love with Meg because he had found an old glove of Meg's in Brooke's pocket. Jo was disgusted—she did not want Meg to be taken away.

"I thought you'd be pleased," said Laurie.

"At the idea of anyone coming to take Meg away? No, thank you!"

"You'll feel better when someone comes to take you away."

"I'd like to see anyone try it!" cried Jo fiercely.

"So should I!" and Laurie chuckled at the idea.

But dark days were at hand. A telegram reached Mrs. March with the news that her husband was seriously ill in Washington. She made hurried preparations to leave the same evening, the girls and Laurie, as well as Mr. Laurence, doing everything to assist. Jo disappeared for quite a while, and just as Laurie went out to find her, she came in with twenty-five dollars to swell the little sum Mrs. March was taking with her.

"My dear, where did you get it? I hope you haven't done anything rash."

"No, it's mine honestly. I don't think you will blame me, for I only sold what was my own," and as Jo spoke she took off her bonnet. A general outcry arose, for all her beautiful hair was cut short!

With many farewell words and much tender advice, Mrs. March departed, Mr. Brooke going with her to Washington. Soon encouraging reports came home, and the girls' anxiety was relieved: their father was getting well. But suddenly another misfortune befell. Gentle Beth, who had continued

to visit the poor German woman whom the Marches befriended, and whose baby was very ill, came home one afternoon feeling ill and depressed. The baby had died in her arms, and the hastily summoned doctor had pronounced the cause to be scarlet fever. Beth had caught it. She grew rapidly worse, although everything was done for her by Hannah and Jo. The Laurences, too, gave every assistance, and Aunt March took Amy to stay with her, though Amy felt that she would rather die than go to the old lady, who terrified her. At first they kept Beth's illness a secret from Mrs. March, but after the child had lain delirious for days, Laurie took it upon himself to send for the mother. That day was a terrible one, for no one could tell whether Beth would live or die. Jo crept up to the old retreat in the attic, and there Laurie found her, the tears streaming fast down her cheeks. She stretched out her hand to him in a helpless sort of way, as if groping in the dark, and Laurie took it in his, whispering as well as he could with a lump in his throat:

"I'm here! Hold on to me, Jo dear!"

She could not speak, but she did "hold on," and that warm grasp of a friendly human hand comforted her and seemed to lead her nearer to the Divine arm which alone could uphold her in her trouble. Laurie stood silent, gently stroking her bent head as her mother used to do. After a while she looked up through the tears that had relieved her.

"Thank you, Teddy, I'm better now."

"Keep hoping for the best. She is so good and sweet, I don't think she will die."

And she did not die. By the time the mother reacned her child's side, the fever had broken and convalescence had set in.

Time went on to another Christmas, and everyone was happy except for the fact that the father, though rapidly recovering his health, could not be with them. But Laurie on Christmas night suddenly looked in on the little family group, his face afire with excitement and delight. A pause, a breathless moment, and Mr. March, with Mr. Brooke supporting him, stepped smiling into the room. He became invisible in the embrace of four loving pairs of arms. Jo disgraced herself by nearly fainting, and having to be doctored by Laurie in the

china-closet; Mr. Brooke kissed Meg entirely by mistake, as he somewhat incoherently explained; and Amy, the dignified one, tumbled over a stool, and, never stopping to get up, hugged and cried over her father's boots in the most touching manner. Then the study-door opened, a little red wrapper appeared on the threshold—joy put strength into the feeble limbs—and Beth ran straight into her father's arms.

Not very long after this joyful home-coming John Brooke asked Meg to be his wife and she consented, much to Aunt March's disgust, that lady having hoped that her pretty niece would make a rich marriage. Mr. and Mrs. March stipulated that the wedding should not take place until Meg should be twenty, which would be in three years' time; everyone was happy except Jo, who felt a pang at losing Meg—"for it will never be the same again," she said.

At the end of the allotted time, during which the sisters developed in mental, moral, and physical graces, everyone was busy getting Meg and her little house ready for the wedding. John Brooke had fought for the Republic, had been wounded and sent home, and since then had worked hard to make the home ready for his sweetheart. The War of the Rebellion was over. Laurie was in college, and had done as well as very high spirits and a strong tendency for getting into mischief allowed. Amy had grown to be quite a belle; Beth was as shy and as sweet as ever, but was not very strong. Jo was still decidedly boyish, more interested than before in her writing, and fast friends with Laurie's college chums, but never sentimental over anyone. Mr. March had resumed, with recovered strength, his quiet scholarly ways and earnest work; and Mrs. March was strong, though her hair was grayer than before. The little new house was charming within and without, beautified by loving work and many gifts; and Meg was so happy she could not talk about it.

At the hour set for the simple ceremony, there was no bridal procession, but a sudden silence fell upon the room as Mr. March and the young pair took their places under a green arch. Mother and sisters gathered close, as if loath to give Meg up; the father's voice broke more than once, which seemed to make the service more beautiful and solemn; the bridegroom's

hand trembled visibly, and no one heard his responses; but Meg looked straight up into her husband's eyes and said, "I will!" with such tender trust that her mother's heart rejoiced and Aunt March sniffed audibly.

Life went on much as before, for Meg came and went in her mother's house almost as when she had been a girl. Jo continued to write, and tried for a hundred-dollar prize offered by a sensational newspaper, and won it, to the wild joy of the sisters and the delight of Laurie. She sent her mother and Beth, who somehow continued to look a little paler day by day, to the seaside for a month. And other checks were paid for more literary work, until Jo was able greatly to augment the family income. Then she completed a novel and sent it forth into the world, receiving for it three hundred dollars and much praise and blame from the critics—the blame rather predominating. But she took it all with her cheery philosophy, determining only to do better next time.

In the ensuing midsummer Meg gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl, named "Daisy" and "Demi" by the irrepressible Laurie—"Demi" being short for John, *vide* demijohn, and "Daisy" for Margaret.

Aunt March had been constantly growing fonder of Amy, and when another relative, Aunt Carrol, decided to go to Europe, she furnished the money necessary to send Amy with the party. Amy intended to study art in Rome, and went into raptures. Jo had been longing all her life to go abroad, and to have Amy, so much younger, preferred to her was a hard blow. But she hid her disappointment so that Amy's joy might not be dimmed, and joined the others in working for her sister's trip. There was so much to do that no one realized the departure until it was over. Then Jo went up into the garret and cried until she could cry no more. Amy likewise bore up stoutly, until just as the gangway was about to be withdrawn; then she clung to Laurie, the last lingerer, saying with a sob:

"Oh, take care of them for me; and if anything should happen—"

"I will, dear, I will; and if anything happens I'll come and comfort you," whispered Laurie, little dreaming that he would be called upon to keep his word.

Laurie's friendship for Jo had been changing of late to a deeper feeling—a circumstance Jo noted with distress, for, as she told her mother:

"I love the dear boy and am immensely proud of him; but as for anything more, it's out of the question."

Moreover, she half suspected that Beth was in love with the splendid, stalwart young man, who was always so full of tender consideration for her. And suddenly she determined to go to New York. A friend there, Mrs. Kirke, who kept a large boarding-house, wanted someone to teach her children and sew, and Jo decided to take this situation. The plan was talked over in family council and agreed upon. When everything was settled she told Laurie; to her surprise, he took it very quietly. But when he said "Good-by" he whispered, "It won't do a bit of good, Jo; so mind what you do, for my eye is on you."

In Jo's new home she met Professor Bhaer, a German who boarded there, and a man of sweet and fine character. She wrote home about him, about her trials and fun and all the incidents of her new and busy existence. Presently she began to take lessons in German, and the Professor and she grew to be great friends. Why everybody liked him was what puzzled Jo at first, but she finally decided that it was his all-embracing benevolence that worked the charm.

With summer Jo returned home, and Laurie was graduated with honors. Then he told her he loved her. He took her refusal of him very hard, and after some miserable weeks old Mr. Laurence went to Europe and Laurie accompanied him. Before leaving, Laurie put his arms around Jo, and looked at her with a face that made his short appeal both eloquent and pathetic.

"Oh, Jo, can't you?"

"Teddy, dear, I wish I could!"

Laurie straightened up and said: "It's all right, never mind," and went away without another word. But it wasn't all right, and Jo *did* mind; for while the curly head lay on her shoulder a minute after her hard answer, she felt as if she had stabbed her dearest friend; and she knew that the boy Laurie never would come again.

With the following spring Beth faded out of life; in the

dark hour before dawn, on the bosom where she had drawn her first breath, she quietly drew her last, with no farewell but one loving look, one little sigh.

Laurie had joined Amy at Nice, and was amazed to find how she had grown in beauty and womanliness. But he was still suffering from Jo's refusal, and presently continued his travels. He thought that the task of forgetting his love for Jo would absorb all his powers for years; but to his great surprise he found it grow easier day by day. His heart *wouldn't* ache, and the wound persisted in healing. Instead of trying to forget, he found himself trying to remember. Once more he wrote to Jo, begging her to change her mind. But she was wrapped up in Beth and never wished to hear the word "love" again. Laurie then wrote to Amy, and gradually a steady correspondence established itself between them.

Beth's death occurred while Amy was at Vevay and Laurie in Germany. He hastened to join her, and if he had had any doubts as to her reception of him they were dispelled when, coming unexpectedly upon her in the garden of the *pension* where she was staying with her Aunt Carrol, she dropped everything, rose, and ran to him, calling in an unmistakable tone of love and longing:

"Oh, Laurie, Laurie, I knew you'd come to me!"

A few weeks later, as they were rowing on the lake, there was a silence: Amy seemed to object to it, for she said rather hurriedly:

"How well we pull together!"

"So well that I wish we might always pull in the same boat. Will you, Amy?"

"Yes, Laurie."

With Beth gone, poor Jo grew very lonely. She worked hard, she wrote, she took upon herself many of the household duties. But she felt desolate as the slow months passed.

And then suddenly Laurie and Amy arrived, quite unexpectedly, and married at that! Everyone was pleased and excited. Jo and Laurie had a good talk, and found themselves better friends than ever, and Jo was genuinely happy in her sister's happiness.

And then Professor Bhaer came as an honored guest to the

Marches' home. He fell into the way of coming very often, and somehow Jo had a trick of blushing as he entered, or when she heard his name spoken. One day, a rainy day, under an umbrella, the Professor told her that he loved her—and she?

"Ah, thou gifest me such hope and courage, and I haf nothing to gif back but a full heart and empty hand," cried the Professor, quite overcome.

Jo never, never would learn to be proper; for when he said that, as they stood upon the steps, she just put both her hands into his, whispering tenderly, "Not empty now," and kissed the Professor under the umbrella.

In good time they were married, and went to open a boys' school at Plumfield, Aunt March's big country-place, left to Jo in the old lady's will; and thereafter, during many happy holidays, the three sisters, with their husbands and their children, their father and their mother, and many a friend, gathered there to love one another and be happy, and to laugh over many a memory of their own childhood.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

(United States, 1836–1907)

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY (1869)

This story was acknowledged by the author to be largely autobiographical, the town called "Rivermouth" being Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the old "Nutter Mansion" is still standing, and the tourist may view the spots made famous by the midnight battery of the "old sogers" and the fights on "Slatter's Hill." The story appeared first in a magazine for juvenile readers entitled *Our Young Folks*, published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston, and it has been translated into French, German, Spanish, Danish, and Dutch.

HIS is the story of a bad boy. Not a hypocrite, but a healthy, mischievous, human boy, many removes from a cherub and not even connected by marriage to the mealy-mouthed boy of Sunday-school fiction.

I, Tom Bailey, was born at Rivermouth, New Hampshire, but my parents removed to New Orleans before I had been in the world eighteen months, and, as a consequence, I grew up, as far as ten years will permit growth, a Southerner, with an alarming ignorance of things Northern, and a contempt that exceeded my ignorance. I was ashamed that I had not been born in Louisiana, and took good care that none of my schoolmates should know I was a Yankee.

My feelings may be imagined, then, when I say that my father one day told me that I was going north to live with my Grandfather Nutter. Visions of being scalped by red Indians terrified me, and I vented my indignation at the news on a little darky boy, whom I kicked over.

This exhibition of "spirit" on my part resulted in an explanation on the part of my father, who pictured New England

in terms that caused a revulsion of feeling in my youthful breast, and made me actually long to go to this strange, new land and taste its different life.

I remember little of my voyage north save my meeting with a fascinating sailor with a green-haired lady tattooed on his arm. "Sailor Ben" had been everywhere and had done everything that a brave sailor could do; had served under Decatur, had been on Alexander Selkirk's island more than once, which seemed to make him kin with Robinson Crusoe; and was altogether the most interesting personality I had as yet come across, and withal the friendliest fellow imaginable. He put on no airs, in spite of the green-haired lady on his arm.

He would have tattooed me, with the greatest willingness in the world, if my father had not unluckily made his appearance just as he was about to begin his work of art on me.

I fell in love with Rivermouth at first sight, and the love has never died out. Quaintest, prettiest, most aristocratic of New England towns, with your beautiful river and old-fashioned flower-gardens, and your memories of lovely dames and Revolutionary beaux—I was indeed fortunate in being able to pass my youth under your arching elms!

The Nutter House was more than a hundred years old, and looked to be good for another hundred. It had large, low-ceiled rooms, two floors, and an attic—and such an attic!—full of the very things that boys love to find in attics.

And Grandfather Nutter was just the sort of man one would expect to find in such a delightful old house: hale, cheery, straight as an arrow and as bald.

Then there was Miss Abigail, his maiden sister, with a firm belief in the efficacy of "hot drops." She managed the entire house—philanthropically but firmly.

Kitty Collins, a descendant of a long line of Irish kings, was the third occupant of the Nutter household. She had a sad history which was, briefly—she had fallen in love with a sailor on the voyage over from Ireland; he had given up the sea and they had lived happily in New York on money he had saved until one day, when he went out to search for work and had never come back. She had drifted to Rivermouth, sorrowing always for him but never hearing a word about him,

and now she was a fixture in the Nutter household; she and Miss Abigail were seemingly at perpetual swords' points, but actually they were extremely fond of each other.

Grandfather sent me to school at once—to keep me out of mischief—but I am not sure that he succeeded entirely.

It is a pleasure to recall the very names of the boys, even that of Conway, who tried to pick a quarrel with me the first day I was there. I made friends with most of the rest of the fellows: Charley Marden and Fred Langdon and Jack Harris and Binny Wallace and "Pepper" Whitcomb—so called because of the generous allotment of freckles on his nose.

Marden gave me a lump of molasses candy that first morning in school and I swallowed it—but my grateful feelings were short-lived, as the candy was covered with cayenne pepper. But I kept the pain to myself, even if the knowledge of what I was suffering did set the boys in a giggle, for which one was punished; and as a consequence I was considered to be a decent chap by the other boys—with the exception of Conway, who was something of a bully.

Ah, the jolly times we had after school!—the baseball, the private theater where Pepper Whitcomb played William Tell's son and received the arrow of the Swiss hero in his wide-open mouth! Fortunately, the arrow was blunt, but Pepper was astonished, not to say indignant and pained.

An immemorial custom was the bonfire on the Square on the night before the Fourth of July.

For certain reasons I did not ask grandfather's leave to attend this little social affair, but went to bed extraordinarily early that night. At eleven o'clock I left my room and departed for the bonfire by means of a clothes-line depending from my window. I landed sooner than I had intended, in a rosebush, but was up and off at once.

I was, perhaps, the last arrival at the blaze, which was feeding on burning barrels around which we leaped and yelled like the red Indians of my Southern imagination.

In the midst of our sport some ingenious boy suggested that we make an end of the ancient and long disused mail-coach that had in former times plied between Rivermouth and Boston.

The hint was enough, and before long the curious flames

were seeking information as to the inflammability of the venerable vehicle.

Suddenly a figure leaped wildly from the interior of the coach —it was that of Pepper Whitcomb, who had slyly ridden to the bonfire in the coach instead of helping us pull it. He was minus his eyebrows, and his condition caused us such mirth that we were weak with laughter when half a dozen watchmen suddenly pounced upon us and bore us off to the "lockup" in the rear of the meat-market.

Pepper Whitcomb was sure that we would all hang for the work of that mad night, but we didn't. I never shall forget the kindly advice of a guest of the jail who had been there some time, and who suggested that we pile up benches and escape by the transom. We were not in cells, the cells being already occupied by more serious offenders.

We took his hint, but it was morning when I reached home.

At breakfast Grandfather Nutter read an account of the "scandalous occurrence" in the Rivermouth *Barnacle*. Fortunately he did not connect me with it—or so I thought at the time—but I was glad to escape from the breakfast-table.

Jack Harris and Charley Marden called on me soon after breakfast to say that old Mr. Wingate, the owner of the coach, had seen us take it out of the shed, and that our parents and guardians would have to pay for it, although he had been trying to sell it for years. Fifteen dollars was the price asked.

Without waiting to hear more, I went to Captain Nutter and laid three dollars, all that remained of my Fourth-of-July money, on his knee. He put it in his pocket without a word, and I did not know until later that he had punished me in his own whimsical fashion at breakfast by reading aloud the harrowing extracts from the paper, and had even then paid the prompt-appearing Wingate for my "share" in the coach. I saw that it was right that I should pay for the wanton destruction of property, but it took away my zest in the recollection of the affair.

Conway was not popular with us boys. He was a good deal of a sneak. He had informed on us at the time of the burning of the coach, and once, when a party of soldiers from

the fort in the harbor had changed the places of various street signs, he informed the authorities that "young Bailey and his five cronies could tell something about them signs."

Altogether we felt that he needed punishment.

There was a certain mild apothecary in the town named Meeks, who had a vague desire to marry.

Conway's mother was known as the Widow Conway, and it was plainly hinted that she had not buried her heart when she buried her husband; in fact, it was an open secret to all save Mr. Meeks himself that she had set her cap for him.

One Sunday morning church-goers relaxed their sober faces when they saw Meeks's gilt mortar and pestle over the Widow Conway's front door, while on the druggist's window-shutters was tacked the following announcement: "Wanted, a Sempstress!"

Of course we were not suspected this time. It was those wicked soldiers!

But Conway suspected us of this insult, and next day prepared to avenge it by an attack on Binny Wallace, the most inoffensive, lovable little chap that ever went to school. He was a sharer in our sports, but he was not combative.

I was kept in after school that day, and when I went out I found Conway ready to deliver a blow on Binny's face, whose gentleness would have stayed any arm but a coward's. I could not stand that, and the consequence was that a few minutes later those of the boys who had not gone home were witnessing a battle royal between Conway and myself. I had given him a chance to beg Wallace's pardon and he refused to take it.

I should have been beaten by Conway in the fight that followed (for I was almost blinded) if I had not kept at it until he retired from the field.

Grandfather Nutter did not punish me. He knew Conway. All he said was that I was just like him when he was young.

Miss Abigail thought it a good time for "hot drops," but she was directed to make a shade out of some cardboard and black silk to tie over the eye that had retired from sightseeing, and she made six of them, evidently thinking that I had embarked on a career of fighting.

Of course Mr. Grimshaw, our teacher, could not pass over

such a breach of discipline. But the facts came out during the investigation, for Binny Wallace told how I had fought Conway on his account.

Mr. Grimshaw knew Conway's character, but fighting was fighting, and so I was punished by being required to write four pages of Latin, while Conway lost his recess for a month. We also had to shake hands, a ceremony we did not relish. But I never got into any more trouble with Conway.

Winter brought sports new to me with my New Orleans memories, and among the most memorable of these joys was the famous snow fight on Slatter's Hill.

There had always been enmity between the North End and the South End boys of Rivermouth. We were North-Enders, and great was the wrath of the South-Enders when they found that we had had the effrontery to build a snow fort on the crown of Slatter's Hill. There was Jack Harris's red-silk pocket-handkerchief floating defiantly from the flagstaff. (Gallant Jack Harris, who in the Civil War never drew rein until he had dashed into the rebel battery! So they found him—lying across the enemy's guns.)

In less than an hour it was known all over town that the "Puddle-dockers" and the "River-rats" intended to attack the fort on Saturday afternoon.

Before the campaign began the rival commanders met and drew up rules for the conduct of the battles.

The South-Enders were to assail us only on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and whenever ten of the storming party should succeed in gaining a footing at one time on the parapet, and could hold it for two minutes, we were to give it up.

Ah, what fights we had! From day to day the tide of battle surged to and fro.

But as excitement increased we began to use frozen snowballs for ammunition, and seven North-Enders were seriously wounded, while more than a dozen South-Enders were on the sick list. The police were called out to keep order, and then North and South united to attack the common foe.

The police actually had to send for reënforcements, so hot was our attack; and certain citizens constituted themselves a special force to put down the fight. We then realized that

perhaps it would be wise to stop, and with one grand farewell volley of snowballs we fled.

We lost Fort Slatter forever. It was razed, and ashes were sprinkled where so many redoubtable deeds had been enacted. But the memory of the great campaign died not, nor ever will until we boys are dead.

It was spring again, and I had been a year at Rivermouth. My thoughts go back to that particular spring as the time when an event occurred that made a deep impression upon me.

Phil Adams, Fred Langdon, Binny Wallace, and I owned a sailboat, the *Dolphin*, and not long after our purchase of it we went to camp out on Sandpeep Island, the last one in the harbor.

Charley Marden met us as we were going down to the wharf, and he told us that as we were likely to have a squally time of it he would "drop in at the undertaker's and leave word as he went along."

We reached the island, and, the sky being threatening, transported our stores to our camp, pitched our tent, using our oars to support the canvas, went fishing and caught a cod for the chowder, which we soon made, and which was eaten with ravenous appetites. How happy we were and how far off seemed death!

After luncheon Binny Wallace went to the boat to get some lemons that we had neglected to take out with our stores.

He was absent rather a long time, and then we heard him calling excitedly to us. We hastened to the beach, and there we saw the *Dolphin* afloat with poor little Binny stretching out his arms helplessly to us and drifting off to sea with not an oar. The wind had been rising, and it was impossible for him to swim ashore.

The sky darkened and an ugly look stole rapidly over the broken surface of the sea.

Binny waved us farewell. He realized that nothing could save him, that he was drifting to certain death.

We watched him, helpless, sorrow-stricken, until his boat and he became a mere speck, and then disappeared altogether.

All night the storm raged, but Binny must have been engulfed long before morning.

Poor little Binny Wallace! You will always be young and gentle and pure; always a little boy, always poor little Binny Wallace.

It was a happy day for me when chance brought to Rivermouth my old friend Sailor Ben. He did not know me at first, but when I recalled myself he accepted my warm invitation to go up to the house with me and meet Captain Nutter.

My grandfather, who had much inborn courtesy, received him warmly, and going to the kitchen called to Kitty to bring in a decanter of Madeira and two glasses. When Kitty came in and saw Sailor Ben she uttered a loud shriek, and, crying out, "His wraith!" rushed from the room.

Yes, it was her long-lost husband, and happiness reigned supreme in the Nutter household that evening.

Ben settled in Rivermouth, built himself a cabin, and Kitty lived in both houses.

Down on a deserted wharf at the foot of Anchor Lane were a dozen rusty cannon, relics of the War of 1812.

One day when Harris, Marden, Blake, and I were out fishing, the thought occurred to me that it would be jolly fun to get one of the "old sogers" on its legs and shoot it off.

The other boys took fire at the notion, and it was not long before we had cleaned the bores of all twelve guns, with much labor, dragged them into position, properly elevated them on bricks, and then conceived the idea of shooting them all off some dark night.

Sailor Ben entered heartily into our secret scheme, prepared our fuses for us, and then we drew lots to see which boy should set off the train of powder. To me fell the chance.

At ten o'clock Rivermouth went to bed. At eleven she was like a country churchyard. At twelve the stillness could be compared to nothing.

In this stillness I left the house and stole down to the wharf. Oh, how my heart thumped! I lighted my match and dropped it on the fuse, and scampering home I jumped into bed, clothes and all.

"BOOM!"

I lay as still as a mouse.

"BOOM!"

The town began to wake up.

At the fourth boom I ran to grandfather's room and asked him whether he heard the noise. Not being deaf, he had, as he told me tartly. He advised me to dress, and I told him that I *was* almost dressed.

Some citizens thought it was the end of the world, and half the population was in the streets. Sulphurous smoke obscured everything. Our scheme was a great success, and never did it leak out until this day who fired those guns.

My life in Rivermouth came to an end not long after, to my keen regret. My dear father died of yellow fever in New Orleans, and my mother came north and settled in New York, where a maternal uncle offered to place me in his counting-house. I had hoped to go to Harvard, but my father had left little, my grandfather could not afford to send me to college, and I became a "man of business."

All my old schoolfellows came to see me off, and a mist filled my eyes as I thought of the pleasantness of the dear old life.

And so I left Rivermouth, and some of the happiest days of my life were over.

THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY (1880)

This tale of a grim and sordid side of New England life appeared first in the *Atlantic Monthly* and was founded on an actual occurrence in the knowledge of the author.

T daybreak the busy village of Stillwater bestirred itself as usual, and from innumerable chimneys poured forth the curdled smoke, giving evidence of lighted kitchen fires. But the chimney-stack of the last house on the easterly edge of the town sent up no smoke, while the upper and lower blinds in that story-and-a-half cottage were tightly closed. Yet one ray of sunlight succeeded in thrusting itself through a chink of the shutters to point like a luminous finger at the body of old Lemuel Shackford, who was stretched out dead in his nightgown, with an ugly gash across his forehead. That summer night had witnessed a deed darker than itself.

Mary, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Michael Hennessey, delivering a can of milk, had discovered the murdered man, and twenty minutes later everybody was talking about the tragedy. Little work was done that day in Stillwater; men from the Miantowona Iron-Works and Slocum's Marble-Yard lounged in the streets, and draggled-looking women stood in doorways discussing the event. Crowds gathered in front of the grim-looking house in Welch's Court, where Coroner Whidden held the inquest. Hard, avaricious, eccentric, the subject had been in his lifetime, yet he had been a prominent character in the community because of his perpetual lawsuits and his hoarded wealth. Investigation brought out the fact that Mr. Shackford had been killed for a sum of money kept in a strong-box in his bedroom, and that a document, apparently of a legal character, had been torn into minute pieces.

These fragments were taken in charge by Lawyer Perkins. Moreover, the murder had been accomplished by means of some peculiar implement unknown to the jurors, though among them were several skilled mechanics. The most painstaking examination failed to reveal anything more important than a half-burned match, the kind that can be ignited only by striking on a chemically prepared paper, but this was preserved, as all the matches in the house were of a different sort.

Who and what had prompted the foul deed? Tramps were suspected, and even a harmless tin-pedler would have fared ill had not Richard Shackford, a cousin of the dead man, intervened. Nameless apprehension settled upon the inhabitants of Stillwater, and excitement deepened in intensity with the twilight.

Lemuel Shackford was duly buried, under the direction of his cousin Richard, chief and sole mourner, who, after the obsequies, went to New York, where he had to manage some real-estate interests of the deceased. Before he left he offered five hundred dollars for the conviction of the guilty person. Edward Taggett, a well-known detective, came to work on the case. He arrested several suspects who proved innocent; among these was one Durgin, a Slocum Yard employé, who had to explain some red stains on his overalls. Durgin said they were marks of fresh paint from the head of a barrel he had hooped for Mr. Shackford not long before. Microscopic examination substantiated this story. But Stillwater realized that Taggett was leaving no stone unturned in his investigation. Night after night the barroom of Snelling's Hotel was a center of conversation, bearing upon the absorbing topic of the murder mystery. Never had Miser Shackford filled so large a place in the public eye. And Lawyer Perkins, as the solicitor of the departed, felt himself of equal size, talking in the tavern in his court-room tone of voice, about the presumable will found in fragments, its validity, and the rights of the heir-at-law, Richard Shackford.

Strange to relate, at the end of six days and six nights, during which he kept the public in suspense, Taggett abruptly forsook Stillwater, without throwing any light upon the catastrophe. The editor of the *Gazette* waxed sarcastic at the

sleuth's expense, and declared that the county constabulary would undoubtedly clear up the matter, which it proceeded not to do. A fortnight passed, and nothing of note happened except that an Italian, named Torrini, got injured in Dana's iron-foundry, and Mr. Slocum took on a new hand in his marble-yard. Then, one day, this young man stepped into the private office.

"Mr. Slocum, I have found the man," he said. The proprietor of the marble-works was profoundly agitated, as he asked, "Who is it?" The informant leaned forward and pronounced two words. Frightful pallor overspread his listener's face, who exclaimed, as he sunk back in his chair, "Good God! Are you mad?"

There were fewer more commonplace towns in New England than Stillwater, with its rows of dingy frame houses. Perhaps the most pictorial thing was the marble-yard, owned by Rowland Slocum and managed by Richard Shackford, prospective partner and the betrothed of his employer's daughter Margaret. Twenty years before this time, Lemuel Shackford, the middle-aged misanthropist, and his young relative, little Dick, four years old, lived together in the lonely house in Welch's Court, being the only representatives left of the family. Needless to say, Dick was utterly neglected by his elderly cousin, who spent all of his time in prosecuting lawsuits and in other legal difficulties. Dick grew up like a weed, and spent most of the day pottering in the soft reddish-brown clay, or tracing arabesques thereon. This amusement took the place of slate or drawing-book, and woe to any one that disturbed his hieroglyphics, for under a patient and gentle exterior slept a terrific temper. Years stole over the heads of these oddly contrasted relatives, during which the boy learned to read, spending nights over a tattered copy of *Robinson Crusoe*, and at last Mr. Shackford had the notion to make a lawyer of the rapidly growing lad. But at fifteen years of age, Dick, without any preliminaries, ran away to sea. William Durgin, a schoolmate and intimate, brought this news in the form of a ten-word note to Lemuel Shackford, who ordered the messenger to make himself scarce. Durgin vanished. "There's a poor lawyer saved," muttered old Shackford, an odd grin curling up his crisp wrinkles.

After a lapse of four years Richard returned, having been in a shipwreck, in which he lost all of his savings. The first thing he did was to destroy the dog-eared copy of *Robinson Crusoe*. He considered DeFoe's ingenious hero a great fraud. The youthful seafarer found his cousin more bleached and bent than ever, and exceedingly ungracious. The commercial possibilities of Stillwater were not inspiring. A man without a trade was not in demand. Richard walked from workshop to workshop, cheerful at first, but he soon felt himself a superfluous person. The first day's search for employment ended in discouragement. At supper Mr. Shackford maintained silence, and after the meal was over went to his papers, while Richard mounted to his little room in the gable, to ponder over his four wasted years and have another dream of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Early the next morning Richard began his round again, but nobody seemed to need him. Then he resolved to apply to Rowland Slocum. It was noon, and Richard met William Durgin on his way from the marble-works, where he had been two years an apprentice. Durgin held out little hope that Slocum would take on another apprentice, as he had already the prescribed number. The Marble-Workers' Association would not permit an employer to take more than two apprentices a year. This astonished Richard, who knew nothing of trades-union regulations. However, he approached Mr. Slocum on the subject, and when the latter learned that the applicant had a knack for drawing, he engaged him as a possible aid in a projected shop for ornamental carving; meanwhile the young man might assist the bookkeeper. Richard was delighted with the prospect, and Mr. Slocum no less so, for, besides liking the erstwhile sailor, he had an ax to grind with the older Shackford, who would hate the thought that his kin had formed an alliance with the marble-yard owner, for Rowland Slocum and Lemuel Shackford were at swords' points. Richard lost no time in telling his cousin of the arrangement, much to that gentleman's disgust and anger. A Shackford a miserable marble-chipper, indeed! The old man was enraged, and gave Richard to understand that he did not keep a boarding-house for Slocum's hands. That evening Richard took lodging with Mrs. Durgin. He was happy in quitting Welch's

Court, and it struck him that the companionship of William Durgin would be pleasant during the long nights of a New England winter.

Contrary to his expectations, the taking of a room with Mrs. Durgin turned out an unfortunate venture, and the friendship of William proved a fiasco. Separation had estranged the one-time companions; each now moved on different levels. Durgin considered Richard proud and "swell," mainly because he refused to join him in tavern revels. He was envious, too, of Richard's success at Slocum's. In six months Richard had proved his efficiency in several capacities, and he had become the chief designer of the new ornament department. He had learned also to make casts for the carvers instead of drawings.

As soon as his situation was assured Richard changed quarters, and engaged a comfortable room in the same house with Mr. Pinkham, the schoolmaster, who had but one lung and played on the flute. Several times at this period Richard tried to establish friendly relations with his sour old cousin, but that shabby and spectral individual repelled all advances; he wanted no human sympathy; he had but one devouring passion to gratify—that of accumulating and guarding his gold.

Toward the close of his second year with Mr. Slocum, Richard was assigned a disused chamber in the Slocum residence as a workroom, and it was soon transformed into a delightful atelier, where he could work without interruption, save for the musical clinking of chisels from the adjoining yard. Here little Margaret Slocum, then in her fourteenth year, slender and black-eyed, bearded him in his lair, to know whether he wanted anything more in the way of pans and pails for his plaster. Margaret had been dying with curiosity to see the studio, and Richard showed her his drawings and casts, explaining the mysteries of his craft. That was the beginning of an idyllic friendship, destined to be full of tender lights and shadows. The ice once broken, Margaret seldom let a week pass without visiting him, at first under a pretext, and then without any pretense whatever. Sometimes she brought a book, sometimes a piece of embroidery. Richard soon got into the habit of expecting her. One day, shortly after Margaret had proudly worn her first long dress, Richard requested

leave to make a mold of her hand for a paper-weight. Had Mr. Slocum assisted at the pretty scene he might have found food for reflection. But in his eyes Margaret was only a child, and he thought nothing of her intimacy with Richard.

Three years glided by, and gradually Mr. Slocum had relinquished the supervision of the business to Richard until it rested almost wholly on his strong, willing shoulders. Downright hard work had won him the responsible office. Relations between Margaret and Richard had undergone no appreciable change. Her visits and their afternoons together were now a matter of course. But the hour came for stronger, sweeter emotions. An attack of typhoid fever made Richard realize the place Margaret had taken in his heart. During her weeks of illness the world was nearly a blank to the awakened and anguished lover. When the crisis passed and she was convalescent, Margaret insisted on being taken to her familiar seat in the den. Richard breathed easier, but he grew moody and depressed in her presence. Margaret was at a loss to understand his constraint. It wounded her, and one day she reproached him for his preoccupation and indifference. This goaded Richard to defend himself, and before either knew it the pent-up words were spoken. He loved his comrade. Shyly, Margaret confessed a similar secret. Mr. Slocum discovered them sitting with clasped hands. The good man was amazed, but had the sense to acknowledge the inevitable. "Only yesterday she was a child!" he exclaimed. Then Mr. Slocum bade Richard discharge an Italian by the name of Torrini, who was the cause of a great deal of trouble in the yard, being always drunk and demoralizing the men around him. Torrini was an eloquent speaker among his fellow-workers, and had been recently elected secretary of the Marble-Workers' Association. Richard hardly thought it politic to break with the man, and argued against his immediate dismissal. Mr. Slocum yielded to the argument. That hour of blissful love had overflowed Richard's heart with kindness for the whole world.

At this stage of his affairs, Richard, with his strong sense of kinship and his pride, revolted against coming into the Slocum family disowned and empty-handed. Though he had

vowed never again to set foot across the threshold of the house in Welch's Court, for the love of Margaret he once more endeavored to establish friendly relations with his crabbed cousin. Lemuel Shackford received him brutally, scorning his overtures, deriding his motives, and insulting the Slocums and himself. This onslaught staggered Richard, who turned white with rage. For a second his fearful but seldom-roused temper seemed to gain ascendency; then, controlling himself, he hurried away. Unconsciously, unseeingly, he brushed past Mary Hennessey, who was at the gate, and that simple creature was amazed to see the pleasant Mr. Shackford so upset, and talking to himself.

That afternoon there was trouble in the marble-yard. Torrini, the skilful Italian carver, and orator and secretary of the Association, was drunk. Work almost ceased during his harangue. Richard had long been lenient with the man, but to-day his heart was hot, and his tongue was hastier than usual. Approaching the Neapolitan, Richard ordered him off the premises, and virtually discharged him on the spot. Torrini defied such a proceeding. Richard declared that he would throw him out if he refused to go quietly. Thereupon the Italian hit him with a chisel, grazing his cheek. In a twinkling Richard had knitted his fingers in Torrini's neckerchief and had dragged him across the yard, dropping him on the sidewalk. A score or two of the men gathered about their manager, congratulating him on his effective action, but Richard quietly told them to resume work, and withdrew to his studio, where he discovered that Margaret had been an unseen witness of his deed. She gently chided him, and deplored his loss of temper. Richard pleaded the justice of his severe measure. He refrained, however, from telling Margaret of the humiliating interview with his cousin that morning. He felt that he could not speak of it, nor even think of it, with composure.

The Stillwater hotel was the forum of discussion concerning the occurrence at Slocum's Yard. The popular verdict was in favor of Richard Shackford. His pluck in vanquishing the most formidable man in the works commanded general respect. Durgin alone sneered at the praises bestowed upon his former friend, and intimated that he was "a sly customer." He never could forgive Shackford for rising above him in the world.

Before the tavern group dispersed, slips of blue pasteboard had been distributed among the men which announced a special meeting of the Marble-Workers' Association. Trouble was brewing. It came in a series of resolutions adopted by the trades-union, setting forth a new and higher scale of wages, and demanding shorter hours on Saturdays. Both Mr. Slocum and Richard Shackford were willing to concede the latter stipulation, but in view of the fact that their employés were paid better than other workers in Stillwater, and furthermore had employment the year round, they considered the demand for increased pay unjust and untimely. Every shop, mill, and factory in the town, however, was threatened with a general strike, and naturally the marble-works was drawn into the current of rebellion. Needless to add that the Italian, Torrini, did everything in his power to hasten the movement.

Richard had advised with set determination, and Mr. Slocum was only too glad to authorize him to act as he saw fit in the oncoming fight. The young manager saw also an opportunity to attack the Association in turn by proclaiming that the Slocum Yard would no longer submit to its rule of engaging only two apprentices a year; thereafter as many apprentices as were needed would be installed. Mr. Slocum was dubious about this annouuncement, but Richard was resolute.

By the next morning Mr. Slocum's vertebræ had stiffened, and he enjoined his lieutenant to put the case squarely to the men. Richard took his stand at the head of the principal workshop to address them. Quietly and clearly he told them that Mr. Slocum had decided to grant a shorter Saturday but firmly refused to accept the new scale of wages. A low murmur ran through the workshops. Then the speaker continued, saying that the proprietor, from that hour, intended to be the master of his own business, and would tolerate no dictation from the Association. When Richard proceeded to outline the new stand regarding the apprentice question, there was a sensation. In less than three minutes every employé had left the place in a solemn, orderly file. Even the oldest hands, after more than twenty-five years of fair treatment, deserted promptly. From his veranda Mr. Slocum, with Margaret, watched the silent procession; pallor was on one face, consternation on the

other. "Now I must go and prop up Mr. Slocum," thought Richard. Indeed, the owner of the empty workshop needed the sanguine support of the younger man, who nevertheless realized the gravity of the situation, for the strike had spread throughout Stillwater, and eight hundred men were idle. Under these conditions it does not take long for the wolf to stalk abroad, and hunger drives men to desperation and drink.

During the first few days of the strike there were parades and kindred festivities. Snelling's barroom was crowded morning, noon, and night. Meetings were held, and Torrini advanced some Utopian theories. Meanwhile the directors of the various abandoned mills took counsel, but Mr. Slocum, at Richard's advice, declined to attend these conclaves. "We have no concessions to make," was Richard's argument.

Margaret and Richard were thrown together a great deal during this period, as the latter now slept in his studio and had his plate at their table. Margaret found plenty to do, too, in relieving the distress which was beginning to prevail among the strikers' families. A little more than a week elapsed, and things were going from bad to worse, with no relief in sight. Torrini's discourses continued to inflame his listeners; Durgin made himself conspicuous as an opponent of capital; and Lemuel Shackford, in a flapping linen duster, darted about the streets, hovering over excited crowds like a stormy petrel. His interest was unusual in the general discontent, but it was only because he hated Rowland Slocum and equally hated the directors of other concerns. On the tenth day things looked black, and the trades began quarreling among themselves. The town was policed with extra men, and the Stillwater Grays were under arms. There was a rumor afloat that Mr. Slocum intended retiring from business altogether, and that his marble-yard would be transformed into a peach-orchard. Marble-workers were aghast. As might have been foreseen, the employés of Slocum's Yard asked for their former places, and the strike was broken, having lasted barely two weeks. The Association humbly consented to allow Mr. Slocum to engage all the apprentices he required. Once more the busy chisels clinked merrily under the long shed. Peace had been

restored some time when the startling news of old Shackford's murder disturbed the tranquillity of Stillwater.

At the same moment that Mary Hennessey had come upon the body of Lemuel Shackford, his cousin Richard was eating breakfast in a depressed, preoccupied mood. Schoolmaster Pinkham burst in upon him with the information. Richard was greatly shocked, and at once hastened to the scene of the tragedy. Though Lemuel Shackford had blighted his childhood, and had only lately insulted him cruelly, Richard could not repress his tears. After the funeral Mr. Taggett, the detective, had arrived, and Richard subsequently went to New York, as has been said. Mr. Taggett thought his task an easy one, but he was soon undeceived, as the first week proved. But failure stimulated him; and when, to the disdain of Stillwater, he had apparently given up the case as hopeless, he had only really begun upon his task of running the assassin to earth. Disguising himself as a smooth-faced youth of twenty, he was admitted as an apprentice in Slocum's Marble-Works, under the name of Blake. This maneuver was known only to Mr. Slocum, Justice Beemis, and Richard, whose stay in New York would probably be protracted for a fortnight. Taggett thought that as a workman his burrowings would be facilitated. They were, but during the ensuing ten or twelve days Mr. Slocum grew more and more uneasy over the presence of the detective—a foreboding which was fulfilled when Taggett walked into his office that memorable afternoon, and coldly whispered two words in the astounded gentleman's ear. These words were the name of Richard Shackford, accusing him of the murder in Welch's Court.

In laying the crime to Richard, Taggett seemed to Mr. Slocum as one demented. He was incredulous, but the cold-blooded conviction of the sleuth sent a chill over him. The evidence was conclusive, though purely circumstantial, according to Taggett, who put into the hands of Mr. Slocum a little red note-book containing memoranda proving his hypothesis. Furthermore, the wily detective informed Mr. Slocum that Richard would return to Stillwater on the next night; evidently young Shackford was under surveillance. At supper hardly a word passed between Margaret and her father, who

withdrew to his room early. The perturbed man began reading the fatal crimson booklet, and his task occupied him until after midnight.

Mr. Taggett's diary was a minute record of his experiences during his false novitiate in the marble-yard. He had mixed familiarly with everybody in the hope of obtaining a working clue. It soon materialized in the form of information from William Durgin concerning a quarrel between Richard and Lemuel Shackford not long before the murder. By adroit questioning, combined with liberal potations, Taggett had succeeded in getting this statement, together with the name of its author, no other than Mary Hennessey, who was Durgin's sweetheart. Here was the key to an enigma—the destruction of the document that seemed old Shackford's will. Here was a motive on a level with the crime. Taggett concluded that the taking of the money was a master stroke to deceive pursuers. Then the detective set to work in earnest. He procured the key of Richard's studio by going to his lodgings, and to his utter amazement came across a note, between the pages of a dictionary that he found there, from the deceased miser to his cousin, requesting him to call at Welch's Court the night of the crime! Mary Hennessey was at once interviewed, and she corroborated Durgin's story. Finally, the examination of Richard's private workshop revealed a chisel broken in a peculiar way, which corresponded with the plaster impression of the wound on the murdered man's forehead, and a box of safety matches, out of which just one had been taken. These matches were identical with the kind used the night of the assassination. The deadly chain of circumstantial evidence was complete. Reading this account left Mr. Slocum almost devoid of reasoning power. Could Richard have done it accidentally? He remembered Richard's fearful temper when once it was aroused—though that had happened but three or four times in the young man's lifetime.

On the following morning Margaret was told all. Her father tried to gloss over the apparent guilt of the accused man, but she could see that he half believed the story, which she indignantly, scornfully repudiated. The crimson morocco note-book had no effect on her faith in Richard. When her

father pointed out her lover's silence regarding the stormy interview between Richard and his cousin, Margaret remained unshaken in her confidence in her betrothed. "When Richard returns he will explain the matter," she said calmly.

Mr. Slocum left Margaret to go to his office, where he found Lawyer Perkins awaiting him. The attorney had at last deciphered the mutilated document he had taken possession of on the morning of the murder. It turned out to be a recently executed will of Lemuel Shackford, leaving the greater part of his estate unconditionally to his cousin. This certainly disposed of one of Taggett's theories. That day of suspense passed slowly to Margaret and her father. Richard was due at eight o'clock, but the express had arrived and gone, and Richard did not appear. At ten o'clock they decided that he had been detained in some unaccountable way, and retired, Margaret flushed and disappointed, Mr. Slocum fancying the trapped culprit had ended it all by suicide.

But the train had brought Richard into Stillwater, though fate seemed determined to keep him from Margaret. First, he felt constrained to guide to a reputable hotel a commercial traveler with whom he had become acquainted; then, when he turned in the direction of the Slocums', a townsman stopped him and told a pitiful story of Torrini, whose arm was amputated and who was likely to die, surrounded by his impoverished wife and children. Richard went at once to the Italian's home and witnessed a sickening scene of distress. His heart was touched, and he promised to help them all he could. Meanwhile he made up his mind to watch by the bedside of the sinking man that night, that the poor, fagged wife might find respite from her long vigils. Torrini failed to understand this act of charity. Richard noticed that he was keenly apprehensive lest some one should come in, with whom he begged his attendant not to leave him. Evidently Torrini had some secret on his mind, and one that made him fearful. Once or twice he began to speak, but checked himself. All he managed to say was: "Mr. Shackford, I am as grateful—as a dog." But this seemed to ease him, and he slept.

When Richard threw open the door of his private workshop, Margaret was waiting there for him, all love and gladness.

This greeting rendered him oblivious to the constrained manner of Mr. Slocum, and made easier the hard work of the day. A subpœna was served on him in the afternoon, but Richard had no suspicion of the mine under his feet; he was more cheerful than he had been for weeks, and even managed to pay a flying visit to the Torrini family in the midst of his duties. The fact that Richard had passed the night at the Neapolitan's side had given Mr. Slocum two or three ugly ideas about the suspected man, while Margaret thought the action a noble one.

Directly after tea Richard repaired to his studio, where Margaret soon joined him, and while he finished an accumulated correspondence she read a magazine. She resolved not to allude to Mr. Taggett, or his latest theory, in fact she desired to ignore the dreadful law-hound. Richard introduced the subject, but she said briefly that Mr. Taggett had made a failure of the whole thing. Too many other more intimate topics were to be talked over, however, for the detective to occupy their thoughts long. And during that happy evening Richard slipped a ring on the finger of his *fiancée*. Margaret was overjoyed. Her heart beat high, and she had not the shadow of a doubt that her Richard's innocence would shine forth on the morrow, confounding his accuser.

The next morning Lawyer Perkins sent for Richard and revealed the whole damning net of circumstantial evidence drawn about him. Richard was horrified as he listened to the discovery of the letter, the chisel, and the box of matches; he acknowledged the quarrel with his cousin, about which Mary Hennessey had been so loquacious, but denied everything else, especially having received the letter purporting to have been written the day before its author's death. When the lawyer questioned him as to where he had been the night of the murder, Richard remembered having spent the early part of it at the Slocums' and later having taken a stroll on the deserted turnpike, where he had encountered no one who might prove his statement. Lawyer Perkins listened gravely, then said he had an engagement. Richard fairly reeled out of the office. He felt himself a broken man. As one in a trance he walked to the dismal house in Welch's Court. Vaguely he

decided to wait there until it was time to give himself up. He slipped in, locking the door behind him. Aimlessly he wandered through the rooms, avoiding the one in which his uncle's body was found, white and piteous, that fatal morning. The bewildered man then went to his own little room in the gable. Time passed unheeded.

When Richard finally roused himself from his stupor, he descended the stairs to leave by the scullery door. His eyes rested listlessly on a barrel in a corner, then he sprang forward with a cry. At the same time a loud knocking reverberated through the house. It was Mr. Taggett, with a warrant for Mr. Shackford's arrest. Richard pointed to the barrel and inquired whether Mr. Taggett recalled the testimony of William Durgin about painting it, and getting red stains on his overalls. "Most distinctly," replied the detective. Then Richard pointed out an important detail—*the head of the barrel was painted blue!*

"Durgin used red paint to obliterate the blood-spots on his clothes," Richard cried.

Though Mr. Taggett refused to credit his senses and believe he had built up a false case, so it proved. Durgin fled before he could be apprehended. Torrini on his deathbed confessed his part in the affair: that he had received the money stolen by Durgin, and that it was hidden untouched under his mattress. As for the letter written by Lemuel Shackford to Richard, a maid in his lodging acknowledged having received it, and said she had stuck it in some big book because the wind had blown it about the room. Everything was as clear as day, and the plot laid by Durgin to fasten the guilt upon Richard, together with discomfited Mr. Taggett's elaborate hypothesis, fell to pieces.

Richard Shackford was at the miserable home of Torrini, directing that the miser's gold, which had cost the Italian his life, be employed in giving the dead man a decent burial and in transporting his wife and children back to their beloved Italy. Margaret entered, and learned the whole story of crime and wretchedness. As they left the hovel together, Richard asked Margaret whether she had known all the time that Taggett held him guilty of the murder. "Yes," she said

simply. "That is all that I care to know!" exclaimed the happy lover, taking her in his arms. Margaret smiled.

It was not long before they were married. Mr. Slocum, secretly atoning for a deep injustice done Richard, soon insisted upon changing the sign over the gate of the marble-yard to read Slocum and Shackford. Richard had protested against the change, but his father-in-law was obstinate.

"I trust I may live to see the day when even this sign will have to be altered to—Slocum, Shackford and Son," said the elder man. Richard laughed, as he answered, "I should first have to talk it over—with the son."

MATEO ALEMAN

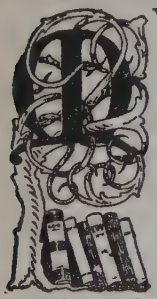
(Spain, 1550–1609)

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE (1599)

Twenty-six editions, amounting to about fifty thousand copies, appeared within six years of the first publication of this novel; not even *Don Quixote* had such a vogue. It was very popular outside of Spain. In 1623 James Mabbe translated it into English, for which Ben Jonson wrote some verses in praise of

> "This Spanish Proteus: who, though writ
> But in one tongue, was formed with the world's wit."

It is worthy of note that Mabbe's version of the tale appeared in the same year as Shakespeare's First Folio; but, while Aleman's book reached its fourth edition in 1656, the third edition of the First Folio was not issued till 1664. Le Sage made a French version of *Guzman d'Alfarache*. Its alternative title, *The Watch-tower of Human Life*, was rejected by the reading public, which persisted in speaking of Aleman's "Picaro" or "Rogue," much to the author's annoyance.



MY ancestors settled in Genoa, and employed themselves in the traffic of exchanges, at which they were successful, though frequently accused of usury and like villainies. Though my father followed this disreputable business, he always attended church and carried a rosary—each bead of which was larger than a hazelnut. One of his Seville debtors being bankrupt, my worthy sire sailed for Spain, but fell into the hands of corsairs, who sold him as a slave in Algiers. In despair, he assumed the turban, which enabled him eventually to woo and wed a rich widow. Securing her money and jewels, he deserted her and set out for Seville, where, making his peace with the Church, he pounced upon his debtor, who was compelled to repay part of the loan.

So well did my father now prosper, making a great noise on the Exchange and gambling in leisure time, that he purchased

two houses, one in the country at San Juan d'Alfarache, whence I derive my title. One day he fell in love with the fair mistress of a gouty old knight, and an intrigue was entered upon, of which I was the result. When I was four years old the ancient gallant died, whereupon my Andalusian mother took possession of everything worth carrying away, leaving nothing but rags for his next of kin. The lady quickly married my father, who did not long survive this happiness, and, alas! died a bankrupt, having been too fond of company, splendor, and show. As I entered my fourteenth year, I resolved to leave home with the intention of seeing the world, and of visiting my father's relatives at Genoa; therefore, on a beautiful day I quitted Seville, my purse empty, but my head crammed with chimeras.

That night I slept on the steps of a chapel, without any supper, and the next morning I chose an unknown road, which led me to a miserable tavern. Its hostess, a frightful old woman, considering me a raw, herring-gutted-looking lad, made me an omelet, or rather a poultice, of half-hatched eggs. Notwithstanding this revolting mess, I attacked it as hogs attack acorns, but paid dearly for my rashness when, about a league from the inn, I became violently ill. A passing muleteer, witnessing my plight and hearing its cause, burst into loud laughter. He invited me to ride, an offer I was not slow to accept. To comfort me, he related how the old woman had tried the same trick on two soldiers, but they had clapped the anomalous omelet full into her face, with the addition of soot.

We shortly overtook two friars, and the muleteer agreed to carry them to Cazalla. Meanwhile we arrived at Cantillana, where my humorous friend recommended an inn that could be trusted. The landlord assured us he had but recently killed a calf, and served us its meat in various ways. Hungry as I was, the dishes failed to tempt me; I fancied the meat savored of rotten straw. But the muleteer ate voraciously. We passed the night at the inn, and so did an army of fleas, which fell upon me without mercy. The following morning there was *ragoût* of veal for breakfast. I could not eat it, but the muleteer demolished it in a twinkling. While looking about for my cloak, which had strangely disappeared, I came upon the skin of a young mule in a pool of newly spilt blood. "There lie the

remains of our excellent veal," I thought, and told my companion of the fraud. We caught our host washing a piece of the pseudo-calf, which he tried to conceal. I accused him of stealing my cloak. He ran for his sword, and the muleteer grasped a pitchfork. All the servants rushed into the yard, and there was a terrible uproar, in the midst of which appeared two alcaides, or jailers, who marched our rascally landlord off to prison. Luckily my comrade and I escaped, though my cloak remained behind.

We had not gone far before two men, evidently constables, rode up, and mistaking me for their prey began drubbing me. The muleteer interfered, but they turned upon him with a shower of blows. We were leashed together like greyhounds; but presently the mistake was discovered, and our captors, laughing in our faces, unbound us, after taking possession of a few reals by way of fee. Sorrowfully we continued our journey, until we were joined by the two friars, who, pitying us, regaled us with a fable on pleasure and the love-story of *Ozmin and Daraxa*, who lived in the time of our wars with the Moors. At Cazalla, where we parted company, the muleteer demanded exorbitant payment of me for transport. Hot argument arose between us, whereupon the friars became the arbitrators. Settlement left me just enough for supper and lodging at the best inn at Cazalla.

Necessity now stared me in the face, as I set out for Madrid, and I passed a whole day without eating. Two rich merchants trotted by upon mules, and I followed them, but they repelled me, content to let me watch them fill their bellies. A poor monk, however, came to my assistance and shared with me his frugal meal. On reaching Campanis, I slept in a hayloft, and the next morning the landlord of the inn engaged me, my duties being to give out oats and straw for the horses of the guests. I soon learned all the cheating maneuvers of inns, but, tiring of my job, I demanded dismissal, and took to the road, begging as I went along. Poor contributions compelled me to sell my clothes before I reached Madrid, so I cut a most elegant figure upon entering that capital. Appearances being against me, I joined a company of beggars who, among other things, taught me a thousand tricks at cards. Then I imitated

some of my companions by posting myself at a market, basket in hand, for the purpose of carrying provisions home for purchasers. A cursed cook soon deprived me of this congenial mode of life by cajoling me to go as a scullion under him, and you can wager that no plate came in or went out of the kitchen but I had a lick at it.

Had I resisted my passion for gaming I might have been perfectly happy; but repeatedly I lost all my money, and in this way I was induced to steal, which was no surprise, seeing that, from my master down, all the servants did the same. Once I managed to filch a silver goblet belonging to my master, and his wife was so afraid of consequences that she bade me to seek another secretly in town. Of course I had her own goblet washed at a jeweler's, and charged her the sum of fifty-six reals. The rich result of this exploit incited me to fresh endeavors, but all these ill-gotten gains were lost at cards. My knaveries at length were discovered one morning, when my honest master caught me selling partridges and pheasants to an old merchant, whose money he snatched out of my hand, while he administered to me a good kick. Enraged, I took my game from my phlegmatic customer and disappeared like a flash of lightning.

Out of employment was I indeed, but not without resource; I resumed my basket trade and soon established my credit in several markets. One day an apothecary put into my basket three bags of money, with which he intended paying a foreign merchant. I defeated this laudable object by giving the old man the slip and fleeing to the woods, where I remained a fortnight, only sneaking into Madrid for provisions. To count my treasure of two thousand five hundred reals and thirty pistoles in gold was a great delight. With it I planned to reach Genoa, search for my rich relatives, and be in a fair way to become an heir.

After I no longer feared pursuit, I took my route across the fields toward Toledo. Within two leagues of that city I encountered a young man who was some knight-errant like myself. My provisions were scanty, but I shared them with him, and in return he declared himself willing to sell a portion of his clothes, which he carried in a large bundle. We easily came to terms, and I purchased an outfit, including silk stock-

ings. I hung my rags on a tree, as a trophy of my success in beggary. We parted with many professions of friendship.

For a while I lived like a gentleman of fortune in the famous city of Toledo. I had my hatter, my shoemaker, my sword-maker, and a lackey. Metamorphosed as I was, I took my place among the young gallants, and participated in several love-intrigues, but always to my discomfiture and loss. The fair charmers fleeced the inexperienced coxcomb, whose conceit served them well. Finally realizing that I was being gulled, I resolved to be more upon my guard against the tender sex. Gallantries, however, soon came to an end in Toledo, for, hearing that a constable from Madrid was making inquiries after a certain unimportant person of whom he was in search, I hastily departed in the direction of Almagro, where I was fortunate enough to find a company of soldiers destined for Italy.

It did not take me long to win the captain's favor: my generosity caused him to treat me as an equal. But when my money gave out, I was forced into my old condition of want and roguery. However, I was up to all sorts of tricks. Strange to say, the captain was willing to profit from my wits, which were keenly alive to my own interests and to his. At last the time came for embarking, and we marched to Barcelona, where the galleys had arrived. Before we sailed for Genoa, I played an artful trick upon an usurious old jeweler. Obtaining a diamond reliquary from the captain, one he had been desirous of selling, I offered it to my jeweler, who agreed to give me one hundred and twenty crowns in exchange. After considerable haggling, he consented to meet me on the quay to finish the bargain. Meanwhile he sped home for the money, while I completed my arrangements to trap him. When he handed me the stipulated price, I pretended that the strings of the bag around my neck, in which the jewel reposed, were tangled, so I hurriedly cut them and gave him the reliquary in its receptacle. He departed; I passed over the money received to a confederate, and yelling "Stop thief!" I chased the jeweler, who was taken into custody. Then, assuming great distress, I told my tale of assault and robbery, showing the strings the thief had cut. As no money was found on my person, my story was credited, and the reliquary was given

over to me, as its rightful owner. The captain was delighted with my skill, but more so with the money I had secured for him. But he was secretly afraid of my legerdemain performances, and when we reached Genoa he dismissed me with a single pistole for company. I was astonished at such ingratitude, but began to plan how I might console myself under this misfortune.

Contrary to all expectations, my rich and powerful Genoese relatives were not overjoyed to see me; in fact, they looked upon me as an infamous ragged rascal. They seemed to have forgotten that my father ever had existed. One venerable relative, indeed, went so far as to invite me to spend the night in his magnificent palace, but it was only to treat me to a trouncing; for I was no sooner asleep than four horned and tailed devils appeared in the room, and tossed me on a blanket until I was bruised and unconscious. The next morning I set out for Rome hardly able to walk. Once on the road, I made a solemn oath to be fully avenged on that gray-bearded old wolf who had lured me under his roof.

Begging stood me in good stead during my journey afoot, and when I arrived in the capital of the Catholic world I had enough money to buy a suit of clothes, which I did not do, but straightway allied myself with the professional beggars. I learned all their arts and digested their code of laws; in short, I became a past master of mendicity. One of our industrious fraternity, an old Cordovan, taught me how to raise a pretended leprosy and ulcers, also how to make any limb appear dislocated, and numerous other secrets. Once only was I caught in one of these subterfuges and thoroughly thrashed; but, on the other hand, a skilfully made ulcer on my leg aroused the compassion of an eminent cardinal, who had me carried into his own house and given every medical attention possible. The surgeons soon saw through my trick, but abetted it, thereby reaping some of the Cardinal's gold.

This holy prelate had taken a fancy to me, and upon my recovery offered me a place among his pages, an honor I accepted, though to prevent myself from being bored in that situation I had to find excitement in stealing from everybody in the house. My favorite act was rifling the Cardinal's sweet-

meat chest, much to his annoyance and my own gratification. But the day came when the cover of the chest caught my arm, and I was trapped. The ridiculous situation provoked the laughter of his Eminence, who, despite his mirth, had me lashed. But I continued in my thievish pranks, to which may be added incessant gaming, until the good Cardinal was compelled to dismiss me. But I was tired of the place by this time, and the beard on my chin convinced me I should wear a sword and seek my fortune. Seeking it led me to the Spanish ambassador, who at once took me into service as his page, pimp, and buffoon. My adaptability for carrying on his intrigues, and amusing him with my jests, won his confidence and favor. And I may add that I was extremely useful in ridding him of the parasites that thronged to his bounteous table. Practical jokes on some, and impudent treatment of others, caused these troublesome visitors to cease coming.

Perhaps the most delicate and valuable work (in which I failed, however) that I attempted for the ambassador was in conducting an intrigue with the wife of a Roman knight. Though the overtures to the amour seemed to progress wonderfully, an unhappy night came when I was forced to pass hours in a back yard, up to my knees in water and exposed to a drenching rain, while awaiting the inamorata's answer to my master. This was a scurvy trick to serve an emissary of my good humor. And the next morning, while I was standing in the muddy lane in the rear of our lady's house, a cursed hog of monstrous size rushed between my legs and carried me off on his filthy back. Heavens! what a hue and cry was raised, as the populace ran after me. However, I found a friend in a young Spaniard named Sayavedra, who came to my assistance.

My adventure was made the jest of the city, so I resolved to leave Rome, a design of which my master approved, and one that was urged by my new friend Sayavedra. I did not know that the cause of his ardent promotion of my move was to secure my three hundred pistoles and jewels, for he preceded me to Siena, where he and his confederates managed to steal my trunks, while I lingered in Rome making my adieus. The ambassador, as a parting token, gave me a good horse, a purse containing fifty pistoles, and a gold chain which he usually

wore. Of course, when I reached Siena I was out of my mind on hearing of the trick Sayavedra had played; he had passed himself off as Signor Guzman, thus getting possession of my valuables. A search was instituted and the culprit apprehended, though he had comparatively nothing of my wealth, it having gone into the maw of his notorious employer, Alessandro Bentivoglio. The wretch could not restore my property, therefore I did not bother about prosecuting him, and he was freed after a few hours spent in the pillory.

On my way to Florence I fell in with Sayavedra, who tearfully entreated me to pardon his perfidy and to take him into my service that he might prove his repentance. I did so, and we arrived in Florence as squire and master, the latter indeed being no other than the nephew of the ambassador from Spain to Rome—that was my latest *rôle!* And well was the part sustained in every particular; Sayavedra was a perfect valet, while I put on all the airs and graces of a young nobleman. The best people received me. His highness the Grand Duke, and his Duchess, showered honors upon me. I sang and danced without a rival. Finally a rich and youthful widow fell in love with me, and I was adoration itself. Just as the lovely brunette was in the tightest folds of our snares, and the marriage-day set, a beastly beggar, one of my former companions, circulated the truth of my standing, and Sayavedra and his sorrowful master were compelled to flee the city.

We pushed on to Bologna, where we fondly hoped to meet Alessandro Bentivoglio, begin a lawsuit against him, and thus regain some of my property, the bulk of which he retained. Alas for such expectations! Bentivoglio practically owned the town, and in return for alleging my claim I was thrown into prison as a base libeler. Furthermore, I was obliged to take back my accusations before the wicked officials would release me. But there was one compensation in store for me. With the assistance of Sayavedra, acting as a confederate, I managed at cards to fleece two gulls of all their shining doubloons, and we journeyed toward Milan that night.

We entered Milan well disposed to possess ourselves of the property of others, and after a few days an opportunity of a rich harvest presented itself. The accountant of a rich old

banker turned out to be one of Sayavedra's former "pals," and among us we concocted a daring stratagem to rob the wealthy employer. I planned an original mode of procedure, which worked like a charm, and though we were brought into court as swindlers, I turned the tables on the poor banker, and judgment was awarded us. Needless to add that I left Milan with a small fortune. I determined to act the part of a Spanish abbot returning from Rome, and, arranging a grand equipage, we made for Genoa, where the same Guzman had stayed in rags six or seven years previously.

The Genoese, especially my relatives, treated me as they would treat the Pope. They flocked about the magnificent abbot, and vied with one another to do him honor. My old uncle, Don Bertrand, the aged villain who had once had me tossed by devils, was most eager for my company. How little he guessed my intentions against him! I soon had my schemes in operation. Pretending that a dear friend of mine was about to be married, I borrowed all the diamonds in my uncle's strong-boxes, that I might be able to deck the bride temporarily for her nuptials. As security I gave into his keeping two heavy trunks, which he imagined were full of priceless silver plate. I borrowed also from an avaricious cousin six hundred crowns on a worthless chain. They were all completely bamboozled by the pious abbot, who, possessing such wealth, managed to sail away secretly in the night. The only mishap during the voyage to Barcelona was the death of my faithful Sayavedra, who jumped overboard while delirious with a fever.

Barcelona did not see much of me, for I feared arrest; therefore, hiring mules to carry myself and my belongings, I traveled in the direction of Saragossa. That town held a charming lady, a certain Doña Lucia, whom I endeavored to win, but though she favored me fortune did not. Her gallants challenged me, and really drove me out of the hunt, though a ridiculous adventure with Doña Lucia's cook had something to do with my precipitous flight. In Madrid, whither I next turned my steps, I encountered more love episodes. One designing maiden had me arrested for breach of promise, while another, supposedly an heiress to a vast fortune, succeeded in marrying me, and I was captured. I was not long in dis-

covering the depleted state of her father's finances, and mine went to put him on his feet. In a very short time I was bankrupt and was clapped into jail. My proud wife died of shame, but somehow I arranged to give her a superb funeral. Having now become a widower, and also conceiving a great disgust for the world, I decided to embrace the ecclesiastical life.

I was on the point of passing as Bachelor of Divinity when the fascinating Doña Maria crossed my path. Our meeting was fatal to my holy vows, for I abandoned all study to marry my latest charmer. We went to live at Madrid, where we entertained many wealthy admirers of my wife, with the result that we became prosperous. Doña Maria knew how to feather our nest. But an irregular life drew misfortune upon us. We were accused of keeping a resort for disorderly persons, and after a taste of a prison cell I determined to leave the city. Doña Maria and I departed for Seville, where we encountered my mother, living with a young girl who received attentions from numerous gallants. We joined forces, but the ladies could not agree. My wife found a way out of this trouble by eloping with an Italian galley-captain, and left me happy in getting rid of her so easily. My mother also separated from me, though we parted amicably.

Behold me an adventurer again! My wits did not forsake me, however, and, through a clever ruse practised upon a Dominican friar, I secured a confidential situation with a widow of wealth. I managed her affairs so well that she fell in love with her clever steward, who at once scented his advantage and followed it up. But I was not prudent, and forfeited her esteem by an intrigue with a pretty maid in the house. The jealous widow denounced me to her relatives, and they began an investigation of my two years' administration of her affairs. Escape was impossible; I was found guilty of robbing my mistress, and sentenced to a life in the galleys.

It was not much trouble for me to ingratiate myself with the officers of our galley; I could turn my hand to so many useful employments that I was exempted from duty as a mere galley-slave. But the favor accorded me made a host of enemies among my fellow prisoners. Some of them slandered me to our superiors, and one fellow, Soto, who was my especial

enemy, succeeded in proving me guilty of several thefts aboard the ship. Though truly innocent of these crimes, appearances were against me, and I received a flogging that almost killed me. But Heaven sent me a just revenge. Soto and his gang formed a conspiracy to cut the throats of the officers and soldiers, blow up the ship, and escape off the coast of Barbary. Arms had been concealed and all measures taken for the execution of this dastardly plot, when I betrayed these machinations to the captain, who, satisfying himself of the truth of my words, condemned the conspirators to death. Soto and one of his comrades were drawn in quarters, while others were decimated or hanged. The captain commended my zeal and fidelity, asked my pardon publicly, and ordered my irons struck off. A letter, setting forth my noble service, was transmitted to his Majesty, who graciously granted me my liberty. With a grateful heart I returned thanks to Heaven for such a revolution in my prospects. I promised to amend my ways and live better for the future. What followed my release the friendly reader may expect to hear, should I live long enough to tell him.

MRS. ALEXANDER

(MRS. ALEXANDER HECTOR, *née* ANNIE FRENCH)

(Dublin, 1825—London, 1902)

WHICH SHALL IT BE? (1866)

This story, the most characteristic of all the author's accurate pictures of middle-class English life, achieved and still holds wide popularity.

THE dignified and respectable Mrs. Redman did not like to be upset. When, therefore, one morning, she descried two odd-looking people coming up to her front door, in an exclusive quarter of London, she exclaimed to her companion, Miss Foster, in a very unpleasant tone:

"Whatever can they want? Dear me, now! Just look at this!" holding out a card which a trim housemaid had just brought in. Without waiting for permission, the sender of the card strode into the room, half drawing with him a pale child, apparently about fifteen years old, with great dark eyes and a mass of beautiful golden hair. This child the man introduced to the respectable Mrs. Redman as her granddaughter.

"Yes, madam," he said dramatically, "ten days ago we laid one of the truest-hearted fellows in his last resting-place. Before he died he laid this little girl's hand in mine, and made me promise to take her to her grandmother. That promise I have now fulfilled."

He was about to retire when Mrs. Redman cried: "Stop, stop! Do you suppose you are going to saddle me with the cost of a girl? Why should that man Digby leave his child unprovided for on my hands?"

"Oh, Kit, dear Kit," cried the child, "don't leave me with this old lady! I'll die if you do."

Such was Madeline Digby's introduction to the home of her grandmother. Mrs. Redman never had seen her daughter Mary after she ran away with the fascinating young Captain Digby, and now here was this child! It was finally decided, chiefly by Mrs. Redman's son John, a pompous and prosperous merchant, that the child should be placed in a school and given an opportunity to earn her living. But her grandmother refused to receive her at home even for a visit. The Misses Jones' educational establishment therefore was enlarged by one more pupil, and Madeline Digby's education was begun.

Madeline was a girl of unusual spirit and courage, and when she realized that she had no real home with her maternal grandmother, she began to make plans for her own support. She excelled in French and music, and she determined to prepare herself to be a resident governess. For this purpose she very much wished to find a temporary place in Paris, where, in exchange for instruction in English, she could acquire greater proficiency in French. While she was revolving possible plans in her mind, she most unexpectedly learned that an aunt on her father's side lived in Paris, a lady of high social position and of considerable influence. To her she wrote, describing her situation, and asking for assistance in securing such a place as she desired. Her plans were more successful than she had dared to hope, and, after two years with the Misses Jones, during which time she had seen her grandmother only two or three times, the young girl of seventeen set out for the French capital.

Madame de Fontarce was of the *haute noblesse*, and her exquisite elegance was in great contrast to the almost repellent primness of the London grandmother. She was also a contrast as to worldly goods, for Madame de Fontarce was very poor. Her *petit appartement* and her attire had, however, the taste and finish which wealth, alone, cannot secure. She received her niece with polite affection and placed her at once in a convent school, where she had the benefit of excellent instruction. Before Madeline was nineteen she was fitted to fill a very exacting situation, especially one in which French and music were demanded. She was eager to obtain such a place and become independent of her selfish grandmother and her aunt.

Madame de Fontarce, however, had quite different plans for her accomplished niece. Madeline had an air of distinction very unusual, and the diplomatic aunt had resolved on a marriage with the son of an old friend—an alliance which would help the family fortunes in several ways. Poor Madeline! When she uttered, ever so faintly, the indignant protests which sprang to her lips at the thought of such a marriage, her aunt would press her hand to her heart, and, as if apprehensive of a possible attack at the mere thought of any objection, she would beg Madeline to desist. Frightened into silence, the girl yet resolved on taking some desperate step, if this betrothal should come about. The day was set for the formal ceremony, and Madeline waited, pale and well-nigh distracted, the summons to the drawing-room. A scream from the *femme de chambre* startled her, and she rushed to her aunt's chamber. Death had set Madeline free.

Madeline's legacy from her aunt was her wardrobe and a quantity of rare old lace. Of the latter she sold enough to provide her with lodgings in London until she could secure a situation. She called on her grandmother, whose greeting was characteristic. She was astonished at the elegant young woman who asserted that she was her granddaughter, but she had no words of kindness. Her first remark was, with a sneer, "Well, now, I suppose you want money or something."

Miss Foster greeted her with timid kindness, fearing to offend her employer by showing too much of so unpopular a quality; but her uncle John showed his admiration plainly. Madeline was for the time independent, however, and soon obtained an appointment as resident governess for Lady Templemore at The Grange. Here her fine voice made her a great favorite, and in the life of luxury and congenial employment she was very happy. She had much time for reading and study and she made good use of it, acquiring the fine culture that marks the lover of books.

One beautiful autumn day the whole family, excepting herself, went to a neighboring country-seat for a day's visit. She read and practised, and in the afternoon set out to walk to a point from which a fine sunset-view was to be seen. After the sun had set, darkness fell rapidly, and she was alarmed to

find that in the twilight she was not at all sure which direction she should take to reach The Grange. A tall, handsome man, with attendants carrying guns and bags, turned into the road while she was hesitating, and, at her inquiry addressed to one of the men, the gentleman turned and escorted her back to the grounds of Lord Templemore. She learned that her escort was Colonel Dudley Ashurst, well known to all the tenantry.

"Eh, don't you know the Colonel?" said the tenant of whom she had asked the handsome stranger's name. "He owns most of the land around here. Ah, they're a great family, the Ashursts, and he's the proudest of the lot."

Madeline could not help dwelling often in thought on the handsome Colonel, whose air of chivalrous admiration was certainly of the sort to impress a sensitive young woman. She wondered whether she should ever see him again, and on this point she was soon satisfied. There were several visitors at The Grange, and Colonel Ashurst was often a guest at dinner or for the music in the drawing-room. He frequently sought Madeline, and his enjoyment of her music was accompanied by a marked appreciation of her personal gifts. His attentions were agreeable, but less agreeable was the fact that he seemed to wish to conceal them from the observation of others. Madeline's high spirit was deeply wounded by this treatment, and she often resolved not to allow him to address her again.

Colonel Ashurst's life had been marked by a succession of amours, but his expected inheritance of his grandfather's title (Lord Hexham) and his own wealth secured his admission into circles where on his own reputation he would not have been received. Madeline knew nothing of the rumors concerning him, but her instinctive desire to avoid him was strengthened by a warning from one of the guests of the house—a lady of rank who had taken a great liking to the attractive governess. Lady Rawson told Madeline plainly that it was discreditable to a young woman to accept the attentions of the fascinating Colonel, and Madeline tried to forget, as well as to ignore, his evident preference for her.

But Colonel Ashurst was not to be ignored. He continued to pursue Madeline with his attentions, and finally urged her to leave everything and place herself under his protection.

"Marriage," he said, "is impossible for me. But I love you, Madeline."

With specious arguments and tenderest promises he tried to win her consent. Life with him looked alluring to the penniless and friendless little governess. But her real self never had been tempted by his offer, and she dismissed him, begging him to trouble her no longer.

The excitement and distress connected with this episode in Madeline's unprotected and lonely life brought on an attack of illness and made The Grange intolerable to her. She resigned her place with Lady Templemore and secured another in the city. Here she occasionally saw Miss Foster, her grandmother's companion, and called once or twice upon her grandmother. To her amazement, one day, while engaged in her duties, Madeline was summoned to see Miss Foster, who told her that she had been sent away from Mrs. Redman's house and had nowhere to go. She had excited the increasing irritability of her employer by taking Madeline's part on several occasions, and the old lady had finally dismissed her.

The two lonely women talked the situation over and decided to make a venture at a partnership-housekeeping. Miss Foster had a small annuity, and Madeline was a successful teacher. So a few weeks later they set up a little home. In their humble quarters they had few luxuries, but the luxury of freedom and real companionship compensated for all losses.

Such gay little teas! such happy economies! such glee over an extra pound or a new pupil! And Lady Rawson found them out and engaged Madeline to play and sing at her entertainments. They became so prosperous that Madeline determined to hire a piano, which she needed very much. So, with a precious two-pound note, she set out to engage one. Alas! when she put her hand to her pocket in order to pay her omnibus fare, the purse was gone! Poor Madeline! Tears rushed to her eyes, for it was indeed a sad loss out of their little hoard of savings.

A gentleman opposite came to her rescue by paying the fare, but that act of kindness could not comfort her for the real misfortune that had befallen her. Mr. Elliot—for that was the name of the gentleman—became interested in the young lady,

whose fine face and bearing seemed out of keeping with her evident dismay at the loss of so small a sum. He determined to find out something about her, and to give her substantial aid, if he should find that it was needed. An advertisement, promising "something to her advantage" to the "young lady whose pocketbook was stolen in an omnibus on Friday last," brought about an interview. And one interview brought about more interviews, until Mr. Hugh Elliot was a regular caller at the little apartment.

Hugh Elliot was a rising young north-country man. He had few friends, but won the respect of all who knew him. To Miss Foster's great delight, it was discovered that he was a distant relative of her own, so his calls became more and more frequent. The attraction, however, was not the new-found elderly cousin, but her charming young friend; and before many months had passed Mr. Elliot asked of Madeline her hand in marriage. For this, however, she was not ready, and Mr. Hugh Elliot came to Kent Terrace no more.

Not long after her last interview with Mr. Elliot, Madeline, coming in from her classes, found Miss Foster ill. Fever had its grip upon her, and for weeks her delicate frame was prostrated under its attacks. Madeline nursed her friend night and day, keeping up her strength and courage as best she could. In addition to her anxious fears lest the frail spirit would slip away and leave her alone, more practical perplexities began to distress her. The little hoard put by for a rainy day was almost gone. What if it should be exhausted? And when the physician said that the worst was over, where should she get the costly restoratives which he declared were necessary for a recovery?

As she was bravely trying to think out some way by which she could earn the additional money so sorely needed, a letter was put into her hands. It was from Mr. Elliot, and contained a "loan of thirty pounds—a cousin's privilege."

Madeline's face burned as she read the few kind words; but however she might have regarded the offer from her own point of view, she could only gratefully accept it in behalf of the convalescent. The timely aid touched her more than she cared to admit to herself. She began to wish, almost to hope,

that Mr. Elliot would call some time to see his "cousin," but he never came.

On one memorable evening a caller came to the little apartment in Kent Terrace. The visitor was a lawyer, and he came to ask Madeline a great many questions. The substance of his communication was that a certain General Everard Digby had died, leaving a fortune of fifty or sixty thousand pounds to his "next of kin." From information gained by means of careful inquiries, of which she had known nothing, Mr. Blyth was convinced that this "next of kin" was none other than Madeline Digby of Kent Terrace. This was too much like a fairy tale to find a credulous hearer in the clear-headed young woman, and she would not think about its possible truth.

"I must not let these charming visions delude me," she said; "I shall wake and find them baseless fabrics."

Before many months, however, the "fabrics" proved themselves to be anything but baseless, and within a year from those days of anxiety, bordering on despair, lest she should be penniless, Madeline found herself the undisputed heiress to her grandfather's fortune. It was astonishing how her gifts and graces, unrecognized before by her grandmother and others of the family, were at once appreciated. Lady Templemore called promptly, with the suggestion that she put her name on her cards and make her début in London society at Lord Templemore's town house. Everyone was ready with courtesies, and visitors were numerous, but still Hugh Elliot did not come. Miss Foster had paid him a visit, taking the thirty pounds as an excuse, and had told him of Madeline's good fortune, so there was no doubt of his knowledge that there was occasion for a kind call of congratulation. But he did not avail himself of his opportunity.

Madeline's first step as a woman of fortune was to purchase a place at Richmond, not large, but well located and altogether desirable. Thither she and Miss Foster soon repaired, and in the happiness of providing this home for her dear Miss Foster, and of dispensing a liberal hospitality, she tried to forget the friend whose image, the more she attempted to efface it, sank the deeper into her heart. At last, under the pretense of

The door of the next carriage opened, and a strong arm seized the madman (p. 105)

Photogravure after the original painting made for this edition
by H. A. Mathes

The door of the next carriage opened, and a strong arm seized the madman (p. 195)

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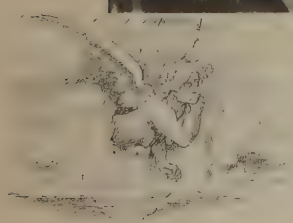


performing a commission for Miss Foster, he called, and in the young girl's heart a hope sprang up that the former friendly intercourse would be renewed. But Mr. Elliot was reserved and distant, and a blow fell upon all Madeline's hopes in the sudden intelligence that he was going to Australia—that he had had great reverses in his business there, and must go out to save what he could. He made a formal farewell visit, but when he left poor Madeline's heart grew faint; she feared that she should never see him again.

Pride strengthened her resolve to forget him, and, in order to divert her thoughts, she accepted an invitation to spend a few days with Lady Templemore. Taking her maid, she set out for Southampton, where she was to meet her former pupil, Lady Agnes Templemore. As the train was about to leave Waterloo Station, to Madeline's horror a French gentleman forced his way into the carriage, in whom she recognized the very person to whom her French aunt in Paris had endeavored to betroth her, and who had made himself disagreeable to her on many occasions.

Monsieur Delille had always been madly in love with Madeline. He had bribed her maid to tell him of this journey, and had deliberately planned to obtain a promise of marriage from Madeline while she was helpless in the train. He soon made such violent demonstrations that the young girl believed her last hour had come.

"Promise me, or I will throw you and myself out, and we will die together!" he cried wildly.

"Scream out of the window, Céline," cried Madeline, hardly daring to hope that a guard would hear and come to her relief. The door of the next carriage opened, a strong arm seized the madman, and he was soon in a police cell.

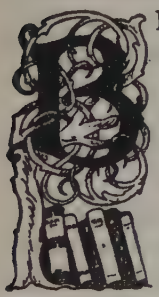
When Madeline regained her consciousness after this frightful scene, she learned, with a deep sense of delight, that she owed her rescue to Hugh Elliot. It was indeed he who, traveling in the next carriage to Southampton, where he was to take the steamer, had heard the scream and, unlocking the door, let himself out to help whoever might be in trouble. Little did he dream that the victim of a madman's threats was his beloved Madeline. He never had ceased to love her, but first

her fortune, then his own poverty, had kept him from seeking her after her first refusal.

It did not take long after this romantic meeting for the two lovers to come to an understanding. Hugh Elliot did not go to Australia. Instead, a quiet wedding gave to Madeline the happiness for which she had been longing, and to the silent, almost stern, but tender-hearted man the very woman of his choice—the only one he had ever loved.

THE WOOING O'T (1873)

This story has remained, in spite of many succeeding novels, one of Mrs. Alexander's most popular books. The title of the story, and perhaps of the name of the heroine also, are taken from Burns's well-known song beginning, "Duncan Grey cam' here to woo—Ha! ha! the wooing o't!"



EVERLY STREET never was an aristocratic locality, but it had been eminently respectable. There was an air of gentility about it not effaced by occasional small shops. In one of these shops—a chemist's—on a dark February afternoon a tall, angular man, with a face intelligent but rather weak, was lighting, here and there, a dingy lamp, when a girl, also tall and angular, opened the door communicating with the living-room in the rear, and said in a tone that matched the dingy lamps and her untidy dress: "Pa, ma says tea's ready."

"Yes, directly," answered the "Pharmaceutical Chemist, Grey" (as the sign read), who was the proprietor of the shop, and joint proprietor, with a stout, sharp-eyed woman, of the tall girl. Another lank girl, a boy, and a third girl completed the family group.

The third girl was a decided contrast to the other two. Her dress was equally poor, perhaps of even cheaper stuff, but it was neatly mended, and a white linen collar and cuffs, and smooth hair, gave her an air of refinement entirely wanting to her cousins. For she was not a daughter of the house, but an orphan, adopted by her uncle, who was devotedly attached to her, and his wife, who was not. Her father had been an unsuccessful artist, but a gentleman. Her mother was the daughter of a clergyman, a soft-voiced woman, whom poverty never coarsened, though it finally sapped her small strength and she died. Into the sordid life of her uncle's family, in which he seemed almost as much out of place as she, Maggie

Grey had finally drifted, where she was treated by her uncle's wife as little better than a household drudge. The only member of the family besides her uncle who showed her kindness was a son of Mr. Grey by a former wife, a rough but not ill-natured boy named John. When he went to "The Cape" to seek his fortune the orphan felt that her best friend had departed.

The drawing-room floor was let to a widow named Berry. She had considerable wealth and "paid regular," besides running up a good account for lotions, creams, and powders. The only drawback to her popularity was that she had lately "taken up with Maggie," to quote Mrs. Grey. To so good a lodger, however, much could be forgiven, and even when she sent her "compliments to Mrs. Grey and could Miss Maggie go with her to the theater, as she was disappointed of a friend," Mrs. Grey, though ill pleased, returned word that she could take Miss Maggie if she liked.

"Or any other rubbish in the house," said Maggie, with a laugh that would have been bitter but for the theater in prospect. She helped Mrs. Berry with deft fingers, and it occurred to that vain lady that such a taste as Maggie had would improve her own toilets wonderfully. Almost before any of the persons involved quite realized it, arrangements had been made by which Mr. Grey's niece was to be employed as a companion by the widow permanently, for Mrs. Berry's cast-off clothing and twelve pounds a year.

For eighteen months Maggie had the opportunity to absorb the education of travel. The rich Mrs. Berry was ignorant and foolish, but she lived at good hotels and treated her "companion" with considerable liberality. She decided to spend the winter in Paris, and there she took an attractive and well situated apartment. She also managed to gather about her a circle of acquaintances, of fairly good social standing. Among these the most marked figure was a French count—Monsieur de Bragance—whose welcome attentions were enhanced by his announcement that he intended to bring to her *soirée* a young English lord—"the real thing," as Mrs. Berry proudly told Maggie. The girl's ideas of a lord were of the vaguest, and she resented Mrs. Berry's commands that she should

"look her best" for a stranger whom she might never see again. But she put on a pretty white muslin with blue ribbons, and, with her soft brown hair carefully arranged and the fairness of youth and health in every line of face and form, she made a very sweet picture when she took her seat behind the tea-table.

Lord Torchester proved to be an awkward but well-bred youth, whose honest simplicity was delightful to Maggie in contrast with the Count, whom she disliked. The young Englishman showed a quick appreciation of the attractions of Miss Grey. Her natural, girlish manner set him at ease, and he became so regular an attendant on Wednesday evenings that Mrs. Berry soon began to congratulate Maggie on her "catch." This offensive attitude on the part of her patroness caused the girl uneasiness and disgust; so she was relieved when one Wednesday his lordship brought with him a tall, dark man, with piercing eyes, whom he introduced as "My cousin, Mr. Trafford—Geoff Trafford." The Earl's income was five times that of his cousin, but he had not acquired a corresponding distinction of manner. The aristocratic cousin took a seat at the tea-table, and while sipping his tea bent an occasional glance on Maggie, which she felt to be searching but not unkindly.

These two cousins, the first real gentlemen (except her uncle) whom Maggie had known since her father's death, would have been a delightful acquisition to her acquaintance but for Mrs. Berry's vulgar ambition and watchfulness. One morning her curiosity got the better of her prudence.

"Tell me, Maggie," she said insinuatingly, "has the Earl proposed?"

"No, Mrs. Berry. And I am sure he never will."

"Why does he keep coming here, then, and winning your young affections?" Mrs. Berry's tone was severely virtuous.

"My young affections are a long way out of his reach," said Maggie. "What woman could fall in love with an unfledged boy like Lord Torchester?"

Geoffrey Trafford was now the almost inseparable companion of his cousin, the young Earl. Very soon the quick wit of little Maggie divined the truth: he had been sent to Paris to look into the associates of his cousin, rumors having reached

the relatives in England of gambling counts and shady widows, and a possible entanglement with a penniless "companion," who might be as vulgar as the rest. The thought made her brow and cheeks burn like fire. She had learned to feel confidence in Mr. Trafford. He was easy and agreeable, friendly and yet dignified. She wished he could know how much she liked Lord Torchester, and yet how impossible for her a marriage with him would be—quite as impossible as for him. And in an unexpected interview she told him this.

There was a ball at the Hôtel de Ville. Mrs. Berry had obtained tickets, and was to take Maggie. She was half-wild with excitement, but the grandeur was somewhat overpowering, and it was with genuine relief that she heard the Earl's voice at her side saying, "Good evening, Miss Grey," and with a sense of contentment she accepted his escort through the magnificent rooms. He was delighted to have a chance for a little talk with her—a rare pleasure since his cousin had arrived—and he was enjoying it to the utmost, when, as usual, Trafford made his appearance. With a courteous greeting to Miss Grey, he told Torchester that a friend of his mother's was looking for him.

"I will take care of Miss Grey," he said, "and return her to you some time later in the evening."

Trafford pointed out persons and objects of interest to Miss Grey, and finally led her to a quiet corner to sit down.

"This," said Trafford to himself, "is my chance. I must sound this simple little girl. She may be a schemer in disguise." Then he spoke of Lord Torchester's mother, and of her hope that her son would wed a cousin, a great heiress.

"I suppose," he said, trying to make everything seem casual, "that it is not very pleasant to be married to order; but I hope Torchester will not disappoint his mother."

Maggie had listened, only assenting now and then to these wise remarks; but at this conclusion she raised her eyes and said gravely: "I hope not. And in the mean time you are dreadfully afraid he will marry me."

Trafford was silenced and puzzled.

"Listen to me," she continued. "Set your mind at rest. I do not wish to marry Lord Torchester. I would rather be

among the cinders of life all my days than to lose the chance of love, real love; and you don't suppose a woman could love that shy, kindly boy. Make your mind easy, but"—and her eyes flashed—"if I loved him, I would not give him up for you or for anyone but his mother."

Her good sense and candor won Trafford's admiration.

A few days later, the Earl of Torchester, with fifty thousand a year, unencumbered, laid himself, his income, and the family coronet and diamonds at the feet of penniless Maggie Grey, and she kindly but firmly declined his offer. In a week more he was back at Mount Trafford with his mother—"rescued."

Maggie missed his jolly good-fellowship, and, with other things depressing her, she became rather sad. One of the other things was the evident understanding between Mrs. Berry and the Count, whose true character the girl had divined. He had but one object in frequenting the widow's salon—to pay his gambling debts with her fortune. Mrs. Berry seemed to have no judgment and no self-respect in this particular matter. With much foreboding, both for her patroness and for her own future, Maggie received the information from Mrs. Berry that she was going for a week to Fontainebleau with some friends. Her departure left Maggie alone, but for the maid, in the great city. It happened that, the day before Mrs. Berry left, Mr. Trafford called, being about to return to London; and, feeling a little uneasy at leaving a young, charming girl alone, the widow, with her wonted unconventionality, asked him to look in upon her young friend occasionally. This he readily promised to do, and an occasional call relieved Maggie's feeling of loneliness. Her pleasure reached its height when, one evening, finding her shut out by a misunderstanding about the key, he took her for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. The delicious air, the glorious sunset, the *petit souper*, were like a new life to her young spirit, and Trafford's friendly courtesy gave her the sweetest happiness she had known since her mother died. She did not know that for that drive he was foregoing an evening with a beautiful French marquise; and neither of them knew that the Marquise herself, driving in the Champs Elysées, saw and recognized her former admirer, and took in, in the moment of passing, every detail of the fair English girl at his side.

When Mrs. Berry returned she announced her engagement to the Count, and said bluntly: "Maggie, the Count doesn't like you any better than you like him, so I don't see but you'll have to go right back to your uncle's."

So Maggie found herself again an inmate of the family at No. 1, Beverly Street. She immediately began to look for employment, and was soon successful in obtaining a place as companion to a lady of great wealth, Miss Margaret Grantham, of Grantham. She prepared to take the place at once, when, to her great annoyance, her cousin John, who had been her childhood's champion, announced his intention of marrying her and taking her back to the Cape with him. She had not known of his return until she had found him in London when she returned from Paris. He was a rough, uncouth man, whose prosperity had brought out, not the finer, but the coarser traits of his character. Gratitude and loyalty were strong in her heart, but the idea of marriage with this man, whose only redeeming quality was that he was giving substantial aid to his father, was intolerable. She made the more haste to take advantage of her opportunity, hoping to convince her cousin, without directly saying so, that she never could meet his wishes.

In Miss Grantham Maggie found the ideal English heiress, a wonderful beauty of the Saxon type, surrounded by all the elegance that centuries of wealth and refinement can produce. She at once recognized in her secretary—for the duties required were chiefly of that sort—a person as well-bred as herself, and their relations, although never bridging the social gulf fixed between them, became delightful. Maggie idolized her lovely employer, and Miss Grantham treated the secretary quite *en amie*. In the luxury of such a home and friend, the lonely girl could almost forget the poverty of her past. But these surroundings brought back the remembrance of her noble suitor. "This is Lord Torchester's world," she thought, "how could he think of me!" Even oftener she recalled the aristocratic bearing, the refined and cultured speech, the good-breeding of the most congenial friend she had ever known—Geoffrey Trafford.

Not long after Maggie's arrival Miss Grantham went up

to London for a few days, and her aunt and chaperon, Lady Dormer, informed the secretary that on her niece's return visitors were expected. In preparation for the return of the heiress, Maggie put everything in perfect order in the library. Miss Grantham desired literary fame, and a part of her secretary's duties was to copy the manuscript of a novel. While arranging the pages one morning, Maggie heard Miss Grantham's voice.

"Come right in here," she was saying; and she entered, greeted her secretary, and continued:

"I have brought a severe critic, Miss Grey, to inspect our work." Maggie was amazed to behold in the newly-arrived critic her Paris friend, Mr. Trafford!

Miss Grantham was hardly more surprised when Mr. Trafford said, with a pleasant smile: "I had no idea I should find you here, Miss Grey."

After Maggie had gone to her room that night, Miss Grantham came for a little talk. She asked Maggie about her former meeting with Trafford, who was an old friend of hers, and a cousin of her cousin, Lord Torchester, who, with his mother, was soon coming down to Grantham. Maggie answered that she had met Mr. Trafford and his cousin in Paris, and that they had been very kind to her; warding off as best she could the questions of the heiress, who could not understand how the two young men could have been frequenters of the salon of the objectionable Mrs. Berry. Maggie explained that the Count was responsible for the appearance of Lord Torchester, and that she had always believed Mr. Trafford had been sent to Paris to rescue the young man from bad company. A vista of embarrassments opened before Maggie, whose conscience was but ill satisfied with such a version of the Paris episode as she had given.

The presence of Trafford gave the young girl a feeling of contentment which alarmed even while it comforted her. Never intrusive, but always kind, he inspired in her the consciousness of protection so precious to a lonely woman. Even Lord Torchester's coming passed off easily, owing largely to Trafford's tact and kindness. Not long after this the household at Grantham dissolved, and in a few weeks the heiress, her

secretary, and her aunt were established for the season at the little village of Eastnor.

The heiress was immediately assailed by the representatives of fashionable society at the little resort; and a concert was arranged in behalf of the Marine Hospital Association. Miss Grantham's magnificent voice was a great attraction, and her singing was to be the feature of the evening. Maggie was to play her accompaniments. All the heiress's friends within reach were to be present; but Trafford, whom she would have chosen first among her auditors, had been for a long time absent from London and, probably, from England. On the evening of the concert she sent word to Maggie to go to the drawing-room early, as she was detained for a few moments. There, as Maggie went in, advancing slowly, fastening her gloves, she found the long-wished-for Trafford. His eyes lighted up with telltale pleasure at the sight of her sweet face and slim, graceful form, but she met him with a coldness that surprised and distressed him. She immediately excused herself to tell Miss Grantham of his arrival, and gave him no opportunity for a word of friendly inquiry about herself.

The truth was that, charming as Miss Grantham's secretary looked that night, she was hiding a sorrow. The French Marquise who had observed Trafford and Maggie driving in Paris, and who missed the handsome Englishman from her salon later in the evening, was not in the habit of overlooking what she considered slights. She became aware later that "Monsieur Traffore" was staying at the country-house of Miss Grantham, and she made it convenient to pay a visit to an acquaintance in the same neighborhood. Finding an opportunity to go to Grantham for a morning call, she went to see the famous heiress, and instantly recognized in the heiress's secretary Trafford's companion in the Bois. She found a way of imparting her knowledge to the heiress, to the great surprise and chagrin of that young lady. But Miss Grantham was candid and honorable. She immediately sought Maggie and learned the truth about that fateful drive. Poor Maggie could imagine no way in which the tender though simple secret of that delicious evening could have become known to Miss Grantham except from Trafford himself. She had felt hurt at

this, and could not help showing it. The Marquise failed to injure the girl, but in an unexpected way the shot had its effect. Trafford marked her reserve, and resolved to learn its cause.

The concert was a grand success, and, as the accompanist of the beautiful singer, the secretary came in for a small share of praise. Trafford presented himself after it was over, and Maggie would have had a very happy evening but for one episode. As she was preparing to go home, to her infinite annoyance her cousin John unexpectedly appeared, and would have almost bodily carried her to the hotel for an interview. She pacified him by promising him an hour the next day, and after a really alarming scene she finally got rid of him forever. On that day also Trafford discovered the secret of Maggie's coldness toward himself, and restored her confidence and happiness by telling her of the Marquise and her visit to Grantham. He had learned the whole story from the heiress.

The fashionable circle now exchanged the seaside for town. Miss Grantham was to be presented at court, and while preparations for the coming season were at their height, two serious blows fell upon these anticipations: one was the wiping out of the fortune of Geoffrey Trafford, the other the desperate illness of a woman who loved him—Margaret Grantham. On hearing that her favorite friend had been left with only three hundred a year out of his large fortune, the heiress impetuously offered him half of her own. Geoffrey never allowed her to suspect that he thought of her great offer as meaning more than the generous impulse of a moment of sympathetic emotion; but his refusal, combined with other causes—bad drainage at Eastnor, the physician said—had a most depressing effect. Miss Grantham was attacked by typhus fever, and it was a long time before her youth and strength, aided by the nursing of her secretary, threw off the disease. Torchester was almost the first person allowed to see her. Maggie had long before rightly guessed that Miss Grantham was the "suitable" cousin whom his mother wished that he should wed. But Miss Grantham's first inquiry was for Geoffrey.

"Does he remember that I have survived?" she asked. "What is he doing?"

"Oh, he has moved into chambers in Gray's Inn. He has

routed out his old law-books and bought a blue bag and a wig, and is going for the woolsack stakes in the most determined manner," said the Earl.

"I shouldn't wonder if he is very successful," observed Lady Torchester, who was sitting with her niece.

Miss Grantham did not gain strength rapidly, and a yachting-trip under bluer skies and in balmier air was decided on. Lord Torchester's yacht was to be a floating winter home, with his lordship, his mother, and other companions to watch over the heiress of Grantham. Maggie could not be included in this plan, so it was arranged that she should go to Eastnor to her old friend Mrs. Berry, who, having been swindled in five months out of almost everything she had, and finally deserted by the Count, had opened a lodging-house there. For occupation she was to be companion and nurse to an old friend of the Traffords. On Miss Grantham's return she was to rejoin her.

But at Eastnor Geoffrey Trafford sought and found her, and there the love which both had cherished in silence so long was declared. The high-born relatives may have winced a little at first at this alliance. But Maggie had won a warm place in their hearts that was all her own, and no one ever thought of objecting to what Trafford did.

"I little thought when we met in Paris," said the Earl to his cousin's bride, as he handed her into the carriage that was to convey them to the station, "that the first kiss you were to bestow on me would be as Geoff Trafford's wife."

"What a wonderful ending! How good you have always been to me, Lord Torchester!"

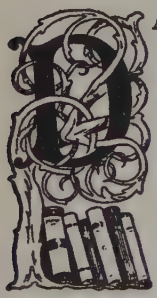
"Well, take care of Geoff, for he is a good fellow," was his lordship's generous answer.

JAMES LANE ALLEN

(United States, 1849)

SUMMER IN ARCADY: A TALE OF NATURE (1896)

The frank amorousness of the simple children of nature in this idyllic tale aroused no little criticism among a certain class of readers, which was more than offset by the admiration it won from a much larger class.



APHNE, a lovely girl of seventeen, was the discontented daughter of a narrow-minded, tyrannical Kentucky farmer, whose life's horizon extended no farther than the rail fence that surrounded his fields and meadows and the village church, of which he was an elder. Her mother was one of those "crushed and silent women whose conversation consisted mainly of replies to questions. If she volunteered a remark, it was usually a quotation, or a timid interpretation of her husband's opinion." She never dared to quote him to his face.

Daphne was tired of her humdrum existence, which consisted of uncongenial domestic duties alternating with dull compulsory visits to her grandmother, whose farm was a mile and a half away. She felt an indefinable restlessness and an unconscious desire for love and companionship.

At this point of discontent she met Hilary. He was a handsome boy of nineteen, the owner of the farm that adjoined her father's. At first they waved and shouted across the fields to each other; then one day Hilary deliberately walked his horse into the path Daphne was taking, and she was obliged to stop. For his impertinence she knocked his hat off with the end of the parasol she was carrying, whereupon Hilary said:

"Stand still, Daphne! There's a bee coming to sting you."

"Quick!" she cried. "Kill it!"

He slipped down and kissed her, not very quickly—snatched up his hat and was on his horse again.

"You can open your eyes," he said. "The bee's gone!"

Daphne knew his reputation and was justly indignant, but it took but little persuasion for Hilary to conciliate her, and they parted with a deep desire on the boy's part to see her at a picnic that was to take place in a few days.

The June picnic of Kentuckians is the "Arcady of that passionate land and people. It is the country dance of merry England, full of love and mischief, that was danced by our forefathers centuries ago, is danced to-day on Kentish greens, and is destined to be danced for hundreds of years to come among those unchanging Southern children of the motherland. But nature really issued the invitations to the picnic, reflecting within herself: 'These rich old homesteads, these fields with herds and flocks, these crops and orchards and gardens would soon become a waste unless I gave picnics and the like, from which I always gather fresh generations and keep things going.' "

After no little effort, Daphne found sufficient courage to ask her father's permission to go to the picnic. Twice he refused, saying that he was an elder, and that it was no place for her. The morning wore away, and in the afternoon she ventured to ask again after he had had his nap, it being Daphne's duty to comb his hair until he fell asleep. He finally gave his consent; her two little brothers wished to go, so she was allowed to take them.

She rode to the picnic in the old rockaway, an affair so disgracefully dilapidated that by the time Daphne arrived she cordially hated her father for his penuriousness, and her consequent mortification.

Hilary soon found her and asked her to dance.

"With a sudden thought Daphne's lip ceased quivering and her eyes flashed; a woman does not need more than a minute in which to revenge herself for a day or a lifetime." She danced.

She returned to the rockaway happy and gay, and, as she made room for Hilary beside her, he left her with a gay dismissal. She waited for him more than an hour. Then she found her brothers and set out for home; on the way she saw him in a buggy with his arm around a girl.

At church next morning Daphne was obliged to acknowledge her sin in dancing before the whole congregation, and so was kept within the membership.

But Hilary stood his ground—even though the devil's own. He was not at church that morning, having gone off in his buggy with a girl to another church, miles away across the country; but he was quoted as having said that if the devil wanted him for dancing with the pretty girls at a picnic, he could have him—and welcome. But meantime, till he came for his property, he'd dance on.

Hilary's father had died when the lad was only seventeen, and he became the head of the family and manager of the farm. He made his neighbors feel that he was a man and demanded that they treat him as one. He was a member of the church, having joined it the previous year, and now, in the first year of his membership, he had fallen from grace. The elders, headed by Daphne's father, sought him and found him on his horse in his corn-field, where they reasoned with him touching his eternal damnation.

"No, sir," he said, at a certain point in the discussion, looking up at Daphne's father from under his old straw hat. "I can't honestly say to the church that I am sorry for what I have done, because I don't honestly believe that I've done anything wrong. All I am sorry for is that anybody else thinks so. I come of a dancing family. Back in the wilderness, in the forts and cabins, they were dancing when they were not fighting, and fighting when they were not dancing. They were dancing in England before they came to Virginia. They were dancing wherever they were before that. I suppose they've been dancing since they were first created. I don't know much history, but I know a little. It's natural to dance. It does folks good. I know it does me good."

Membership was withdrawn from Hilary at the next Sunday meeting of the elders and deacons. This disgrace was supplemented by Hilary's bull breaking through the fence belonging to Daphne s father, who then ordered Hilary never to speak to Daphne again.

The scandal of Hilary's excommunication from church was the subject of gossip at a dinner given almost immediately after

that occurrence. Every woman at the dinner contributed some bit of information about Hilary: his character as a little boy, his wild ways, his scholastic downfall—which was finally due to a cornet which he insisted upon playing at midnight when serious students were trying to catch up with their work. This resulted in his being sent home from the State College. Step by step they discussed him until they reached the subject of the picnic. Then Daphne's mother, who, with Daphne, was among the guests, said:

"My husband will never forgive him for taking advantage of a child like Daphne. He felt the disgrace of it terribly on account of his position in the church."

Daphne, who had listened for two hours to the gossips, who apparently had forgotten her presence, could endure no more.

"You know that I am not a child," she said. "You know that Hilary did not take any advantage of me. You know that I did not disgrace anybody. And father knows it. Then why do you say so? I'll tell you why I danced, if you want to know. And I'll tell him when I get home. And why don't you keep out of this gossip? I'm sick of it," she continued excitedly, her eyes flashing as she looked round upon them all. "And you are no better than mischief-makers. What you've been saying is *lies!*"

Shortly after this outburst Daphne and her mother went home. The remaining guests then settled down to discuss Daphne. One of them at last inquired her age, and then everything else followed. It was like turning up a long open tube filled with shot. They did not even omit the story of how Daphne as a child had never cared for dolls, but liked better to play with little boys, and was often caught hugging them. Another of the guests soon made excuses for leaving; and she availed herself of the extra time to drive by and talk the rest of the afternoon with Hilary's mother. She made all the mischief she could, and went home a contented woman.

That night hard words passed between Daphne and her father. Poor Daphne's tears brought no relief. She did not care enough for her father to be really hurt by what he said; she felt that he was the cause of her unhappiness. She could not see generations of faulty people darkening away behind

her father, and handing down to him their injustice, hardness, unlovableness, their warped and purblind consciences; could not see that he could no more help being what he was than she could help being what she was.

Despite her father's command never to see Hilary again, Daphne determined to see him just once, to correct any false impression that he might have formed of her character.

It was reported that Hilary had broken his mother's heart. She managed to love him very desperately with the fragments, and it was she who told him of the dinner at which Daphne became his champion. She did not care for Daphne, as she had in mind a girl whom she wished Hilary to marry. And she took this opportunity of telling him what she thought of Daphne for showing plainly that she was in love with him, and cautioned him that she was not the kind of girl that he should have anything to do with. Her mother-love was up in arms, and in her zeal to warn her son she had overdone it. Hilary pictured the whole scene; Daphne's honesty and courage appealed to him very strongly and he admired her for it, and intended to tell her so as soon as he could see her. Several days elapsed before either of them could find the opportunity for which they were looking. One afternoon Daphne went into the meadow and found Hilary watching for her. Each noticed a change in the other, but they quietly discussed the dancing and the trouble it had occasioned, until in the midst of their talk Hilary saw Daphne's father coming across the fields on his horse. Fear made Daphne lie down in the tall grass and hide while Hilary stood guard until the deacon had gone. All grievances were then forgotten, and Hilary sat down with her. The boy made love to her until, half in fear and half in coquetry, she rose to leave him, and then he reproached her for turning against him. Hilary was not unmindful of the effect this accusation usually produced on girls, and innocent Daphne was happy in the belief that he was really suffering with the idea that she was indifferent. She lingered with him some time longer, and finally left him, after arranging to meet him in a place where her father could not find them. This was to occur the next afternoon. From the time that she promised to meet him in secret, life took on a new and sweet interest, and

the world seemed a better place. Nothing in her home life had helped to soften and bring out the fine traits of her character, but now she was very considerate to her family, although this did not prevent her from slipping out to meet her young lover nearly every afternoon. One day she was late, and she surprised him writing a letter, which he told her was a love-letter for her. It was written in a little memorandum-book which he always carried and which he passed over to her to read. After she had read her letter, she turned the pages in confusion, and saw other notes.

"Are these for me also?" she asked simply.

He sprang up, turning a deep red.

"Give it here," he cried, trying to take the book from her.

"No!" cried Daphne, laughing, "you gave it to me to read!"

In a moment he was on his knees before her, and had imprisoned her hand with the book in it. With the other he drew the book out and put it in his pocket. Then all at once the same unforeseen desire that had thrilled him before rose in him with overmastering strength, and he held her hand.

"Don't, Hilary!" she said sweetly, with a little wince of pain. "Let me go; you hurt me!"

He caught her other hand.

"Hilary!" she cried again, with a deeper rebuke in her voice, falling backward against the tree and struggling to release her hands.

He tried to draw her to him, with a low, caressing laugh.

"Hilary! *Hilary!*" she cried, resisting him with a sudden terror of his advances, his rough tenderness, the torrent of his feelings. Then, with an awful thought, and the strength it gave her, she struggled out of his arms to her feet, and stood supporting herself with one hand against the tree.

He rose and they confronted each other. Her face seemed cut from marble and her eyes were full of fright and distress. He looked at her, pale, without a word.

Then, as if realizing what she must do, she turned homeward. He sprang after her with a bitter cry.

She stopped, her figure quickly tense and her eyes filling with a calm, sad light. He could no more have spoken again, or taken one step, than he could have pulled up the oak-tree near

him and offered it as a flower of apology. And so he stood watching her as she walked falteringly away from him, until, gathering all her strength for one final effort, she broke into a run, and tripped and fell, then got weakly up with one quick, frightened glance back at him, and ran on.

For the first time in many years feeling that her home would be like heaven to reach, she fled through the woods.

She got to her room without being seen, and there she stayed until her father found her, after repeatedly calling her for supper —a summons she was too miserable to answer. When she finally opened her locked door, she forgot her resentment against her father and clung to him, telling him that he was all she had in the world. And even he was touched by her unhappiness, and took her in his arms.

At dusk one evening, two weeks later, Daphne went to the spring-house at the foot of the hill on which her home was built, and there Hilary, who had been trying to see her every day, found her. Joy at seeing him wiped away all the humiliation and anguish she had suffered. But this soon gave way to apprehension that her father would find him there. But Hilary did not care. For the first time in his life he was desperately in earnest. He urged her to let him go to her father and ask his permission to marry her.

Nature had been having her way with him as an animal during these days of waiting; but something else had been having its way also—something that we satisfy ourselves by calling not earthly and of the body, but unearthly and of the soul—something that is not pursuit and enjoyment of another, but self-sacrifice for another's sake—that does not bring satiety but ever-growing dearness onward through youth and joy into old age and sorrow—that remains faithful when one of the two sits warm in the sun and the other lies cold in the shadow—that burns on and on as a faithful lonely flame in a worn-out lamp—and that asks, when everything else is over, for a life throughout eternity, spirit with spirit.

Daphne understood the change in him, and the whole past against him was blotted out. Fear that her father would send her away to school if he found Hilary with her made her urge him to go, but not until she had promised him that she would

meet him at the rear of the pasture the next afternoon. Almost daily again they met at their secret trysting-place. Her very ignorance of the danger of these happy meetings roused in Hilary, "at least, the greater care that his own power over her should become her defender. He did not forget that she had been drawn into this false situation by his urgency; and, whatever else he may not have had, he had the spirit of fair play. Her absolute trust of him alone would have put him upon his honor, even had not the first impulse of his love been to draw about her the circle of sacredness. Perhaps something in his dissolute past had already taught him that a man's love for a woman is bound up with his knowledge—or at least his belief—of her purity. He was making his first sincere but blundering effort to rear a barrier of a moral resistance as a safeguard of two lives."

Daphne put his love for her to a final test. A great circus was to come to town, and Hilary had been looking forward to it for weeks. Daphne had set that day for him to meet her. With many misgivings she went to the meeting-place, but he was not there. In her disappointment she realized how much he had become to her. When he finally did come, out of breath in his haste to get to her, her delight at seeing him swept aside all her reserve and self-control, and she ran to meet his embrace. Hilary had always rebelled against their clandestine meetings, and now he realized as never before that their existing relations could not continue. Then and there he compelled her to choose between never seeing him again or marrying him at once that very night—for he urged that her father never would give his consent, and if they went at all they must go this way. Daphne, frightened at his decisive manner, fearful that she should lose him forever, finally tried to extract a promise from him that he would always be true to her. He resented her distrust of him, and at first would not promise. She turned to leave him, and then he gave the vow she asked. "Realizing that the last moment of her girlhood had come, that love was leading her on into the unknown, that every other human tie was falling away from her, and that she might be tempted beyond her strength, with a sudden turning to the fortress of her religion, she sank to her knees and pulled him down before her"

"Here, on your knees," she said, shaken by her sobs, "give me your solemn oath, Hilary—before God, who sees us, and will judge us for what we are doing—that whatever we are together, whatever may happen to us, you will be true to me!"

"I swear!" he said, his eyes filling, "God helping me, I will be true to you!"

They hurried away, and took the ferry to the old village of Aberdeen, on the Ohio side of the river. With two chance witnesses they found the "squire's" house, and the squire married them. They signed their names, and the squire put the record of their marriage into his old desk, which bulged with the records of secret marriages of the people of Kentucky, among them being the names of Daphne's father and mother.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE (1897)

Part of the present romance appeared originally as a short story, *John Gray: A Kentucky Tale of the Olden Time*, published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1892. The book met with an instant success, and has passed through many editions. The scene is laid in Mr. Allen's favorite Kentucky, and the time is at the end of the eighteenth century.

ALONG the wagon-trail, which later passed into the public road leading from Lexington to Frankfort, came an old white horse. Sitting in the worn side-saddle was a girl, whom many a young man knew to be Amy Falconer. A bundle tied up in a blue-and-white neckerchief swung from behind the saddle; and whenever she moved, or the horse stumbled, the string around the bundle loosened a bit more, until finally the bundle slipped noiselessly to the ground.

In the square on Cheapside in Lexington, Kentucky, stands a statue of John Breckinridge, who long ago joined the choir invisible of the immortal dead. Not far from it the pioneers a hundred years ago built the first log schoolhouse of the town. John Gray was the schoolmaster. His head was noble, its poise full of dignity. Deep insight would have revealed a true and earnest soul.

That afternoon he finished his duties at four o'clock. It was not an ordinary day: the mail from Philadelphia had brought him great news. He had thought about it all night and all day. He pulled his hat resolutely over his brow and started toward the wilderness, which stretched out for hundreds of miles beyond the town. Soon he came to a clearing and a log-house. He hurried on as he saw a beautiful woman in homespun raking in one corner of the garden. A faint color spread over her face as she answered his greeting, "How do you do, Mrs. Falconer?" When he learned that Amy Falconer

had gone to town to stay with Kitty Poythress till after the ball, he unconsciously turned his face in that direction and said that he must go back. "Didn't you expect to stay when you came?" Mrs. Falconer questioned. He laughed in confusion, and said he would stay till the Major came; and inquired what she had been thinking of when he greeted her.

"What was I thinking of?"

She stopped working while she repeated his words. He could see that her eyes rested on the edge of the wilderness. It seemed to him that she must be thinking of the contrast between herself and her surroundings. She had possessed everything and had been brought to this, and yet never had lost any of her grace. His question went unanswered: brightly she asked the news of the town. He told all the tidings, and then he told her something else—he had received news that a certain family lawsuit had been decided in favor of the heirs, and that he was to come at once into possession of his share of about ten thousand dollars. Tears of joy sprang to her eyes. She knew the sacrifice and struggle of his bleak life, and these paltry thousands would bring him liberty. Presently he said, "You must know how long I have loved Amy?"

"I have known that you were interested in Amy. Have you ever thought that I wished you to marry her?"

"I have always beheld in you an unmasked enemy," he replied, smiling.

She felt then that she could ask the difficult question—did he feel sure that her niece was the woman he ought to marry? His answer was ready: "I *am* sure—I love her." He met each of her parries with increasing enthusiasm. When he left, she watched him stride away. What a store of unawakened strength lay in him! A fighter he would always be. He was a little lonely in his way, she in hers; this fact had drawn them together. But above all things it was the effect of the unfallen in him that gave her the right to give him a friendship that she never had felt for any other man. When he had asked her of what she was thinking, she could not have confessed to herself that she was thinking of these things: that after years of a hard, dull life in that mixed and commonplace settlement she saw the white light of his figure bringing a new meaning to her

life, and ending her desire to return to the old—beyond the mountains. She must prevent a marriage with Amy. She must not let him in his new liberty forge the chain of a new slavery. Across the clearing came the careless whistle of the Major returning from his day in the field; and her face took on that expression of a woman who has accepted what life has brought her, although it has brought her nothing for which she cares.

John Gray followed the wagon-road to town. As it turned into the public highway he stumbled over a bundle tied in a blue-and-white neckerchief. It certainly was his duty to find the owner. He examined the dainty feminine things, which were unmarked. They could not be Amy's: Mrs. Falconer had said that the Major was to bring her finery to town. It was dark when he reached home; he locked the bundle in his closet. A meeting prevented his calling on Amy that night. He had hardly stretched himself out on his bed when the invisible woman within him began to question whether those beautiful things would not be crumpled in that closet. He rose and laid out carefully the contents of the bundle. He hung a muslin gown and a blue silk coat on two empty pegs. Then he lay down again. The gown hanging on the wall fascinated him. His thoughts stole to the time when he would wake in the night and see *her* gown on the wall, and feel her head on his bosom!

At noon the next day a child brought him a note. He read it: instantly everything faded. He walked rapidly to the dwelling of Father Poythress, and was told that Amy and Kitty would not return till night. He left word that he would call in the evening. After school was out, he went to look at some property. Yes, it was just what would suit him—and Amy. This night should be that of his betrothal.

When he reached the Poythress house again, Amy kept him waiting. She had been hunting all day for her missing bundle. She was tired, and greatly disappointed that she could not go to the ball, where her beauty would have reigned supreme. She did not wish to see anyone, least of all John Gray. No doubt he had come to ask her the reason why she had broken her engagement to go with him. She had not given any excuse in her note. She walked slowly into the room,

pouting. "Aren't you tired?" she said to Kitty. "I am." Then, more lightly: "I am going to look to-morrow, and the next day, and the next." She did not include John in her conversation. "We are both so tired," she finally said to him, suppressing a yawn. His face blanched with bewilderment and pain. He said nothing, and his silence irritated her. She sent another arrow into his heart by asking him to stop at the stable to see whether her horse was comfortable. In a voice shaking with passion, he said, "Give your orders to a servant!" An awkward silence followed. Soon Kitty slipped out, and Amy uttered a sigh of relief.

"Isn't Kitty dreadful?" she said, in a changed manner. There was now no one to show how she could play with him. "Don't be cross!" she pleaded.

"Amy!" he cried. "You sha'n't treat me in one way when we are by ourselves, in another way when others are present. If you love me, you must make the whole world believe it."

"What right have I to make the whole world believe I love you?"

"I'll give you the right!"

The door rattled. "If Kitty does come back in here—" Amy said threateningly. The door opened slightly; a plate of candy was thrust in.

"Come in here! Come in!" Amy commanded delightedly. As Kitty reluctantly entered, Amy gave her a significant look: "What do you mean by treating me in this way?" making a grimace at John. "Kitty, if you *do* leave your company again—"

In his room John went over it all. He tried to take the blame himself. But the thought kept creeping in: Was it nothing for her to be insincere? Could he marry an insincere woman? Was this what Mrs. Falconer had meant?

The great Mr. Bradford, editor of the *Weekly*, was out of town. His assistant, Mr. O'Bannon, was left in charge. Two advertisements had been sent to the newspaper, one by Amy describing the lost bundle, and the other by John Gray saying such a bundle had been found. O'Bannon, whose suit did not find favor with Amy, out of jealousy on Gray's account locked up the restored clothes. He determined that she should not go

to the ball with Gray, even if he had to keep *her* away. On the morning of the day of the ball, O'Bannon hunted up Joseph Holden and told him that the lost clothes had just been sent to the newspaper office. Holden said that he would take them to Amy, and escort her to the ball.

At noon John Gray received a note from Amy, saying that Kitty was going to the ball, and that she would be alone, so that they could then have their talk. When he reached the house he was told that Miss Falconer had gone to the party. He turned straight to the Wilkinsons', where the ball was held. The house was close to the street. He saw Joseph lead Amy out to dance. She was radiant, and won admiration from all eyes. John did not recognize her frock; he only saw that she was dancing with Joseph. "She is a little serpent!" he groaned aloud. He spent most of the evening with his host and a group of men. Later he felt someone touch his arm: it was Kitty. "You here! Haven't you seen Amy? She's in the other room with Joseph. Have they explained?" Then the dance called her away. Once Gray's glance fell on Amy and Joseph. They beckoned to him, but he gave no sign. Later Joseph came to him, and said Amy wished to explain something. John answered that there was nothing to explain. Still later, Amy called out provokingly, "Don't you want to know why I broke my engagement with you?" He did not show that he heard, and then she was angry, and danced oftener with Joseph. Gray decided that he was playing a poor part. He walked aimlessly around town for two hours; then he went back, and looked in at the window. She was still unwearied—happy. Perhaps what hurt him most were her eyes, always abroad searching for admiration, forever filling the forever emptied honeycomb of self-love.

Gray dawn found him still sitting by his window. He went out and walked to his schoolhouse. Suddenly a moving object attracted him. At first he thought it a dog, but it had the gliding step of a cat; it entered the schoolhouse door, and John realized that he was face to face unarmed with a cougar gaunt with hunger. Three times he parried its leaps, but the fourth time it reached his shoulder, and he heard the fangs click as they met in the flesh of his neck. He grappled the

animal with all his strength, and bent it over the desk trying to break its back. He threw himself on the floor, the cougar under him. He staggered to his feet, stepped in his own blood, and fell. With one last effort, he fastened his fingers like iron rivets around its windpipe, and then fell again.

Amy returned home more radiant than ever. Mrs. Falconer met her with mingled haste and reluctance. Amy gave a faithful story of all that had happened. She said she had not talked much with John Gray—it was too serious for many words. "It is too late," thought Mrs. Falconer, feeling that life had turned barren. Amy rattled on with vixenish rudeness, asserting a new womanhood. Finally she said:

"Aunt Jessica, I've something to tell you! I'm engaged to be married. Behold the future Mrs. Joseph Holden, Junior, to be married one month from last night."

Mrs. Falconer searched her face, then her head drooped, though her eyes were glowing. Later Amy remarked carelessly that John Gray had fought with a panther that morning: they were in the last struggle when a neighbor passing heard the noise and got there just in time to save Gray's life. Mrs. Falconer said she should go to him at once. Amy was indignant; she wished her dinner at once, and refused to lend her horse.

John was not asleep when Mrs. Falconer reached his hut. After she had gone, within the hour, he thought: "What a nurse she is!" It was the first time she had seen his bare, plain room. The next time she came she brought cool sheets and pillow-cases, the work of her own looms, and a curtain for his window. She put a rose in a glass by his Testament. "What a mother she would have been!" he said rebelliously. Another day she brought her work; while he lay and watched her, he reflected: "What a wife she is!" One day she came bathed in the freshness of the morning. There was a secret excitement in her. "I have brought you my old Bible of manhood. If you will always live by what is best in this book, follow its ideals to the end of the world, to the end of your life—"

"Oh, but give it to me!" he cried. She placed Malory's *Morte d'Arthure* in his hand. He read the title wonderingly; turned a few leaves, then looked at her. Then he forgot everything but her. For an instant her eyes had revealed the hidden

splendors of her nature. "What a woman!" he said to himself, when she had gone. Many days passed, but she did not return. His eagerness for her rose. Meantime he read the book: he drained its last word. He read again, and then a third time he lighted the fire in his blood with the same torch. One day she came again, and dressed his wound; she spoke to him of courage, and said that the worst thing that could befall a woman was to marry an unmanly man. When she had left him, he drew the book guiltily from under his pillow; with a cry of shame—his first—he hurled it across the room, and buried his burning face in the pillows.

The first day that he felt strong enough to walk he went to see Amy. He found her in the weaving-room. A lingering flood of the old tenderness came over him, and he put his arms around her softly. She struggled away, her eyes cold. He bade her listen: he endeavored to explain any fault in his actions. He told that he went that night to ask her to marry him; that he had come to ask her now. In a faltering voice she murmured, "I have promised to marry Joseph." The long bright day of his young hope had ended. Pitifully she said that she did not know he cared so much. She had given her promise the night of the ball. With sorrow and pity, he said, "If I had gone with you then—and had asked you—you would have married *me!*"

All that was in her began to break down before him; she whispered:

"*I will marry you yet!*"

She waited; at last she cowered beneath her shame. Before she was aware, he stood over her. His lips touched her hair, and she felt him say to himself, "Good-by."

With the fading of his dream of Amy, he realized how long the figure of Mrs. Falconer had been standing before him. The forbidding barrier had disappeared, but the forbidden bond had arisen. The best of his nature had responded to the nobler parts of the *Morte d'Arthure*. But there were other parts. Sown among the white wheat of the spirit were the red tares of the flesh. He found himself seizing these with feverish vehemence. And the awakening of his life came to him in a love that was forbidden. Finally he sought her, believing that her presence would restore his blameless friendship.

How remote from any suspicion of hovering harm was her greeting! He could laugh again. She archly showed him the reason why Amy had not been the ideal he had built in his mind. Then with a low cry of passion and weary yearning, she said: "Ah, if you had *loved* her!" His teeth were set with the last grip of resolution. She asked him then to tell her all his thoughts about the book. The blood rushed to his face, seeing which, she herself blushed deeply. "I don't understand," she said proudly; then her color faded. He tried to speak, but could not; so he turned, and went rapidly away.

The time had arrived when he was to leave the town on some important missions. He also knew that he was going to fight out his own battle. He made sure of his strength before he went to Mrs. Falconer to say good-by. This time he could speak of the book, and with words that stilled her until she felt stifled and longed to cry out; he told her that he understood what she had meant, that he too in life, even as those knights of old, must go in quest of the Grail. The tears lay unshed in her eyes, which held an exquisite, passionate, tender light.

"Always be a good man," she said, as he left her. Then she called to him: "Come back!" He went to her blindly. She scanned his face. "Take off your hat," she said, with a tremulous little laugh. He did so, and she looked at his forehead and hair.

"Go now, dear friend!" she said calmly but quickly.

All the next night he rode. At sunrise he paused, turned his horse's head, and sat motionless as a statue. Then all the next day he rode back again. He could see her as she sat quite still in the garden, facing the horizon. On her breast, forgotten, lay the book. That story held her judgment of him, and by it she had wished to guide him. The sight smote him. He knew the evil purpose that had made him return. He watched her until she went slowly into the house. Then he went away again.

In the autumn letters were received from him. All told of his visit at Mount Vernon. There was nothing personal in his letters. Then Mrs. Falconer heard that he was in Philadelphia. It distressed her to learn that his lawsuit had gone against him—he would not receive his ten thousand dollars. She collected

all the money she could, and with the Major's consent sent it to him. He returned it with expressions of gratitude.

Early that winter Major Falconer died. John's letter, in answer to the one the widow sent telling him this news, was short and hurried.

The following spring was the opening of his career in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Falconer too began to live once more. She sold one of the Major's military grants, and near the cabin she laid foundations for a new house. She told John of all her plans, and asked his advice on many things. His answers were unsatisfying. He seemed to have some new trouble that he was trying to hide; and she said to herself, "I shall understand everything when he comes." Nothing could repress her buoyancy. Was she not becoming almost like a girl again? She was still so young—only thirty-eight.

One day her negro boy brought her a letter and a newspaper. She could not believe what she read: he was married! That night she knew what she never had acknowledged to herself—that she loved him, and had cherished a belief that he loved her.

The next morning the parson preached from the text: "I shall go softly all my years." While the heads of the rest were bent in prayer, Mrs. Falconer whispered: "Yes, I shall go softly all my years."

Seasons and changes passed gently. She never retreated from life, but drew to her its ties and duties. She was one of that band of quiet, sweet pilgrims who, having failed of affection, yield themselves to duty; she had missed happiness twice. Her beauty never faded, but when her youth was gone, the autumn rose of her womanhood reflected the freshness of Easter-lilies. She always watched John's career. He was almost a great man: this was her pride. Once or twice a year she received a letter from him. He informed her of the birth of his children. But something was always withheld. Perhaps he too had missed happiness? Or had he changed?

One afternoon a tall and noble youth came down her garden path. He said he was John Gray, the son of her old friend. His father had sent him to stay with her, and to grow up under her guidance.

That night in her great lonely bedchamber she read in a

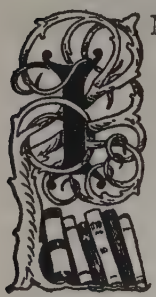
letter he had brought her from his father a sacred page in the life of John Gray. He told her that when he reached Philadelphia, years before, a certain family, old friends of his parents, had adopted him as a member of their household. In time he offered his hand to the daughter of the house. He told her the truth: that there was someone else—not free—whose place never could be filled by another. All that he could promise, he would give her. She said she would win the rest. In a few weeks came the letter telling of the change in Mrs. Falconer's life. Alas, it was too late! He could not be released from his word. "*O Jessica! Jessica! Jessica!* Can you recall the lines of Malory? '*Men and women could love together seven years, and then was love truth and faithfulness.*' How many more than seven have I loved you!—You, who never gave me anything but friendship, but who would in time, I hope, have given me everything if I had come back. Ah, I did come back! I have forever been coming back! If I have kept unbroken faith with any of my ideals, thank *you!* And thank God!"

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

(Denmark, 1805–1875)

O. T. (1836)

Hans Christian Andersen was himself born in the town which he makes the birthplace of the hero of *O. T.*, Odense, Funen. It is not improbable that in this story, as in others by the same author, incidents of his own childhood gave color to the incidents in the early life of Otto Thostrup. Andersen was a loyal Dane, and, although he traveled widely, he doubtless speaks for himself, as well as for his hero, when Otto, returning from France and Italy, exclaims, "Denmark is a good land, and here will I look for my happiness."



N October, 1829, a company of one and twenty students assembled at a banquet at the home of one of the party in Copenhagen. They had just passed their *examen artium*, and their discussion of all matters that interest students was very animated. There was the future *examen philosophicum* to prepare for, in which they would exhibit their knowledge of Latin.

"What do you think," said one of the party, "if once a week we alternately met at each other's rooms and held disputations? No Danish word must be spoken."

"Yes," said another, "and we must have our best Latin scholar, the Jutlander, Otto Thostrup, with us."

"He is not here this evening," remarked the young Baron Wilhelm of Funen.

"Otto Thostrup," answered the host, "truly he's a clever fellow, but he appears to me so haughty."

"Thostrup is certainly a glorious fellow," returned the Baron. "I like him very much, except his pride, and of that we must break him."

"Herr Baron," said another, "I am of your opinion. Shall we not now drink the Thou-brotherhood?"

The glasses were again raised and the whole circle shouted "Thou! Thou!" The Baron invited the youths to meet next with him, and the company dispersed. Early in November Otto Thostrup and the Baron met one evening in Wilhelm's rooms to study together for the *philosophicum*. Surrounded by the luxuries of the young nobleman's apartment, and with their pipes to promote sociability, the talk drifted from dry Latin to personal themes. Otto spoke of his old home in Jutland, and Wilhelm described his two sisters, Sophie and Louise. While they were exchanging confidences, their attention was attracted by the sweet voices of children under the window. Calling the lads indoors, Wilhelm, who was a composer of music, discovered that one of them had a remarkable voice, and he determined to give him a musical education. A few weeks later, when the Christmas season was at its height, the friends met the little fellow walking, hand in hand, with a young girl whose face was as unusual as was the voice of the boy. The girl was his sister, he said, and was called Eva.

"That was a beautiful girl," said Wilhelm, turning for another glance.

"Do not look back again," answered Otto, "that is a sin."

"A pardonable sin," said Wilhelm. "I have a clear conscience. I have never harmed an innocent soul."

The winter sped away, and the two friends happily passed their *examen philosophicum*. On St. John's Day, several students, Otto and Wilhelm among them, visited a popular resort near Copenhagen to enjoy the merrymaking incident to the festival. Among the various performers was a juggler, a rather old man, in peasant's clothes, with a very ugly face. Wilhelm and Otto were accidentally pushed into his circle, and the trickster happened to call upon Otto to aid him in some trifling way. As Otto carefully observed the ugly face, his own countenance became utterly changed. His face grew crimson, and then a deathly pallor overspread it. When the plate was passed, he placed a mark in it, and the juggler glanced quickly at the giver. With a malicious smile, he said loudly:

"Mr. Otto Thostrup is always so gracious and so good."

"Does he know you?" asked Wilhelm.

"He has the honor," grinned the juggler, and went on.

"He has exhibited his tricks on my father's estate," whispered Otto.

After this incident, Otto, who was a youth of fine form and handsome face, but of a singularly melancholy and variable spirit, withdrew from the students. After a night spent in the woods, the next morning the young men came upon some clothes lying on the beach, and discovered Otto taking a morning swim in the sea. The mischievous youths divided his clothes, and called to him that he must come in and beg for them from each one separately or he could not have them. Unreasonably enraged at this foolish jest, Otto called back that unless the young men laid down his clothing and withdrew, he would swim out and return no more. The students persisted until they saw that their comrade was indeed in earnest. He swam far out and had already gone down once when the frightened Wilhelm and the others reached him. But, instead of showing gratitude to the young Baron, his first act, after hastily drawing his clothing around him, was to thrust him away, crying out, like a madman:

"I hate you!"

He did not rejoin his friends, but went to the city. As soon as he was alone, he tore off his upper garment and examined a scar on his shoulder. This scar was what remained of the letters "O. T.," tattooed, when he was a child, by the juggler whom he had encountered the day before in the park. These letters were the outward sign of the sad secret of his life. He had succeeded in erasing the letters themselves, but the scar remained, and it was his fear that it had been observed by the Baron which had excited his violent emotions. As he reflected on Wilhelm's affection and courage in saving his life, he grew humble, and the next morning sought his friend and begged forgiveness, which was cordially granted. Wilhelm then insisted on having a visit from Otto at his home in Funen, and the two made the journey together. There he met the two sisters of whom Wilhelm had often spoken—Sophie, intellectual and vivacious, and Louise, the dainty house-fairy. The two friends discovered also at a public house, where they passed the night, Eva, the beautiful sister of little Jonas, the singer. Wilhelm became deeply enamored

of the fair young girl, evidently so much above her place, and Otto also took a deep interest in her and longed to assist her. It was a cause of great delight to both young men that, a little later, Wilhelm's mother took the delicate girl under her protection, and engaged her as a companion. Eva never left the delightful home provided her at the Hall in Funen.

During Otto's visit at the Baron's, the mowing-feast took place, and, in preparation for it, the peasants had their usual dance around the brewing-tub. Among the dancers was one whose long, coarse hair and heavy eyebrows, meeting over her nose, together with her wild gestures, made her noticeable and repulsive.

"The unfortunate girl!" sighed Otto.

"Oh, she does not feel her misfortune," returned Wilhelm; "she is too rude—too much of an animal. What a difference!" he continued; "Eva too was doubtless born in poverty, but the two are as unlike as night and day."

From Funen Otto went to visit his home in Jutland. He expected to find his grandfather and an old servant who had been for many years on the estate; but as he stepped through the gateway, he heard the singing of a psalm, a carriage stood before the door, and in the doorway was the old priest, and Rosalie the servant was in tears. He had arrived just in time to see the funeral of his grandfather. He was now the owner of the estate, the only heir so far as he knew. He had had a sister, but he had not seen or heard of her since he was six years old. He decided to travel and see the world, but, first, he would visit all the points of importance in his own neighborhood.

Among the peasantry he found an old blind woman who told him many incidents of his childhood. She said that he had been a very mischievous boy, and that at one time, when a German juggler, named Heinrich, was performing tricks before the peasants, Otto spoiled one of his best performances, and that the man whispered some words into his ear.

"*Ei! ei!* from the hour he was here you are no longer the same as formerly. That springs from the magical word he whispered in your ear," she said.

This explanation showed the cause of the juggler's malice, and Otto knew that as long as he lived he would not be safe from the trickster's resentment.

"I will go hence to France," he exclaimed. "In France there is revolution. There I can forget these troubles."

He therefore turned his face toward Paris, but, although he had successfully passed his *examen philosophicum*, he stopped in Copenhagen and there he lingered. The charming Sophie was often in the city on a visit, and in her intellectual conversation he took much pleasure. They spent long, delightful evenings discussing poetry and philosophy, and Wilhelm added the charm of music to the eloquence of conversation. It was finally decided that in April the two comrades, Wilhelm and Otto, should set out on their travels together. But a young cousin arrived from Paris who urged a still further postponement of the journey.

"You must first see the gardens of the Rhine," he said, "when the vines have their full variety of tint, and the heavy grapes hang from the stems. Then you must enter Paris in winter, the heyday of gaiety."

Although Otto did not usually consider the words of this young Frenchman to have much weight, the suggestion that he postpone till autumn his departure from Copenhagen—and from Sophie—coincided perfectly with his views.

"It would certainly be more prudent to begin the journey toward autumn," he thought. "There can surely be no harm in preparing a little more for it."

"We keep you with us, then, till August," said Sophie. "That is a wise plan. You can spend some time with us in Funen."

This invitation Otto accepted gladly, and accordingly, when summer was in full leaf, he set out for Zealand. He visited several old towns and convents, and planned to pass a night in the village of Landgrav. Near this village stood the cross of the holy Anders with its figure of the Redeemer. As Otto approached it, he perceived a man who seemed to be kneeling; near him was a box covered with green oil-cloth, and in the grass lay a knapsack, a pair of boots, and a knotty stick. Otto was about to turn away when the stranger rose and saw him. Alas! He stood as if rooted to the earth. It was the German juggler Heinrich whom he saw before him.

"Is not that Mr. Otto Thostrup?" asked the man, with

his horrible, malicious grin. "I did not expect to see him here."

"Does all go well with you?" asked Otto.

"There's room for things to mend. It goes better with you. Good Lord! that you should become such a grand gentleman! Who would have thought it when I rode you on my knee and pricked you in the arm! Have you heard of your sister? Oh, but she was a beautiful child!"

"I have seen neither her nor my parents," said Otto, with a sigh. "Do you know where she is?"

"I am always traveling," said Heinrich, "but this much I know: that she is still in Funen. You will become a landed proprietor, and old Heinrich will doubtless obtain permission to play his tricks on your estate. But none of us will speak of—the red house on the Odense water."

These last words he whispered in very low tones.

"I shall receive a few skillings?" he asked.

"You shall have more," said Otto, as he gave him a generous sum of money. "But we will remain as we are, strangers."

"Certainly," replied the trickster. "It was not handsome of me to say 'Odense Tugt-huus' to you, instead of 'Otto Thostrup,' seeing you are such a good gentleman."

"Yes, and now adieu," said Otto, extending his hand very unwillingly.

This encounter with the one person who knew the secret of his birth plunged Otto into profound melancholy. He slept but little that night. But the next morning he took the steamer for Funen, and in the welcoming smiles of Sophie and the pleasant household gaiety, he tried to forget his sorrow. Wilhelm was absent for a day or two, but a rich young nobleman, the Kammerjunker, was often with the family, and he and Sophie pressed Otto into service for the evening's entertainment. Louise greeted him with gentle warmth, and he saw Eva, who seemed to him as lovely as a pale pink hyacinth.

One morning after Wilhelm's return he and Sophie beckoned to Otto to come and look into the servants' hall, where great laughter was heard. Again poor Otto recognized the German juggler, the evil genius of his life, in the fellow who was

making fun for the assembled servants. He noticed also, in the crowd, Sidsel, the girl who had so disgusted him at the mowing-feast. He turned away, feeling that he was truly pursued by trouble for which he was not responsible. After the house had become quiet, Wilhelm remarked to his guest that he was going out to look into the barns.

"I fancy," he said, "that Sidsel has made a conquest of the conjurer, and he will doubtless sleep in one of the barns to-night. I must see that all is safe. The two have been talking together a great deal to-day."

Wilhelm's apprehensions were not groundless, for in the morning it was discovered that a large amount of table-linen and silver, including the old family tankard, had been stolen, and the theft was fixed upon Sidsel, who confessed it. She was confined in an attic chamber for the night. The family endeavored, for the sake of their guest, to treat the occurrence lightly, but Otto was more deeply concerned in it than he himself could have surmised. During the day a soiled piece of paper was brought to him, a note from the juggler, telling him that the thief was his long-lost sister, and that he must set her free and bring her to him at twelve o'clock that night. This bestial creature was his sister!

When the house was quiet, he mounted the stairs leading to the little room, drew the bolts, and compelled the girl to accompany him. Louise heard the sound of footsteps, and, opening her door, saw with amazement Otto and Sidsel coming together through the hall. Otto sprang to her and seized her hand.

"For God's sake," he exclaimed, "tell no one what you have seen! I will explain all to you. By the happiness of your own soul, pity the misery of mine!"

"I will do all—all," said Louise. "I will be silent. Take her hence quickly, that you may meet no one."

The following morning, when Otto entered the breakfast-room, the greatest excitement and astonishment prevailed. Not only had the prisoner escaped, but Louise—the timid Louise—asserted that she had herself, out of sympathy for the poor creature, set her at liberty. The family were really relieved to have the poor girl escape trial, and the matter was

forgotten, except by Otto and Louise. He explained to her the circumstances at the first opportunity, and she gave him something better than sympathy. She declared that she believed he had been duped by the wicked juggler, and she raised a hope in Otto's heart that her intuitions might be nearer the truth than the terrible story of the malicious Heinrich. He determined to confront the fellow at once and learn all he could tell him.

St. Knud's fair was at hand, and the entire family were going to Odense, where it was held. The juggler would, of course, be there. Otto resolved that on this expedition he would settle two questions—his future relations with Sophie, and the matter of his alleged connection with Sidsel. He decided to ask the fateful question of Sophie on the drive home in the evening, so he first sought Heinrich.

"Heinrich," he said, "you have deceived me. That girl is not what you have represented her to be. I demand an explanation. I will find out my real sister. Bring me proofs of what you say within eight days."

The juggler gave him no satisfaction, but intimated that for fifty-six dollars he would promise to give Otto no further trouble. Otto refused with contempt.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, "if she were my sister, I would support her. Bring me proofs. I believe that you are a greater villain than I thought."

After this interview, Otto was so absorbed with the tumultuous feelings raised by it that he hardly noticed when Sophie entered, with her mother, the carriage of the Kammerjunker. Indeed, he took a seat beside the sweet Louise with a sense of great peace and perfect content. The following morning the betrothal of Sophie and the Kammerjunker was announced. Otto's congratulations were among the heartiest. His flame of love for the gay, pretty Sophie had suddenly died out. She well knew that her betrothed was much less intellectual than Otto, and, as she had felt quite sure of the affection of the young scholar, she was a little piqued at his indifference.

"I had quite expected a scene," she said privately to Louise.

The eight days passed, but no word came from Heinrich. This silence Otto rightly construed as a confession of his decep-

tion. His spirits rose with this conviction, and, as the time was near for the young men to begin their journey, both were full of joyous anticipations. They had only two causes of sadness: Otto found his heart clinging to the gentle Louise, and Wilhelm learned from the lips of Eva that she could not return his love.

At home Louise and Eva followed the travelers' course with maps, and their letters were a constant source of happiness to the whole family. As months passed, however, it became evident that Eva was slipping away from them. She grew daily weaker, in spite of every care that love could suggest. Louise believed that a secret sorrow was sapping her strength, and begged her to relieve her heart by confiding it to her. And finally Eva told the sad story of her birth.

Her father was the son of the rich and powerful Colonel Thostrup; her mother a poor but beautiful girl, who loved the young heir with all a woman's passionate devotion. The Colonel was a man of violent temper, and when a robbery took place at his mansion, he vowed to find out the thief, little dreaming that his own son was the guilty one. In terror of the consequences, the base youth persuaded his sweetheart to take the blame upon herself. She was punished by being placed in the public pillory for an hour. But when a second robbery occurred, and Johanne Marie again confessed to the crime, she was sentenced to the House of Correction at Odense —the Odense Tugt-huus. While a prisoner there, she gave birth to twins—a boy and a girl—the boy strong and handsome, the girl—Eva herself—delicate and beautiful. On her death-bed the poor young mother asserted her innocence of the crimes for which she was in prison. The cook of the prison took charge of little Eva, but the boy played about with the prisoners. One of them, a German named Heinrich, tattooed the boy's initials upon his shoulder: "O. T." When the children were six years old, the Colonel sent for them. He had had a letter from his son, who was dying in a foreign land, and the approach of death had unsealed the young man's lips. He confessed that he was the thief and the father of Johanne Marie's children. Eva resembled her father, and the Colonel would not even look upon his face in hers. But the son he took away with him, and

she had known nothing further of him. The rest of her sad story was already known to the family.

"Oh, God!" cried Louise, "you must have proofs and papers! It cannot be otherwise. You are Otto's sister."

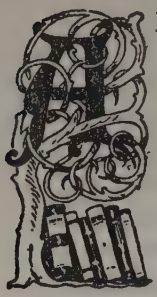
"Oh, Heaven!" cried Eva, almost fainting with joy at the thought. "Oh, that I may live to see him!"

Then Louise told Eva what she had been told by Otto—how Heinrich had, in revenge for Otto's boyish mischief-making when he was performing his tricks, whispered to him that "O. T." stood for O-dense T-ugt-huus, instead of for his own name. The fact that this base man knew the secret of his birth, and might at any time reveal it, had shadowed Otto's whole life.

Eva's wish that she might live to see her brother was not realized. Amid the tears of the household she died. Two years later, when the travelers had returned, her death was the only cloud upon their joy. It was a matter of some comfort to Wilhelm that among her few treasures was found the little bouquet that he had once given her. Otto declared that Denmark was a good land, and took in his, with a fond clasp, the hand of Louise, who allowed it to rest there. Even in his happiness Otto could not but dread the juggler and wish he might never see him again. He did not know till afterward that in a storm at sea a boat had gone down, carrying with it Heinrich and his daughter, Sidsel.

THE TWO BARONESSES (1840)

The author of this story was especially fond of it and of the scenes and people it portrays; though the general reading public preferred the preceding tale.



N old man with a lantern half-sheltered under his coat picked his way slowly through the nettles and loose stones of a dry moat that surrounded an ancient, half-dismantled tower on the coast of Langeland.

The flame leaping up and then shrinking to a spark, as if angry at its captivity, and threatening every moment to go out, was of very little service to the four drenched and grumbling castaways who straggled after. However, their complaints were lost in the uproar of the storm that had pitched down on the island from the German Ocean, though the howling of dogs at the keeper's lodge they had just left occasionally burst upon their ears as if the pack were chasing its quarry down the wind.

At last they stood in a courtyard formed by a two-story building, deserted, though of comparatively recent date, and the steadied light of the lantern revealed the tower grim and imposing before them.

"Come, this is something like," cried one of the party. "A fine large door, too."

"But no steps; the whole manor-house is going to pieces. However, my father will pull it down next spring and erect a new building," said Count Frederick, who had thus been cast away with a party of friends on his own property.

They passed through a smaller door, and entered a narrow passage, where they stumbled over rubbish and stones. Then they came to chambers whose torn hangings waved in the

draft that entered through great crevices in the walls, with a few pieces of broken furniture and clumsy, whitewashed stone figures thrown about.

At last they found a corner room in a better state of repair, where the walls were almost hidden by worm-eaten family portraits as old as the days of chivalry. An old harpsichord stood in the middle of the floor, on which Baron Herman struck a chord.

"More lights!" cried Count Frederick, "and bring us some of your clothes, Christen."

The keeper did his best to make comfortable his unexpected guests. A family bed was made of straw and horse-cloths; an excellent meal of stewed chicken soon made its appearance from the lodge; and the punch-bowl steamed.

The rain poured down, and the storm shook the frail building; yet the young men joked and danced around the room, where the tallow dips flickered like light coming back into dead eyes, and youth routed decay from his own premises.

"Herman," said Count Frederick, "now if only the door were to open and your grandmother to enter, with you amongst us—you who never dared come here to Funen!"

"I cannot understand that woman," said Moritz Nommasen, who was tutor to the young men and had accompanied them to visit Frederick at his father's estate at Funen.

"Nor is she to be understood," interrupted Herman. "There is sometimes a little too much originality about her, but at other times much that is good and noble. Her temper breaks out often, but the poor bless her, and it is only with us, her nearest relatives, that she is severe."

"She is mad, nevertheless," said Frederick. "In Italy she fell in love with Guido Reni's picture of Beatrice Cenci, painted shortly before she was taken to execution, and therefore the Baroness has various execution dresses. She wore such a dress at one of the greatest balls last year."

"I don't find her so mad, after all," said Baron Holger, the fourth member of the party. "Though now and then she does striking things."

"She is original; long may she live!" and the toast was drunk with a hurrah.

Then they began telling sporting stories, and Frederick was in the middle of a vivid description of his last badger-hunt, when he stopped suddenly and looked toward the side room.

The others did the same. "We are not alone," they said.

A faint cry was heard.

"It is not yet the hour for ghosts," said Frederick, and, picking up a candle, he tried the door of an inner room. This had to be lifted off the hinges. Then they held lights and looked in.

In a corner, on some torn hangings, lay a woman, who when they entered raised herself and lifted a naked child toward them.

Frederick, the foremost, started back with an exclamation.

"It is a new-born child," cried the tutor, as the mother's hands fell with their burden against her breast.

Herman was the first to hold the child.

"Poor little thing!" he said, taking it from the mother lying still and pale as death; and he wrapped it up in his thick traveling cloak.

The next morning our adventurers arrived at Funen, where they found the widow of Admiral Schleysner and her daughter Clara, stopping for the day on their way to Copenhagen.

"The Gentleman of the Bedchamber has come, too," Hans the forester's son had already informed Frederick; "he who has something to wash every evening, and yet goes about with a leather shirt," and he smiled sagaciously at the idea. "He will stick fast as a leech for months. He is one of those who wish to be regarded as persons of quality, and yet are almost dying of hunger. His whole aim and endeavor through life has been to become a Gentleman of the Bedchamber." This was the description Frederick gave to his friends.

Hans felt encouraged to join further in the conversation. "And he has so few things with him that they must wash for him every day, though the trunk gets the blame for holding so little."

The Gentleman, who appeared only for a moment, was immediately forgotten by the young men. For Clara was there, in all her sprightly beauty.

"She is Raphael's Madonna in Dresden," observed the tutor to the Councilor of War from Odense, who was also a visitor.

"I have not been in Dresden, but I saw an excellent copy in Frankfort," said the Councilor, and his wife smiled proudly at being mated to such a traveler.

Who could remember the Gentleman, since he was not in evidence all the morning, nor even present at the dinner-table? Clara would have caused a much more important personage to be forgotten, as her brown eyes sparkled by turns on each of the company and they conversed on the young men's adventure of the previous evening: the little girl born in the ruined manor, and the mother who had died when her uplifted arms held the child toward them.

But when darkness came on, and the gaiety of the ball-room beamed from every eye after Clara had played the one dance she knew by heart, then the Gentleman was remembered.

The unbidden guest must not wait to be bidden twice, so he hurried down and took his place at the piano. Though he had toothache, it did not excuse him.

After all, it was best for him, for Clara looked smiling into his face, and as the blood rushed over his cheeks the prelude sounded, and he released his soul from pain and humiliation with a short but glorious harmony.

"Nothing of your own, if we may beg," then said Frederick carelessly, and at the Count's word he began to read and then interpret no less eloquently in music the wild forest epics of ancient Scandia.

Then there was applause for him, and dancing, and rapidly beating hearts, for all the young men had fallen in love with Clara, except the tutor, who was betrothed and therefore blind.

She smiled again on the Gentleman in such a friendly way, as they said good night, that he was aroused from his fantasies and thought all his music could not express that smile.

Then silence, whose melodies are for another world, crept into the echoes of the house, and all the joyous lights but one went out. That was in the Gentleman's room; but as he had stopped up the keyhole, none might spy in and say he was mending his clothes.

"This is my punishment for having come here to Funen against my grandmother's commands," said Herman, as he walked in the garden with the old Count the next afternoon.

"Such a thing might happen to the oldest coachman," said the Count. That morning while driving, he had insisted on taking the reins, and, in spite of the Gentleman's admonitions to be careful, had driven recklessly and overturned the carriage. The poor Gentleman now groaned in mental as well as physical anguish—a musician with a broken hand.

They met Herman's grandmother, the Baroness, who had cut short her visit in Holstein and was returning to her estate near by.

Herman knew her instantly; it was impossible to mistake the turban she wore, but after a separation of six years, during which Herman had grown to manhood, she did not know him.

The Count, perplexed, did not speak his name, and after a moment Herman recovered composure, and walked along with them. His fine appearance and conversation pleased the old lady. "However, I do not believe anything I am told by people with such black eyes as yours," she said.

At the same moment a servant came to inform the Count that the father of the child born in the old manor had been found and was waiting in the billiard-room.

Tears came into the old lady's eyes as she heard the story.

"I shall not dine with you, but I shall certainly attend the examination of this man," she said.

He was a strolling musician, a talkative, bombastic fellow, with a small cunning that deceived no one. He said his wife had been seized with the pains of childbirth while he was playing in an inn. Knowing the deserted building well, she had made her way thither, given birth to the child, and drawn her last breath there.

"I shall take care of the child, but I will not have your visits," said the old lady; "I will not admit any claims upon it, should the child turn out an honest man."

"But it is a girl," said Herman.

"Well, Mr. Jackanapes, then I will make a wife for you of her," was the answer; "and each of you four self-constituted guardians shall pay a penny yearly for maintenance. I will have board wages for it."

So little Elizabeth found her first home.

By the next morning Herman had determined to make him-

self known to his grandmother. Both his parents had died when he was a child, and he felt a natural affection for his only relative, who had looked kindly after his education and comfort, in spite of her strange caprice in not wishing to see him. So he prevailed on the old Count to ride over to her place with him.

It was an old and stately mansion, with a courtyard that had a history, for there the wicked old Lord of the preceding generation had entertained his tenants. One day a ragged man sat there on the "wooden horse." He had previously been thrown into the "dog's hole" for complaining of the taxes and rent that had made a hopeless pauper of him. But after he got out he composed a melancholy song on the incident, which made the Baron indignant. So now the ragged man sat on the narrow plank of the "wooden horse" with heavy weights on his feet, which did not reach the ground.

A pale, emaciated woman stood and talked with him, and a little girl, seeming to understand his misery, pushed a stone under one foot so that he could rest on it. But the Baron, standing in the gateway with his riding-whip, observed this, and, putting in a few merry moments with kicks and blows, left the mother and child lying on the pavement.

This had happened a long time before, and that little girl was now the old Baroness, for she grew up to marry the wicked Lord's son.

The Baroness received her visitors merrily enough.

"It is well you are come; both of you are students and well read. Here I sit and dispute with Madame Krone, who is a very excellent woman but does not know geography, which is the science one can least do without. I always use it in Copenhagen at the theater, for one must know where the scene is laid."

Herman took advantage of this good humor to make his disclosure at once.

"I knew it," declared the Baroness when he had finished; "and now I shall give you each a present before you go."

After further conversation, carried on with great good humor, she called the Count into another room and presented him with an artificial tree covered with humming-birds. Then

into the second room she summoned Herman, and behind closed doors he received his present.

When they came out, Herman had a splendid gold watch, which the Baroness joked him about, but it was apparent that something unusual had happened.

On the ride homeward the Count was concerned at the changed demeanor of the young man, and ventured a question.

"I cannot impart what I have received," said Herman gloomily; "she has cast a brand into my soul that destroys all happiness."

Elizabeth remained with the whimsical old Baroness until she was five years old, then she was sent away to the far northern Halligers, the floating islands, to live. It had come about in this way:

The Baroness was wont to say: "My birthday is a stupid day, so I celebrate the fourteenth of August, because I like the looks of it in the almanac." The evening before one of these anniversaries, on which she distributed a great many presents to the poor, and gave a dinner-party to great and rich guests, Elizabeth, a singularly quiet child, sat on a stool watching her and Madame Krone busily sewing.

The whispered stories about a little chamber that was entered only once a year and then by the Baroness, who presently came out merry and lively, as if she had been drinking a little, had not been lost on Elizabeth. Some said she had there a little man in a bottle, who told her everything that would happen during the next year.

Elizabeth knew that the Baroness would make her yearly visit on the following morning, and so determined to precede her and find out what was there.

She rose in the night and, having stolen the key and concealed it in her stocking during the day, proceeded to the mysterious room, unlocked the door, and went in.

Nothing was to be seen but a large, old portrait of a man. which lay on a board over some rotten wooden piles. He wore a very large peruke, and a red coat and waistcoat, and exhibited a very angry face.

Elizabeth was disappointed, and frightened when she found

the door had swung to and she could not force it open. She remained a prisoner till morning, when the Baroness found her.

She dragged Elizabeth before the picture, and raised her hand, and at that moment the light fell on the painted angry face.

"Know thou," she cried to the picture, "thou shalt not see even a guilty child punished. Ride on thy horse!"—and like one deranged she spat on the portrait of him who had kicked her mother, struck herself with the whip, and made her father ride this same wooden horse, on another fourteenth of August long ago.

But Elizabeth was banished, to the regret and tears of Madame Krone and Trina the housemaid, who was to marry shoemaker Hansen in Copenhagen.

At this time Moritz and his sister came through Funen on their way to Halligers in the stormy North Sea, where the former tutor had obtained a living. So they took the little girl along with them, and soon learned to love her dearly; for the young clergyman's betrothed had died, and his sister was widowed, so these two had no one else in the world.

The flat Halligers lie like a drift of seaweed whose motion has ceased, with the yellow-green turbid waves rolling about them. Year after year they yield to the encroaching sea, and in places, when the water is still and clear, you can see houses, church towers, and mills fathoms deep. One can hear the church bells ringing before great storms. But the little house was cheery enough, with its blue wainscoting, and house-leeks and geraniums blooming in the windows.

Here Moritz, the grave and gentle, ministered to his flock. Here Elizabeth played with Elimar, the son of the old commander, who now lived on land, though his house was fitted up as a ship; and here time stole silently and swiftly by, much as it does in other parts of the world.

Elimar was a violent and disobedient boy; but he was fond of Elizabeth, and once he bravely rescued her when they had ventured too far on the vast beaches and were surrounded by the watery net of the incoming tide.

Then began his voyages to Greenland and far America, and Elizabeth was lonely; but he had said a sailor must have a

sweetheart. Elizabeth knew he meant herself, and would not forget.

A neighboring island became popular as a summer resort, whence visitors sometimes sailed over to Halligers. Thus they met an old friend.

"Count Frederick married Clara," said the Gentleman, for it was he; "and Herman spends his time in Italy oscillating between the arts, which he cultivates and abandons in turn."

He played for them on Moritz's instrument with consummate mastery, for he had now become a great musician, and was celebrated for his compositions.

"Though I still have a stiff hand," he told them, with a grim smile, "a memento of that unfortunate drive. You must know the old Baroness who lived next door. When she heard of it and the mortification I had suffered from the haughty Count Frederick, she became my protectress, and a very kind, noble one she has been in spite of her whims."

He was pleased with Elizabeth's voice, and tried to persuade Moritz to send her to Copenhagen for a musical education; but the little household could not bear the thought of parting.

Between Elimar's departure and his return only a few months were to intervene, but they lengthened into years, and Elizabeth had reached the age of fifteen. Under Moritz's tuition her mind had developed in a remarkable degree, and in physical growth also she was forward for her years. Perhaps, had Elimar returned and remained long in her society, the halo that encompassed him in her thoughts would have been dispersed.

On the evening after her confirmation Elizabeth sat with her friends; she had been deeply moved by Moritz's words and felt that God had been gracious to her through many vicissitudes.

"If Elimar had only been here too," she thought, "how complete would have been my happiness! He must even now be in Copenhagen."

And Elimar had returned to Copenhagen—but in fetters. In a dispute his wild temper had burst forth and he had killed the mate of his ship.

The next day a letter came from the police to the judicial authorities at Halligers, containing this information and requesting particulars concerning Elimar's life and habits.

Then the peaceful current of all these lives was broken up. Elizabeth wept, with her heart still full of love for Elimar.

"My blood will flow under the ax of the executioner," said his father, the old commander. But though he knew the King, he would not entreat for a pardon. "The law must take its course," he said. "We cannot set ourselves above it."

Then his wife in despair wrote a letter to King Frederick, and gave it to Elizabeth to mail secretly at Föhr, a neighboring island.

Elizabeth meditated a while with the letter in her possession. "God will direct and aid me," she then said. "I shall myself take it to the King." And she thought of Jeannie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian*, which Moritz had just finished reading to her.

With the little money she possessed she stole away the next morning, and through innumerable difficulties made the long journey to Copenhagen, where she stayed with a lady she had become acquainted with on the road.

After suspense and delay in getting her petition to the King, she obtained admission to the prisoner, only to discover that an old enemy of Elimar's had assumed his name.

But when he saw how Elizabeth's eyes glistened he said maliciously that it was a sin for Elimar to have married a rich widow in Holland, when he had such a sweetheart.

This was not all of Elizabeth's trouble, however, for the widow she had been staying with, and her friends, were not what they should be.

"If I could only find the old Councilor who was to have been Moritz's father-in-law," she thought, "or Trina, who married the shoemaker!"

She began to inquire, but on the evening she heard where Trina lived a young woman who visited the widow persuaded her to go to the theater. After that they had supper with a young gentleman. A second gentleman entered, and took her hand in jest.

Elizabeth was frightened and ran through the door, followed

by the reproaches of the young woman, while the gentleman followed her to the street.

"Let me go! I am so afraid," she pleaded; but the stranger, having heard the young woman say Elizabeth had no home to go to, walked beside her.

"You may place confidence in me," he assured her earnestly, "and if, as I believe, you have fallen innocently into bad company, I shall get you out. Tell me now where I shall take you."

There was something so frank and honest in his voice that she believed him, and told of Trina, who, she thought, would recognize and take her in. So, continuing to talk in a courteous, friendly way, he accompanied her to Trina's door and saw her safely inside.

The next morning Trina, who was overjoyed to see Elizabeth again, conducted her to the house of the old Councilor, where she told her story and received a welcome as warm as the first one had been.

There she was obliged to remain, as the Councilor would not hear of her departure; and after writing to Moritz she settled herself to see something of Copenhagen.

She remembered what the convict had said of Elimar, and it caused her heart to ache. Still, she thought often of the dark-eyed stranger who had taken her to Trina's on that memorable night.

Now it happened that the Councilor had become trustee for the old Baroness, and during a business call he spoke of Elizabeth and her adventures.

"I do not know that Elizabeth, and will not know her," said the Baroness promptly. "If, however, you have a young-lady foster-daughter who would see a little of the world, she is welcome here with you."

So in the Baroness's salon Elizabeth again met her stranger, who in fact was Herman.

After that the young man called again and again on the Councilor, who was proud to have made so attentive a friend. And Elizabeth, seeing Herman often, wondered after what manner she had once thought of Elimar. Then she ceased to think of him at all.

When the Baroness for the last time gathered her friends

around her at Funen, Elizabeth was there: so were the Gentleman and Herman.

The poor Gentleman went away at last, grave with the greatest of all his disappointments. But Elizabeth and Herman remained, till the Baroness learned the truth.

"I have said it, and it is my meaning," said the grandmother. "Rather from the milk-pail than from the court calendar. Elizabeth is a poor man's child and a Christian, and can teach the young barons, when they come, that they are akin to the poor. I shall give them the flower of my genealogical tree for a bridal present. It should teach a good lesson."

"I will tell you a story, you the only one, and no more need be said about it," she said to Madame Krone. "After my daughter was married in Rome, we set out for Naples by the mountain road and were captured by robbers, one of the servants being shot dead. My son-in-law was sent to obtain the ransom, and we were obliged to remain there overnight. I noticed particularly one of the robbers, who helped my daughter to alight—young, handsome, with eyes as black and teeth as white as Herman's. We were put in a stable; it was a fine hole I got to lie in; he of the black eyes took care of my daughter. The next morning he kissed my poor child, who was as pale as death, and said words that have been hidden in my heart. So it was, but it is now all forgotten. Take the picture and wooden rubbish out of the secret room, and we will burn it under the poor's soup-kettle. I must put my house in order for my grandson, who will be my heir, for I have dabbled enough with life."

The old Baroness spoke well; for she died a short time afterward, peacefully, with only Madame Krone by her.

The marriage of Herman and Elizabeth had taken place, but the casket containing the grandmother's bridal gift was not to be opened till her death.

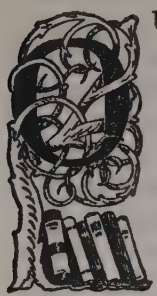
Now they unlocked it, and found—a wooden spoon cut from a plank of the wooden horse her father had ridden on.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

(Italy, 1864)

THE INTRUDER (1892)

The appearance of this book was greeted by a storm of disapproval, but the truth and power of its frank revelation of the baser side of man won for it a just appreciation.



UGHT I to go before a judge and say, "I have committed a crime. It is I, Tullio Hermil, who have killed him"? I will not, and yet to-day, the anniversary of the deed, I feel a desire to excuse myself, to confess, to reveal my secret to someone, but to whom?

The beginning was when, in the seventh year of our marriage, Juliana and I, with our two little daughters, went to my mother's roomy old house, the Badiola, to spend Pentecost. Three years before this, another Pentecost had been passed in that white and isolated villa, which had seemed a veritable festival of pardon, peace, and love; Juliana had been good and indulgent, though sad, for I had come back to her after my first infidelity, repentant. But what had not happened in three years? The breach between us was irreparable. I had not remained constant, and our relations had become like those of brother and sister. My mother and brother were still in ignorance of my real life. One day Juliana was convulsed with pain, and I held her in my arms; her sufferings increased, and she was obliged to undergo an operation. During her convalescence I gave her every attention, and it seemed as if nothing could equal the joy of being in her presence, but I knew that it could not last; that the habits I had formed would return, for I had not the moral strength to withstand outside influences. In-

stead of going as we had planned to our villa, "The Lilacs," I went from Rome to Florence to see Teresa Raffo. I returned in a week, and my family went to Badiola.

I was harassed by Juliana's jealousy and weakened by dissipation, and her presence became an encumbrance to me; sometimes weeks passed without my speaking to her, and I became a stranger in my own house. One day I saw her laugh, and another day I heard her sing. Her happiness irritated me—to what could I attribute it? One November morning I found her putting on her veil to go out. I made some commonplace remark, longing the while to ask her where she was going, for my own free life led me to suspect her. What if she were amusing herself! When she left the room for a moment I looked for incriminating proofs. Upon her writing-desk was the latest novel, *The Secret*, by Filippo Arborio. Its leaves were only half-cut, and upon its frontispiece was an autographic dedication: "To you, Juliana Hermil, Turris Eburnea, I offer this unworthy homage. F. Arborio. All Saints' Day, 1885." So Juliana knew the novelist? When I questioned her she said he had called several times. By her goodness, love, and the opportunities I had given her to be magnanimous she had raised herself into my ideal, and now that she had shown herself capable of happiness, and a new woman, was that ideal to be shattered? I must wait. If my suspicions are correct, I thought, at the first opportunity I shall challenge my rival.

Toward the end of February, after a quarrel with Teresa Raffo, I spent a month at Venice, isolating myself and gliding in a gondola over its watery ways—I cared not where.

Upon my return to Rome in March I found Juliana's health much impaired, and we all went to my mother's place, Badiola, to spend Easter. My brother Federico, a young man of twenty-seven, whose sober and laborious existence gave him a solidity and calmness that was restful to me, took me over the estate to show me its admirable condition. Feeling a new life in being away from certain places and persons, I became interested. He loved everything that grew; once when I hit a plant with the end of my stick, he bashfully took the stick from me, and when I broke a branch of blossoms from an apple-tree he looked sorrowful, until I told him it was for Juliana. It was but the

first of many I carried to her; once I took her a bunch of hawthorn, but she was overcome by the odor and ordered them put in the music-room; that day stands out in my memory, for her back was to the window and the light shed an aureole around her hair, and I, feeling my love for her return, stood near her for a long time, until, as I attempted to adjust a curl which had strayed over her white forehead, she darted away, dismayed at my attention.

I was melancholy for the rest of the day; Juliana, carrying a book, walked arm in arm with my mother on the lawn. Could it be that the book was *The Secret?* The post had come, and, happening to see the name of Filippo Arborio in the newspaper, I became greatly agitated. Unstrung, I felt as if on the edge of a precipice; my thoughts swung like a pendulum from one extreme to the other—was she innocent or was she guilty? Then, remembering her many acts of tenderness, bitterness filled my eyes with tears, and I felt the approach of some unknown disaster. I was aroused from this self-commiseration by the sound of the piano in the room below. It was a "Romance without Words." Yielding to impulse, I descended and looked into the room, but it was not Juliana playing; then I went into the garden, where I found her sitting with Federico under the elms. As they talked I glanced through the book she held. It was one of Leo Tolstoy's which I had given her.

The next morning old Calisto, the keeper of our villa, brought an enormous bouquet of flowers and asked when we would come again. We promised to spend the following Tuesday there, and once more my soul expanded at the thought of visiting the scene of our former happiness. Federico suggested having us there on his way to Casal Caldore and calling in the carriage for us on his return. I was glad of his company going, for it would have been difficult to keep up a conversation for several hours after strained relations had existed so long between Juliana and myself. When we arrived at "The Lilacs," we should find ourselves at the gate of the lost paradise, and words would come.

As he drove off, after leaving us there, I cried, "At last we are here!" We were now alone, and I was unspeakably

happy. Juliana wore a light gray gown and hat, and held a parasol to match. It was about eleven o'clock, the sun was warm, flowers were in bloom, and birds were singing. We walked slowly through the well-remembered paths, and I asked of what she was thinking. I told her I had so longed for this day that my love was renewed in every fiber of my being, and asked whether I had hoped in vain. I recalled to her the touching episodes of our lives, but she remained so long silent I wondered whether she heard. We seated ourselves on a bench, her head was bent on her bosom, her eyes were half-closed, and she listened motionless. I pleaded with her; I showed her my soul; I embraced her; and her tears fell on my cheek. As I continued my caresses she burst into violent sobs. Unconsciously I drew back—was there another?

"Is it too late?" I asked.

"No, no, Tullio, it is nothing, I am no longer as formerly; I have no strength—see, my faintness is passing. Sit beside me, or would you prefer to walk in the garden?"

She spoke in a broken voice with much effort; as she arose I embraced her, and supported her silently and slowly toward the house. My joy was so great at our reconciliation and reawakened love that it was almost delirium. The interior of the closed house was illuminated by rays of light that filtered through the cracks of the shutters. About two o'clock in the afternoon, seated on opposite sides of a table, like two lovers, we spread out the luncheon we had brought, and resolved in a day or two to come back to "The Lilacs" to stay. Juliana ate very little and seemed so ill I placed a chair for her on the balcony. Then she became so cold I wrapped her in her large cloak. She said she was ill, and spoke of death as we sat listening to the nightingale singing in the cypress-tree, until suddenly she fell unconscious on my shoulder. Federico arrived, and his jovial voice called out, "Where are you, you lovers?" Juliana recovered herself, and we at once set out for Badiola, reaching there about ten o'clock.

My mother had been alarmed at our long stay, and her anxiety was not lessened when she saw Juliana's suffering face. After she had been made comfortable, my mother took me aside and told me that Juliana was *enceinte*. Thunderstruck

to find Juliana unfaithful, especially after the communion of soul and thought we had passed through that day, I seemed in that short interview with my mother to have lived ten years. I recalled Juliana's words about death, how she had said, "What would you do should I die suddenly—for instance, to-morrow?" And knowing she sometimes took morphine when in pain, I was consumed with anxiety until I ascertained that she was peacefully sleeping. As I sat at her bedside, gazing upon the white brow, and went over in my mind the loving words and endearments we had interchanged but a few hours before, I lived over again the entire day. Presently she opened her eyes, begged me not to stay, and dropped asleep again. I felt sure that that night she would not destroy herself because little Natalie was with her; but I resolved to question her myself the next day and establish the conditions of our future relations. I told her I had sent for the physician, and that the next afternoon I was going to the woods with Federico, but would see her in the evening.

When riding toward the forest, the thin, pale face of Filippo Arborio, which hate made real, came between me and my brother, and I sought in danger a respite from my intolerable torture, urging my horse to a gallop on the steep bank of the river Assoro, not heeding my brother's cries of warning. The future seemed frightful and hopeless, and for the second time I conceived the idea of escaping from my fate. It seemed to me as if my soul had become a poor faded thing; I began to feel self-pity; life appeared like a distant vision, confused, strange, monstrous. "How is it possible to live? How is it possible to love?" Then my brother brought an old man, Giovanni de Scordio, to introduce to me. I never saw such sad eyes in a human face, but his smile was singularly sweet; he was a hermit saint whose fourteen sons had left him and disowned him, and whose scolding wife was dead; and he had gained his present peace through passing through the furnace of human ingratitude.

Juliana was alone, waiting for me at the appointed time. She was standing, supporting herself by the corner of a table, motionless, rigid as a statue. She said that what my mother had told me was true, and that she wished to die, to poison

herself or ride on the cliff and accidentally fall over—anything that for my sake and the children would look like an accident, but I dissuaded her. I said she must live. She argued with me, but at last promised she would in no way seek to kill herself. I told her that I accepted my punishment, which I well deserved after all the wrongs I had done her. Overcome by emotion and infinite pity, I fell upon my knees before her, and we mingled our tears, which, alas! were powerless to change our destiny.

I asked the name of the man. She would not reply, but burst into heartrending lamentations. Overwhelmed by our misfortune, I clasped the poor trembling creature to my heart, and silently kissed away her tears. A strange, sacrificial ardor suddenly fired me, impelling me to take up my cross. The grandeur of expiation seemed worthy of my courage.

My mother redoubled her tenderness. It is unbelievable how Juliana dissembled before those unacquainted with the facts. Neither she nor I wanted the child to live. I tried, by interesting myself in my brother's agricultural projects, or by riding whole days on horseback, and even by manual labor, to dull my poignant grief and misery. In vain—labor did not solace nor console me. I felt myself going into a decline; life seemed ebbing away, and I resolved to go to Rome—anywhere—I cared not where.

But no sooner had I arrived in Rome than I was sorry I had come. The city was hot, the house was silent, and I found myself in solitude. I made inquiries about the man I hated, Filippo Arborio, and found he had left Rome four or five months before, having been afflicted with paralysis, and that, though he was taking electrical treatment at Naples, he was not expected to recover. What should I do—stay longer in that city like a furnace, go to the seaside, the mountains, or seek oblivion in society at some fashionable summer resort? No, I perceived that my sole desire was to return to the scene of my suffering, to Badiola.

My absence had been short, and I told Juliana I had come back to see her, for her sake, and she thanked me with a depth of love I had never known before. Thus I resumed my sad life.

Toward the end of October the child was born. I could

hardly look at him, but in order not to arouse suspicion in the hearts of my mother and brother, I was obliged to kiss him, and to watch my two little daughters and my brother do so also. Juliana was very ill, and I rarely left her. The doctor, in taking his departure, said, "I do not wish for a more intelligent, vigilant, or devoted nurse." This unexpected praise before my family was my reward.

Juliana slowly regained her strength, but my assiduity did not wane. My life was within the walls of that room, and for hours and hours we were alone, at times almost forgetting our misfortune in our immense love. But the time came when the routine of domestic life invaded the peaceful room, and Juliana was able to see my mother, brother, and the children, and Raymond, the baby, was brought in. It was no longer possible to avoid it—we had to lavish kisses and smiles and artfully dissimulate, for in reality I could not look at him with any degree of equanimity; a shudder passed through me when I touched him, and I had not a thought for him that was not hateful.

My mother said the child must be baptized, and Federico and I went to ask the hermit saint, Giovanni, to be his godfather. The following morning the ceremony took place; I stayed with the invalid, but when she slept a sudden curiosity seized me to see my "heir" receive my father's name, and I walked toward the gallery and looked below into the chapel. Overcome, distracted, I reëntered Juliana's room. From that day began the madness that was to lead me to the crime. I said nothing, I did nothing, that could awaken suspicion or cause surprise. I dissimulated ceaselessly with everyone, even with Juliana. With her I affected resignation and a sort of forgetfulness. I was convinced that the mother's health depended on the child's death. She would appear a new creature; all recollection should be lost in love; we should be worthy of each other. The vision of the future made his murder seem justifiable, but he must appear to die a natural death, and I had not as yet found a sure means. I did not allow myself to be softened by his growing beauty or innocent slumber. I said to myself, "He must die." He took a slight cold and coughed a trifle, but soon recovered; but I had an

inspiration. It seemed to me all at once as if someone had said, "This is how it must be done—what the other did in your place." "Who was that other?" It seemed as if someone had done it before. Providence would not come to our aid. I must act.

The nurse did not leave the child except at meal-time, and then she was replaced by my mother, the governess, or one of the servants. I was at the mercy of chance, and chance favored me. The mountaineers had come for the nine-days' prayers; one was from Montegorgo, where the nurse came from, and I told her she might go and I would take her place. It was a freezingly cold evening; as I walked in the garden I was frightened at the trees, at the immensity of the sky, at the reflections from the river, at the confused voices of the fields. The Angelus sounded, and I rushed into the house. At six o'clock, when everyone was in chapel and prayers had begun, I walked through the silent house to the child's room. There the nurse had risen at the first sound of the bagpipes from her native mountains, and I dismissed her. The innocent was asleep, I no longer felt antipathy, but obeyed solely the impulse of a cold and lucid will; I had perfect consciousness of my actions. I opened the window to let in a blast of icy air; I lifted the infant gently, and, taking him to the window, exposed him to the cold air that was to make him perish, until a shudder went through his frame, and he awoke and began a pitiful, quivering wail. It filled me with fright, and I hurriedly replaced the child in his cradle and closed the window. I could not quiet him, and, to relieve the torture into which these sounds plunged me, I went into the corridor and kept watch through the half-open door. The music ceased, the prayers were over, the child had ceased crying and was apparently sleeping peacefully once more. I had lost all notion of time and experienced a sudden blankness of mind during these moments of waiting.

When the nurse returned, I said, "He is still asleep," and rapidly withdrew. I was saved! but from that moment I was dazed. Juliana, noticing my abstraction, said, "You are hiding something from me." She was frightened that I went voluntarily to see the child. She said, "I know you, I am

afraid; no, no, you are not resigned. You cannot be resigned. Do not deceive me, Tullio; this evening, just now, you were there." I said, "How do you know?" and she replied, "I know it; I feel it." My blood froze, and I asked whether she wished my mother to notice my aversion. The children came in at that moment, and I went to my room.

The next morning, when they told me the child had a cold, but that the doctor said it was not serious, even I was deceived by appearances. My attempt had been useless. I went to Juliana, I abandoned myself altogether to my sorrow without seeking to hide it. I did not conceal my thoughts from her, and she, in a penetrating though feeble voice from the depths of her heart, murmured, "Oh! I had a heaven for you in my soul. I cannot console you now any more. There is consolation neither for you nor for me, there never will be—all is lost."

"Who knows?" I said. We looked at each other, and each knew the other was thinking of Raymond's possible death.

That night I heard the nine-days' prayer again on the bagpipes, at the same hour. The next day the child grew worse; my soul was in that state of anxious suspension which accompanies expectation. I listened for each sound; presently they told me he was dying. When I told Juliana she embraced me, but in that embrace there was no joy. My heart was oppressed, and my soul, bent thus over the obscure abyss of that other soul, felt helpless and alone.

By nightfall Raymond was dead. Some extraordinary change was taking place within me that I could not understand. To the foot of the cradle I bore a fearful, humble, feeble soul, totally freed from its previous passions. The little mouth whose wailings had so often aroused my hate was now silenced by a mysterious seal. The same silence reigned about me. Out of it arose a great light in the center of my soul. I understood. Thus I was seized with a desire to confess my crime. My brother and old Giovanni were there, and I said, "Do you know who killed this innocent one?" I did not recognize my own voice, my blood was frozen with terror, and I let my brother lead me to my room. I watched over

myself with fright and anguish. I saw the whole scene of the doctor, my brother, everyone trying to save the child's life, enacted before my eyes. What if I should really become delirious and unconsciously reveal my secret?

The following day, although weak, I went with Federico, Giovanni de Scordio, and some servants to the little funeral in the chapel; and as we laid him to rest in the vault no one spoke, it seemed as if no one breathed, and his godfather knelt silently a few moments in prayer.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH (1894)

Even more protest was raised against the following story than against the preceding one. Its sale was prohibited in some countries, but at last its literary power was recognized, and it is regarded as its author's masterpiece.

ONE afternoon in March, while George Aurispa and Hippolyte were walking near the parapet of the Pincio, they saw several men looking down into the street and heard people saying: "He is dead."—"They have carried him to Santa Maria del Popolo."—"What's that on the ground?"—"It's blood."

Someone had committed suicide.

"Happy are the dead!" said George, "they have no more doubts."

"Poor love!" said Hippolyte.

"What love?" asked George.

"Ours."

"Do you feel that love is growing cold?"

"In me—no," said Hippolyte.

"But you think it is in me? Don't you? You don't answer. You know that you are not telling the truth. That is how the agony of love begins. Since your return I have studied you, and every day I discover a new symptom."

"What symptom?"

"A bad symptom. Oh, how terrible it is to love and yet not lose one's keenness of perception!"

Hippolyte was grieved: she knit her brows and compressed her lips. Once more the lovers had quarreled.

"Yes, this is how it begins," he continued, as he scrutinized her keenly. "You feel a restlessness, a vague impatience which you cannot suppress. When near me you feel a repugnance to me, and then you either say nothing or very little, and you misunderstand everything I say."

He tried to express himself clearly, but his brain, encumbered by many psychological observations, confused everything.

"I wish you to know," said he, "that I do not reproach you. It is not your fault. You have loved me now for nearly two years. Our second anniversary will be sad, but we must celebrate it all the same. I like bitter fruit."

"Why do you speak so unkindly to me?" she said, as she gazed intently at her lover; for she knew the terrible malady from which he suffered, and which made him so irritable.

"What ails you, love?" he said.

His misery was not caused by anyone; it was caused by *love* itself, which he thought one of the greatest sorrows. His whole being was absorbed in it.

"I believe that you love me," said George, "but how can you prove to me that to-morrow, or in a month, or in a year, you will still be happy to be mine? Of your thoughts I know but a small part. The soul is incommunicable; you cannot show me your soul. I kiss your brow; beneath it there is perhaps a thought that is not of me. I am so afraid of your past life. Suddenly a thought chills me; my ardor dies; you escape me; and I feel myself alone, in frightful solitude. I do not know your thoughts, and you do not know mine."

"I have no such feelings," said Hippolyte. "You dwell too much on your thoughts."

This conversation had become painful, and the lovers decided to go.

"If you like, I will remain with you," said Hippolyte.

"No," said George. But in his heart he wished the reverse.

Twilight came on, and, as they passed the place where they had seen the blood-stain, George leaned over the parapet. He seemed to see the form of the man leaping to his death, and in the phantom he recognized himself. He remembered that his uncle had committed suicide. "Suppose I throw myself over," he thought. Then he turned aside.

"All out! All out!" cried the guard.

"You will come to me to-night, won't you?" said George.

"Yes, yes, I will come."

"I shall die if you do not come."

"I will come."

The lovers decided to celebrate the second anniversary of their union in some quiet place away from Rome, so they went to Cecchina, where they stayed several days.

While there Hippolyte showed George a bundle of papers. "See, these are your letters," she said. "They are always with me."

"What did I write you?" said George.

"Words of fire."

They sat down and looked over the letters together. In one they read: "I have a strange thought, which from time to time pierces my soul like a flash of lightning and disturbs my whole being; a foolish thought—a dream. I think that you could come here alone, to be entirely mine."

"You see," said Hippolyte, "it is a continual seduction, refined and irresistible. I suffered more than you can imagine. When I found that I was alone with you in the gondola on the Grand Canal, that September dawn, I could not believe that it was a reality. Do you recollect that I wept and was unable to speak to you? It was the first of our great imprudences. What does it matter? Was it not better so, now that I belong solely to you?"

After recalling many happy incidents of their stay in Venice, they came to some letters which told that Hippolyte's husband had left her on account of the life she was leading; that she had been very ill, with a disease resembling epilepsy; that she feared the illness might seize her when in the arms of her lover, and that therefore she thought best not to see him again.

"Were you mad when you wrote that?" said George. "It was as if you had taken my life."

For a time the letters were very kind, but gradually they were filled with reproaches and suspicions. In one, George wrote:

"How far you have gone from me! It seems to me that your soul has abandoned me. To breathe is insupportable to me, and the blood throbs through my veins like the sound of blows from a hammer. Is that love? Oh, no! It is a kind of monstrous infirmity which can blossom only *in me*, for my joy, and my martyrdom. . . . I could be content only on one condition—that I absorb all your being; that I live your life,

that I think your thoughts. . . . My days are one long agony. Rarely have I wished and prayed for them to end as I do now." And in another letter they read: "A pain, a terrible pain, intolerable, never felt before! Oh, Hippolyte, come back! come back! I want to see you, to speak to you, to caress you! I love you more than ever!"

On Good Friday evening the lovers were drinking tea, preparatory to returning to Rome.

"This, too, is past," said George.

"What can I do?" said Hippolyte. "It seems to me as if I could not sleep anywhere but on your heart."

"In two or three hours we shall be separated," thought George. "My habitual illness will surely seize me again."

Then followed a love scene, after which he said, "You know my malady."

"What can I do to cure you?" said Hippolyte.

"Come with me," he cried. Let us go to some unknown country where we can stay a long time—that will cure me."

About the end of April, when George Aurispa was going to search for the idyllic abode for himself and his mistress, he received an alarming letter from his mother, who wrote that she was very unhappy, and that he must come home at once.

On arriving at the paternal home he felt like a stranger, visiting a strange family. The discord there overpowered him. The very night he arrived his mother told him, with tears in her eyes, that his father was a wretch, an infamous man; and her appearance showed that she had suffered much.

"You must help me," she said. "You live far away, and you cannot imagine in what a hell we live. You are the eldest. You must speak to him. Yes, George, you must."

The next time he saw his mother he felt that she was wasting away. "Oh, mother! My poor mother!" he cried, as he knelt at her feet. Through his mind passed again the distant afflictions of his adolescence. His wish to live left him, as bodily warmth leaves a corpse.

When George reached his room, he thought: "I do not belong to myself; I escape from myself. I am in a perpetual state of anguish. Is it the anguish of the fugitive who feels someone at his heels, or is it the anguish of the ambitious man

who never can reach his aim? Perhaps it is both. . . . What is the cause of my impotence? I have the greatest desire to be complete and harmonious, but, on the contrary, I secretly destroy myself day by day; every day my life ebbs away through countless invisible fissures. A perpetual conflict confuses me. What is it I lack? Is not the portion of my being which eludes my consciousness already dead, so that death only will enable me to regain it? Yes, that is it. In fact, death attracts me."

Then he reproached himself for not having stayed at home to look after the family, and he thought he would now try to do his duty by speaking to his father, who was staying at a neighboring villa with his mistress (formerly a chambermaid) and his illegitimate children.

When he called on his father, he was entrapped into signing a note, which was to pay the taxes, and other necessary expenses.

"Will you promise that this money will not be used for any other purpose?" said George.

At this his father flew into a rage and accused his wife of talking against him.

"Be silent!" said George, "you are not worthy to kiss her feet. . . . Good-by. I am going. Act as you like. I am no longer your son."

The following morning George awoke from a feverish sleep and terrible dreams. He felt once more the necessity of committing suicide. Where could he kill himself? How? At the house? With pistols? With poison?

He was thinking how the family would mourn for him, and that Hippolyte would die of a broken heart, when he heard his mother's voice:

"What is the matter?" said she.

"Nothing. I feel a little nervous."

"How sorry I am that I sent you there!"

"It was necessary," said George.

His mother left the room, and then he felt that it was time to act. He dressed himself while thinking of the funeral oration, in which would be given the following quotation from Stefano Gondi: "He died *because he could not make life correspond to his dreams.*"

Then he went upstairs to his uncle's room, in which nothing had been changed since the suicide. He remembered the corpse on that bed, and he shuddered. Hanging on the wall he saw a brace of pistols. He took one of them in his hand, and said to himself: "I, too, will kill myself with the same pistol, on the same bed. In five minutes I could be dead." But when he thought of pulling the trigger, he revolted, and decided that perhaps it was not necessary for him to commit suicide.

Hippolyte had just written that she was very unhappy away from him, and that she would come to him, no matter where. "Perhaps she will be able to cure me," thought he. So he left his father's house and found, in San Vito, on the borders of the Adriatic, a quiet house in an orange-grove, on a plateau overlooking a small bay. He thought, "How happy Hippolyte will be here! Her eyes will always be filled with me."

Suddenly he was overwhelmed with the force of *love*, but through it came the echo of sadness from his home, and he saw his mother's eyes questioning him, when he kissed her good-by; as if she had said: "*For whom* are you forsaking me?"

George was madly in love. He wrote to his mistress: "I have a constant vision of your mouth." For, although he had much sentiment, he inherited the fatal tendencies of his father.

In the course of a few days Hippolyte arrived; George was overjoyed to see her. "Oh, Hippolyte! Hippolyte! Oh, my soul! how much, how much I have longed for you!" he said. "You will stay with me for a long time, and before leaving me you will kill me."

When he kissed her, her mouth felt as if it rested on the surface of his soul.

"You will kill me!" he said again. He longed to take this temptress in his arms; then he felt that he would like to be freed from his body, freed from his sinful habits, and enter a new life. "Was it possible that this new life should be brought about by this young woman? Could it not begin to-day?" thought he.

Once he saw Hippolyte lounging in the loggia; her face looking as heavy and dull as if the inner life were dead, and

he felt: "In an instant it has ended. The flame is extinguished. I have ceased to love her." . . . Henceforth she seemed to him only a woman—a simple instrument of ruin and of death. He thought of his father with his mistress. "Am I not leading the same kind of life?" he said to himself. Then he glanced at Hippolyte; her beauty had returned as if by magic, and shone like a torch. As he looked at her, he felt himself once more under the spell of her fascinations. He was drawn by a physical force that made him feel as if he had lost the ability of thinking or of acting independently of her. "Ah!" thought he, "she is the Enemy. As long as she lives, as long as she can exercise her power over me, she will prevent me from placing my foot on the threshold. How can I recover my substance if a great portion of myself is in the hands of this woman? To revive and conquer, I must cease to love; I must deliver myself from the Enemy."

For the second time he imagined a picture of her, dead.

The "Messiah" of Chapelles was making a tour through the country, and was about to visit the cathedral at Casalbordino. He was said to have worked many miracles and to have even brought the dead back to life.

George often thought of this "Messiah," and he wished that his faith were strong enough to see God in the Host. He had dreamed of entering a monastery; he longed for the silence and the peace to be found there; but he lacked the one essential thing—*faith*. He had also dreamed of having a mistress who would spend hours with him wandering about the cathedral, and who would sleep with him in a comfortable bed between two praying-stools. Then he thought of his uncle who had the same view of religion, and of how, by taking his own life, he had transferred himself at once to a higher state. George realized that he should renounce himself, and that there were two ways only of doing this: to commit suicide, or to give himself to Heaven. He chose the latter.

The next day George and Hippolyte went to the vigil held in the cathedral at Casalbordino. When driving from the station to the church they saw many strange and dreadful sights; for instance, an emaciated old man holding in his hand the waxen image of a leg with a horrible sore painted

on it, which he was going to hang on the wall of the shrine in commemoration of his cure.

The church was full, and many processions were waiting to enter. One long-continued chant of "Ave Maria" rent the air, like the sound of a great massacre.

"Let us go in," said Hippolyte.

The crowd was so great that they only reached the portal, but they had a good view of the processions passing round the church awaiting their turns to enter.

Every deformity passed in the sunlight before the House of the Virgin. There were harelips, goîters, erysipelas, scrofula, and other horrible diseases; and the voices of the pilgrims rose higher and higher, until they shrieked in frenzy.

In a deep coffin, carried by four men, lay an immensely stout man, a paralytic, suffering from gout. His twisted, knotted hands were dangling; from his neck hung a number of scapularies, and the picture of a sacred image was spread over his abdomen. He wheezed as if in the death-agony, and he emitted a stench like putrefying flesh. Then came a lunatic, foaming at the mouth, his eyes starting from their sockets, his neck swollen, and his face as black as if he had been hanged.

After a while George and Hippolyte were able to get inside the sacristy, the walls of which were hung with molds of wax representing the cures effected by the Virgin. There were legs, arms, breasts, shapeless pieces representing tumors, gangrenes, and ulcers.

Crowds lay prostrate before the shrine. "Madonna! Madonna!" they cried in voices more terrible than the shrieks of a man burned alive without hope of salvation.

The processions still came. Among them were groups of women, dragging themselves along on their knees, tearing out their hair, striking their hips, bruising their foreheads on the stones, and writhing as if in convulsions. They crawled along like reptiles, their mouths kissed the dust, and their tongues traced in the dust the form of the cross with saliva mixed with blood.

"Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!"

Sometimes a blue wave of incense spread over this mass of reptiles.

"Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!"

The women now stood up. One of them was carried by her relatives: she was rigid as a corpse. They placed her on her feet; her face was covered with dust, the skin was stripped from her nose and forehead, and her mouth was full of blood. Suddenly her head fell back, she stiffened even more, and shrieked: "Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!"

"My God! My God! What a cursed country!" said Hippolyte. "Let us go away. Please, George, let us go back."

Every day now the lovers bathed in the sea. Once when Hippolyte was bathing her feet in the water and then drying them in the hot sand, George thought how strange it was that this woman, so sinuous, so passionate, and afflicted with epileptic fits, could be the same woman who was then bathing her feet in the sea. He noticed that her toes were ill formed, and then he discovered that it was her blemishes, and not her beauties, that held him. It was the most terrible indication of the great carnal obsession which one human creature exercises over another. He imagined himself tied to this flesh like a slave to his chains—until death.

She fixed her large eyes on him, and he felt as if enveloped in a cloud. He imagined he was touching the bottom of an abyss—dead.

When she left, he arose with difficulty, and a feeling of emptiness passed through him. He climbed the hill to the house, and saw a train passing. He felt dizzy; he thought:

"To lie down across the rails . . . To end all in a second."

Almost every day he went fishing, but he spent most of the time meditating. Again he felt the influence of his uncle working in him, and he thought: "Without doubt it was music that initiated him into the mystery of death . . . that harmony had given him a glimpse of the possibility of freeing himself from time and space; of detaching himself from the individual will that confined him in the personality enclosed in a restricted place; that kept him perpetually subject to the corporeal substance; and that by dying he would be dissolved into the continuous harmony of the great All." And then he said to himself: "Why should not I also be initiated into the same mystery, in the same way?"

Beneath him was the roar of the ocean, above him was the silence of the starry sky. From the shore he heard the sound of an approaching train.

Hippolyte was a sorceress. She herself felt the effects of her own spell, and she delighted to domineer over this morbid man. Sometimes, when George saw his mistress bathing, he felt tempted to drown her. "Only then, in front of the corpse of my Enemy," thought he, "shall I be able to find the solution of my problem. Perhaps I should succeed in saving myself, and reconquering life, if I were to destroy the Enemy."

One day George coaxed his mistress to try to swim to a rock: her strength gave out; he rescued her, for he lacked the courage to see her die.

The next day he saw on the shore the corpse of a boy who had been drowned. The mother was bending over the lifeless body of her child, which reminded George of his own mother, and of her eyes questioning him: "*For whom* are you forsaking me?" He regretted that he had not shot himself in his uncle's room.

Then he thought of the impure woman who was asleep in his bed, and who was the Enemy of both life and of death—*of that death.*

It was the fifth anniversary of his uncle's death, and George was very restless. Criminal dreams were floating through his brain. He kept saying over to himself: "Must I die alone?"

When Hippolyte touched him, he shuddered.

"Why are you like this to-day?" she said. "You are trembling. Are you ill?"

"Yes," he stammered, "I don't feel well."

He was leaning against the parapet, admiring the rockets sent up to celebrate a festival in the neighboring city, and thinking that he would take Hippolyte out for a walk, and lead her through the tunnel just as the train was due, so that both would be crushed by it. But while he was meditating he heard the train in the distance: it was too late. He imagined he heard it crushing them to death.

He remembered that just five years ago, that day, he was bending over the corpse of his uncle, kissing him. He also felt

a great aversion to Hippolyte, and dreaded the thought of having her near him.

A light from the fireworks now illumined several little bays.

"The promontory!" thought George.

"Shall we take a little walk?" he said to Hippolyte.

"No, no; let us stay here," she said.

"It's not too late. I can't go to bed so early. I do not sleep; I suffer. Come!"

"No, no; let us stay here. Come indoors; let us lie down. Come!"

He yielded. Once more he felt the Enemy had regained her power over him.

"You see how beautiful the night is," said George. "Let us walk to the olive-trees."

After much persuasion, Hippolyte consented to go.

On leaving the house, his heart seemed to cease to beat. He was possessed by the one fatal thought.

"Come, come, we'll soon be there!" he exclaimed, as he walked toward the precipice. When he looked down on the beach below, he thought of the corpse of the child who had been drowned, and of the man who had thrown himself from the Pincio.

"Take care," said Hippolyte, as she approached him. "Do you hear me? Come away! George! George!"

"Have no fear. Come! Come! Come! See the men fishing by torchlight."

"No, no!"

Suddenly he seized her by the wrists, by the hair, took her in his arms, and tried to force her to the edge of the precipice.

She escaped from him.

"Are you mad? Are you mad?" she cried.

Again he caught her in his arms.

"No, no; let me go! Let me go! Listen only for a moment! I want to tell you that I love you.—Forgive me!"

She was terrified at seeing death so near.

"Assassin!" she shrieked, as she struggled fiercely for one brief moment; then, clasped in each other's arms, both crashed down to death.

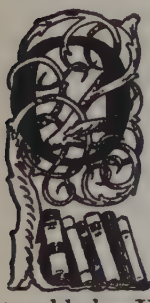
F. ANSTEY

(THOMAS ANSTEY GUTHRIE)

(England, 1856)

VICE VERSA (1882)

This fantastic tale has amused many adult as well as youthful readers, and was successfully dramatized for the English stage.



N a certain Monday evening late in January, 1881, Paul Bultitude, Esq. (of Mincing Lane, Colonial Produce Merchant), was sitting alone in his dining-room at Westbourne Terrace after dinner.

Mr. Bultitude was a widower; tall, portly, pompous, overbearing; between fifty and sixty; self-important and weak-chinned. Comfortable enough in his lazy armchair, he yet looked troubled. His son Dick was about to return to school that evening, and he dreaded parting from him, not because he hated to lose the boy, but because, being nervous and fidgety, he thought all vacations too long, and the bother of saying good-by a good deal of a bore. He was not entirely lost to paternal affection, but had contrived to stifle his love for Dick in his dislike of any disturbance of established routine. A noisy animal like a boy was better off at school.

Outside the dining-room door, Dick, having bade good-by to his sister, Barbara, his little brother, Roly, and the servants, was trying to get up enough courage to go in and have the ordeal of leave-taking over with. It is no fun saying good-by when you are the only one who regrets the parting.

Dick sighed to be grown up like his father. School was such a dreary place!

When finally the lad went in, his father greeted him testily

and lectured him on his misbehavior in the previous term, with admonishments to good behavior in the term to come, winding up with "Boaler's an uncommonly long time fetching that cab!"

"Oh, I say, papa," blurted Dick nervously, "can you let me have some pocket-money, please, to go back with?"

After an eternity of lecturing, Mr. Bultitude complied with his boy's request to the extent of five shillings, and Dick was about to put it in his purse with a gratitude that sounded disappointed when his fingers encountered a small parcel.

"I nearly forgot. Is this any use? May I have it? It's a pagoda-stone from India."

"Pagoda-stone? The boy means Garudâ-stone. You've been meddling in my bureau."

"No, I found it in the drawing-room. May I have it?"

"Certainly not. Give it to me."

It looked harmless enough as Mr. Bultitude took it in his hand; there was no warning voice to hint that there might possibly be sleeping within that small marble block the pent-up energy of long-forgotten Eastern necromancy, just as ready as ever to waken into action at the first words which had power to evoke it. The sober and prosaic Paul Bultitude was unconscious of his danger from the wizard power in that stone.

Marmaduke Paradine, Mr. Bultitude's ne'er-do-well brother-in-law, had brought the stone from India as a sort of peace-offering and bid for further favors, and had then departed to become involved in shady business transactions.

"Isn't it a talisman?" said Dick.

"I'm sure I can't tell you," yawned Paul; "how do you mean?"

Just then there was the sound of a cab at the door.

"Come, now. Good-by. Don't keep the cabman waiting. He's paid by the hour. School-time is the happiest time in a boy's life."

" 'Tisn't in mine," half-whimpered Dick. "I'll bet *you* wouldn't want to be a boy again, and have to go back to old Grimstone's."

His father sank back in his chair and put the tips of his fingers together, still holding the stone.

"Perhaps you will believe me," he said impressively, "when

I tell you that, old as I am, and much as you envy me, I only wish, at this very moment, I could be a boy again, like you."

As he spoke, the armchair seemed to grow large. He felt almost like a pygmy in a giant's chair. What had happened?

To his intense annoyance Dick burst into peals of laughter.

"What's the joke?" said Paul touchily.

"Oh!" shrieked Dick, helpless from merriment. "Do look at yourself in the glass; it will make you roar."

Paul did as he was told, and found to his horror that he was a replica of his son—a little boy of thirteen. He had had his wish.

At first he could not understand it, and it was finally Dick who reminded him that he had held the Garudâ-stone in his hand when he made his wish.

Paul now begged the boy to take the stone and wish him back again, after he had himself proved its inefficacy for any such purpose; and Dick took it and deliberated as to whether he would put an end to such a huge joke or make it huger yet.

At last love of the freedom that would be his if he were a man overcame every other feeling, and he declared his intention to use the wish to his own advantage.

"Give me back the stone," said his father, as sternly as a figure of thirteen could say it.

"Come near me and I'll punch your head," said Dick sturdily.

It was one of those painful domestic scenes which are fortunately rare between father and son.

Suddenly: "I wish I was a man like you were just now," said Dick ungrammatically, and a moment later he possessed the form of his pompous father.

At first Paul did not appreciate the full extent of the calamity that had befallen, but when Boaler, the butler, announced the cab, the quick-witted Dick, seeing his chance, said: "Well, Dick, my boy, so you're off to school. Be a good boy. Good-by, and bless you, my son." Paul, unable to summon words to explain to the butler that he was really Mr. Bultitude and not Dick, fortunately fainted, and did not come to himself until he found himself in the cab on the way to St. Pancras Station.

He tried to shake off the feeling that he was his own son, and to convince himself that he had had a bad dream, but a light from an unfriendly street-lamp showed him the frayed short trousers and the square-toed boy's boots that encased his legs and feet; a hand passed over what had been his bald spot encountered thick, close-curling locks.

He at last found himself among a group of odious little boys, evidently Dick's schoolmates on their way to the same prison to which he had foolishly doomed himself.

Their tiresome chaff, to which he could respond by nothing but the utterances of a man of pompous personality and dislike of children, was unutterably irksome to him, and he made an almost successful attempt to escape home by another cab when Dr. Grimstone arrived on the scene and prevented him.

The hideous nightmare of the journey up to school by train was converted for the other boys into something approaching a Christmas farce by the odd remarks that Paul, true to his own personality, insisted on making to the master.

For example, when the doctor observed: "Well, boys, you have had an unusually protracted vacation this time, owing to the unprecedented severity of the weather, but I intend to reduce the Easter holidays a week by way of compensation"—Paul replied: "I'm uncommonly glad to hear it, Dr. Grimstone. That's as it should be. Boys have too many holidays as it is. There's no reason, to my mind, why parents should be sufferers by every snowstorm. It's no joke, I can assure you, to have a great, idle boy hanging about the place, eating his empty head off."

A burglar enlarging upon the sanctity of the law of property could hardly have produced a greater sensation.

It was some time before the doctor quite recovered himself (the boys were staring in rapturous admiration at Paul's powers of mockery); then he said, with a grim smile, "This is indeed finding Saul among the prophets; your sentiments—if sincere, Bultitude—are very creditable."

Later Bultitude, willing to make himself agreeable, and totally forgetting that to the eyes of the world he was his son Dick, said: "You're a smoker, of course, Dr. Grimstone? I think I can give you a cigar you'll appreciate."

He felt for his cigar-case, really forgetting that it was gone, like all other incidentals of his old self, while the boys giggled with unrestrained delight at such charming effrontery.

The doctor overlooked his "buffoonery" as being "pardonable when the mind is elated by the return to the cheerful bustle and activity of school life."

Incommoded by a draft, Bultitude insisted upon the window being shut, and later complained of a schoolmate who was "puffing peppermint in his face," thereby endangering the popularity that Dick had formerly had in the school.

When they finally reached their destination, he attempted to tell Dr. Grimstone what had happened to him, but the time was not opportune, as no cabs were in waiting, and Dr. Grimstone was very angry.

"Boys," said he, "go into the waiting-room till I come to you. Stay; there are too many for the fly. Coker, Coggs, and you, Bultitude, who know the way, may walk and tell Mrs. Grimstone we are coming."

Of course the walk was converted into torture for Paul, for had he not "sneaked of" Coggs for eating peppermints (a strictly forbidden thing)?

The little fiends showed themselves worthy of situations as Spanish inquisitors by the refined cruelty of their attacks on the body of poor Paul when they got him alone. At last he broke away, and outran them to the school, which he recognized in the distance.

Bedtime brought more "hazing," and sleep was a thing of the late night for the badgered man, whose opportunity to explain all to the doctor seemed to be farther off than ever.

To a man of priggish tendencies, like Paul, the attentions of womankind never could have been other than repellent, and so, when next morning the pretty daughter of Dr. Grimstone, Dulcie, with her deep gray eyes and glossy brown hair, her oval and slightly serious face, ran toward him with a glad little cry, stretching out her pretty hands, he not only did not do what Dick would have done in the way of reciprocity, but was distinctly annoyed at her attentions, and expressed himself in no uncertain terms, thus laying up for himself future annoyances innumerable.

As his son's successor, poor Paul fell heir to many misadventures; Dick had sown, his father reaped.

Dick was a good dancer, but when in dancing-class Paul was called upon to do a sailor's hornpipe, this body of a child with the mind of a finical man rebelled, and, after peremptorily refusing on the score that "it would be enough to kill me at my age," he finally, in answer to a last request from the dancing-teacher, said, "No, I'll be damned if I do!"

Such language bore fruit in the laborious copying of such commendable maxims as, "Cultivate Habits of Courtesy and Self-Control."

When at last he had made up his mind to escape from this fearful place, he was forced to divide his precious and only five shillings among some boys to whom Dick had promised live rabbits (which he had forced Dick to kill), and this left him penniless.

A letter received from his daughter Barbara gave much news of home doings.

"My Dearest, Darling Dick: Since you went away, dear papa has been completely changed. He is quite jolly and boyish—only fancy!—and we are always telling him that he is the biggest baby of us all, but it only makes him laugh. . . .

"You would laugh to see him loading cannons with real powder and shot, and he didn't care a bit when some of it made holes in the sideboard and smashed the looking-glass. . . .

"He has asked the clown from the pantomime, where we were the other night, to dine here on Sunday with Sir Benjamin and Lady Bangle. . . .

"With best love, your affectionate sister,

"Barbara.

"P.S. I nearly forgot to say that Uncle Marmaduke came the other day, and has stayed here ever since. He is going to make papa's fortune, I believe, by a gold-mine he knows about somewhere, and a steam railway in Lapland."

This letter naturally upset Paul not a little. Dick's undignified antics as *paterfamilias* were bad enough, but the knowledge that his brother-in-law was back again, and that he was

perhaps imperiling Bultitude's reputation for business probity, was maddening.

Once more he tried to explain matters to Dr. Grimstone, and once more fate made it impossible for him to express himself adequately, and he was warned that if there were much more of this aping of the manners of his elders, this "wretched tomfoolery," as the doctor called it, he should suffer for it.

To add to his misery, Dulcie, becoming jealous at knowing that he had received a letter from a girl, besought him to tell her the name of the writer, and when he refused to do so, he was led into a scene that involved a fight and much mortification and dreariness.

At last Sunday came round, but it brought no rest to the weary Paul.

He went to church, and there reaped more from the seed his son had sown. A very pretty girl, Connie Davenant, thinking to continue a last year's flirtation with Dick, passed a note to the unfortunate Paul in a hymn-book. It fell, as luck would have it, at the feet of Dulcie, who, in spite of her name, was not sweet enough to pass it on, but let it lie at her feet until her watchful mother saw it and read it.

When the storm burst after church, Paul tried to escape the consequences by repudiating any knowledge of Connie Davenant, but this seemed merely gratuitous lying on the part of a boy who had sat in the same pew for a year, with Connie occupying her present place, where her charms of face were evident to all the boys.

Still, so stoutly did Paul asseverate that he knew nothing of the girl that the doctor postponed punishment, and perhaps would have passed it over altogether if one boy named Chawner, who hated Paul, had not produced at the right moment a letter that Dick had written to Connie the year before. This evidence was too much for Dr. Grimstone, who, in the heat of his indignation, expelled Paul, the edict to take effect next morning.

Nothing could have given Paul greater joy. To get away from the miserable place where he had suffered so many indignities was worth taking a flogging to accomplish, and here leave of absence was given him as in itself a punishment!

"What!" Paul leaped up, incredulous. "Expel me? Do

I hear you aright, Dr. Grimstone? Say it again—you will expel me?"

"I have said it," the doctor said sternly; "no expostulation can move me now. I shall consign you to the home you have covered with blushes and shame, by the 9.15 train, and I shall write a letter to-night explaining the causes for your dismissal."

Paul spent a happy night; but sorrow came in the morning, for the conscientious Dr. Grimstone, feeling that it would be wrong to ruin a young man's career (and incidentally cut off so much income for himself), informed him that he would give him another chance.

This hideous change in his fortunes turned out to have been brought about in all good faith by his still ardent admirer, Dulcie; but when she told him, expecting that now at last the old Dick would shine forth and she would be rewarded by his affection once more, Paul so upbraided her for interfering in things that did not concern her that the girl departed in high dudgeon.

The alternative of expulsion turned out to be a flogging before the whole school. Paul listened to a harangue for a torturing number of minutes, and then, just as he was about to receive the stripes, the punishment was averted by the timely arrival of the real Dick.

Dick showed by his complexion and general debonair appearance that he had lived not wisely but too well.

The meeting between the two (the doctor allowing the father to have an interview with his erring son) was characteristic. Dick was full of the delights of his new life, while Paul dwelt on the woes of being battered to sleep with slippers, or kicked about during the day like a confounded football.

Then, too, Paul was concerned at Dick's appearance. "The sort of life you're leading my body, sir, will very soon make an end of you if you don't take care. I can see your liver (it may be *my* liver, for anything I know) is out of order. I can see it in your eyes."

"Well," said Dick, "if I'm seedy, I can get Barbara to take the stone and wish me all right again."

"Tell me, Dick," said Paul anxiously: "you don't go up to Mincing Lane in that suit and that hat?"

"Why not? It's a roomy suit, and I hate a great topper on my head. But I say, it's slow up at your office. The chaps there aren't half up to my larks. I made a first-rate booby-trap, though, one day for an old yellow buffer who came in to see you. He *was* in a rage when he found the waste-paper basket on his head!"

"What was his name?" said Paul with forced calm.

"Something like 'Shells.' He said he was a very old friend of mine, and I told him he lied."

"Shellack—my Canton correspondent—a man I was anxious to be of use to when he came!" moaned Mr. Bultitude.

The interview terminated after a while, Dick departing after telling his father to be patient and giving him a sovereign for spending-money.

After Dick had returned home, Paul resolved to use the sovereign to escape from the school, and, although many unpleasant vicissitudes intervened before he could command his exit, he at last found himself under the seat of a first-class carriage bound for London, having bribed a guard to lock him in there. Fear of detection by Dr. Grimstone had necessitated this uncomfortable precaution.

Although he had been locked in, two business men insisted upon occupying the compartment, and as they sat in the seat over Paul they talked, of all things in the world, about the strange behavior of "Mr. Bultitude." One of them said he had gone to see him on business.

"When I got there, I sent in my card . . . and went into a sort of inner room, and there he was, in his shirt-sleeves, busy over some abomination he was cooking at the stove, with the office-boy helping him!"

"Softening of the brain—must be," said the other.

"Then he asked me a lot of foolish questions. . . . I believe he wanted to know whether I had rather be a bigger fool than I looked, or look a bigger fool than I was. . . . It's a very pitiful affair altogether."

Paul writhed under the seat, but was not allowed much time to think over the situation in Mincing Lane, for at the next station Dr. Grimstone appeared at the window, and asked to be allowed to search for an escaped schoolboy.

By great good luck, after being prodded by a cane in the hands of a guard, Paul escaped detection, and after he had disclosed himself to the two men, who proved friendly, he was allowed to pass out into London as of their party, thus escaping Dr. Grimstone again in the person of an inspector looking for a runaway boy.

When at last Paul reached home, he found a children's party in progress, and going to the billiard-room he found Uncle Marmaduke, and was later joined by Dick.

When Dick came in, it was apparent that he had been indulging himself in a manner that had befogged his intellect but imparted a comic flavor to his speech.

Marmaduke, to whom Paul had told his astounding tale, tried to get Dick to give him possession of the stone, and seemed on the point of succeeding, at which Paul, fearing the result if his unscrupulous brother-in-law did any wishing, cried out to his son, "Dick, if you send me back to school it will kill me. You can't really justify yourself because of a thoughtless wish of mine, spoken without the least intention of being taken at my word. Dick, be generous with me now, and I swear you will never regret it."

Then Dick told his father that he was sorry for him, but that the stone was lost.

Before Paul had a chance fully to realize this calamity, the door-bell rang, and it was ascertained that Dr. Grimstone was outside.

Instantly Paul took flight up the stairs, being resolved not to be dragged back to the school.

But when almost in hiding he was stopped by little Roly coming out of his nursery, who greeted him affectionately as "Buzzer Dicky, tum 'ome to party "

Roly tried to talk about something he had found, and after setting Paul guessing he showed it to him. Paul was in the seventh heaven of delight when he recognized the lost Garudâ-stone.

He was not slow to act this time.

"Play a funny game, Roly. Say, 'I wish papa and brother Dick back again as they were before.' I'll give you a sugar-plum if you say it nicely."

"'I with'—I forget what you told me—oh, 'I with papa and'—there'th thomebody tummin' up sthairth!" he broke off suddenly; "it'th nurth tummin' to put me to bed."

"Never mind nurse; finish the—the game."

"'Papa and Buzzy Dick back again as—as they were before,'" repeated Roly at last. "What a funny—ow! ow! it'th papa! it'th papa! and he told me it wath Dicky."

For the stone had done its work once more, and this time with happier results.

The Garudâ-stone was pitched out of the window, and Paradine was sent to the right-about. An interview with Dr. Grimstone followed, and Dick (whose transformation had come unexpectedly and unsought) was sent back to school with the injunction to keep the secret of his identity.

"Mind," Paul said, "*you* have been at school all this past week; *you* ran away to attend this party, you understand? Good-by, my boy, and here's something to put in your pocket."

And when Dick opened his hand afterward he found a half-sovereign in it.

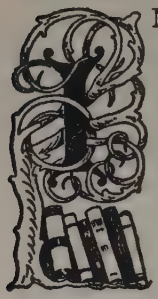
After this Mr. Bultitude never considered his family a set of encumbrances; thanks to Dick's offices during the interregnum, thenceforth they threw off their reserve in their father's presence, and, in so doing, opened his eyes to qualities of which he had lived in contented ignorance.

Mr. Bultitude's business associates never quite forgot his curious vagaries of a week's duration, and he found it hard to take up the reins of business where he had dropped them.

As for Dick, he found that in that week he had lost forever the love of Dulcie; and the whole school for a time seemed to think that they could kick and assault him generally with perfect impunity, but a few very unsuccessful experiments convinced them that this was a popular error on their part.

THE GIANT'S ROBE (1883)

This novel, the second of Anstey's works, was written in 1883, and although it is totally different from *Vice Versa*, his first work, it was received with favor by the critics, who for once were willing to admit that a man could do equally well in different lines.



N the heart of the city of London stood the large public school of St. Peter's. Mark Ashburn was a young man, almost the youngest instructor on the school staff, and very decidedly the best-looking. He was not a genius, although there was a brilliance in his manner that had something very captivating about it; an easy confidence in himself that had the more merit because it had hitherto met with extremely small encouragement. He had, to be sure, literary ambitions; but, although the novel that he had already written, which he called *Sweet Bells Jangled*, had not yet been accepted, so sanguine was his temperament that he felt it was only a question of time when it would be on all the book-stalls.

If Mark Ashburn had hitherto been a failure, neither could his friend Vincent Holroyd be pronounced a success. He was a briefless barrister and a shy, reserved man, but he had more than the average amount of ability. He had been called to India to attend to business of his father's, who was resident there, and for some reasons he was not averse to leaving for a time the dull, discouraging city of London.

After school hours, one day just before Holroyd was to leave England, Mark went to take a last walk with him and bid him good-by; for the two had been classmates at Cambridge and good friends a long time—although, if the truth be told, Holroyd always had cared more for Mark than Mark had cared for him. Mark had a way of inspiring friendships with no effort on his part, and Holroyd was really fond of him.

While they were walking, Holroyd told Mark that he had

written a book, and asked him whether he would look after the manuscript for him while he was away; and Mark promised to see it through the press in case of its acceptance, and to make all necessary business arrangements for his absent friend. Before they parted Holroyd explained that the title of the book was to be *Glamour*, and that the only name on the title-page was to be "Vincent Beauchamp," and then if the book failed, or even if it succeeded, his chances at the bar would not be imperiled.

Vincent was to sail for India on the *Mangalore*, and when he went to bid good-by to the woman he loved with the hidden ardor of a deep nature, he felt that perhaps he would tell her the state of his feeling for her, but opportunity did not offer. As for telling her of his literary ambition, he did not think of doing that—for the book might fail.

Mabel Langton received him graciously, and was honestly sorry to hear that he was going so far away. Very genuine, with a tongue that, while usually sweet, could be bitter if truth demanded it, she affected many men with love for her, and among them a young actor, Harold Caffyn, who knew that Vincent Holroyd was fond of her, and who was therefore delighted to hear that his rival was going to India. Both he and Vincent had known Mabel from childhood.

Sadly, and with little hope in his heart of ever winning Mabel's love, Vincent departed for the far East.

Mark Ashburn's rich uncle, Solomon Lightowler, who had some time before dropped Mark (to whom he had given pecuniary help in his studies), offered to assist him again if he would give up his pursuit of literature and take up the study of law seriously; and, as Mark had just had two novels come back rejected from the publisher's, he consented, but with nothing like joy in his heart.

Some weeks later the sad news came to the Langtons that the *Mangalore* had gone down at sea with all on board, and that Vincent Holroyd was therefore drowned. Mabel wept in secret. She had not loved Vincent but she had cared for him as a friend, and it was a shock to her sensitive nature to learn that he had perished so miserably. That same day Mark Ashburn heard the news, and it came to him as a shock; but genuine grief

will no more come at command than genuine joy, and of this Mark was aware, not without some self-reproach. Harold Caffyn heard the news with a certain satisfaction. He had belittled Vincent when he feared him as a possible rival, but now that he was forever removed he was without any temptation to depreciate his merits, and the young actor touched Mabel's heart by the delicacy of his reference to the loss of their common friend.

Not long after this Mark received a letter from Messrs. Chilton and Fladgate, the publishers, telling him that *Glamour*, Vincent's novel, which he had left in Ashburn's hands, had made so great an appeal to them that they were willing to make what struck Mark as very liberal terms, since privately he had little opinion of his friend's work. "Should you accept our offer," wrote the publishers, "will you do us the favor to call upon us here at your earliest convenience?"

Mark had almost forgotten about the manuscript he had sent out in pursuance of his agreement with Vincent, and his feeling on reading the letter was one of angry protest that this book by an unknown man should have been taken, when his own superior work had been rejected on every hand. The publishers evidently considered *him* as the author of the work, and he would have the disagreeable task of setting them right.

Mr. Fladgate was most flattering in his comments on the book, and regarded it as a very amusing but juvenile and amateur trick when Mark vigorously disclaimed the authorship.

If anyone had told Mark that morning that he was capable of posing as the author of another man's work, he would have been justly indignant; and yet, so pertinacious was Mr. Fladgate in his efforts to make the "bashful author" come out and assume responsibility for a work that was manifestly his own, that at last Mark (reflecting that the real author was at the bottom of the Indian Ocean) acknowledged that he *was* the author, salving his conscience with the thought that he would touch no penny of the profits (nor did he), and that when his own *Sweet Bells Jangled* was published it would prove superior to *Glamour*, and would put him in the position of really having done his deceased friend a favor in lending him the use of his honorable name. The danger of detection was next to nothing,

and in later editions he could put Holroyd's name on the book.

A lingering sense of shame caused Mark to change the pseudonym. He had caused it to be believed that he was "Vincent Beauchamp," but he asked that the book be published under the pen-name of "Cyril Ernstone."

"Oh, by the way," said he, "the handwriting of the book is not mine. I—I thought it as well to tell you that beforehand; it might lead to mistakes. I had it copied out for me by—by a friend."

Mr. Fladgate burst out laughing.

"Pardon me, but you do seem to have been so bent on hoodwinking us as to the authorship!"

"And yet you found me out, you see," said Mark, with a very unmirthful smile.

It was no pleasure to Mark to read Vincent's novel. Certain rich imagery, and a dreaminess and mysticism that were part and parcel of the work, made no appeal to him. For his part, he thought that with a little "weeding" and "writing up" the book would do well enough; and he set himself to supply what was wanting, freshening up chapters with touches of satire and liberal allusions to the classics.

The acceptance of Vincent's work had reawakened Mark's desire to make a name for himself in literature, and he broke with his uncle in order to do so. He was glad to be free, although he regretted that he had been compelled to have a scene with his somewhat vituperative relative. Nevertheless, he could now work to make a name for himself in literature.

There was a little story in Vincent's book (the title of which had been changed to *Illusion*) which one of the subordinate characters told to a child—the history and distressing fate of a small sugar prince on a Twelfth-night cake.

Mark was doubtful of the wisdom of retaining this story in the book at all—it seemed to him childish and unnecessary—but some scruples prevented his cutting it out, and its retention had an after-effect on his fortunes.

When the reviews appeared they were found to be more than laudatory. There was no doubt that the book was one of the successes of the season. Here and there discerning critics

spoke of a marked difference in style between different portions of the work, an occasional falling off in power and taste; and those portions criticized were mainly Mark's interpolations and attempts at fine writing.

Fortunately for Mark's self-sufficiency, he thought that those reviewers who animadverted on what he knew to be his own portion of the work were strangely lacking in the critical faculty; and he actually began to be proud of the whole thing by virtue of his own part in its construction.

When the new book, *Illusion*, came to Mabel from the circulating library, she read it through with never a thought that it had been written—and marred—by two men she had met (for she had had a brief and somewhat romantic interview with Mark, who, not knowing where she lived, had fallen in love with her at sight and had often wondered whether they would ever meet again). Her naturally good literary taste enabled her to pick the pinchbeck from the gold, and she finished the book with interest.

The story of the sugar prince struck her as having an interest for Dolly, her little sister, who had come to her to be amused, and she read it to her.

"Then it must be true," said the child, when she had finished. "That was *me*. I've eaten up a real fairy prince. Poor, *poor* little prince!"

The child was so distressed that Mabel suggested she write and ask the author to tell her whether the prince was a real fairy or not. This harmless suggestion was the cause of much trouble to Mark. The story had been suggested to Vincent, Dolly's faithful friend, by a little event at her house; but of course Mark did not know that, and when he received a letter from her, asking how he knew that she had eaten the sugar prince, he threw it pettishly from him, wished he had cut the story out of the novel, and allowed the child's question to go unanswered.

Mark found the sudden success of the book, and the resulting social favors (for the authorship was traced to him), rather inconvenient. Much as he would have enjoyed a social success on the merits of *Sweet Bells Jangled*, it was not bliss unalloyed to have to explain to inquisitive persons how he

came to think of this situation, and who suggested that character, in *Illusion.*

One day, at one of the receptions to which he was invited, he saw a picture of Mabel, whom he had met all too briefly, and, on learning her name and also her address, he realized that the child whose letter he had not answered must be his charmer's little sister.

He felt that a clever answer to Dolly's letter might bring about a meeting with Mabel, and the result proved that he was right.

He shortly met Mabel in her mother's house, and his first impression of her was strengthened. Thenceforth, night and day, he thought only of her. He made a most pleasing impression on all in the Langton house, and was invited to call again.

Harold Caffyn, the young actor, happened to be at the Langtons one day when Dolly came to him with a strange postage-stamp, which she had removed from a letter addressed to Mabel that had just come.

"Let's look at the letter. I can't make out this stamp," said Caffyn, and Dolly put it into his hand.

He took it to the window and gave a slight start. "When did this come?" he asked sharply.

"Just now," Dolly answered.

The letter was from India and was in Vincent Holroyd's handwriting, and through the thin envelope the unscrupulous Caffyn read: "Shall not write again until you"—and farther down Holroyd's full signature.

So he was not dead! He was still a rival. But if he did not receive an answer to his letter, might he not think that Mabel did not care for him? It seemed so to Caffyn, and a despicable plan developed itself instantaneously in his head.

He made Dolly realize to the full, and flowing over, the "enormity" of her deed. She had "stolen" a stamp—had *stolen* a stamp! She was liable to be sent to prison if the deed were known.

"Oh, Harold!" said the imaginative child in terrified tones, "the stamp—the letter—what if I burned them, so that no one would know?"

Harold was too wise to advocate openly such a course, but

he finally said, "Mind you, I don't advise you to burn it, for that would be wrong, but if it is burned of course no one will know of your theft, for I shall never open my mouth. You may depend upon me, child."

That was enough. The letter was soon thrown upon a smoldering fire—the declaration of love from the man supposed to be drowned went up in smoke, and Caffyn had triumphed.

But poor Dolly had an attack of remorse that bade fair to make her ill. Mabel noticed after a few days that something was wrong with the child; and later, Mark, who was now a regular visitor at the Langton's, was able to find out the cause of her trouble.

"He said," said Dolly, between her sobs, "that if I told anyone they would send me to prison."

"Who dared to tell you such a wicked lie as that?" said Mark indignantly. And then Caffyn's name came out.

Of course the effect of this revelation on a woman of Mabel's strength of mind was to cause her to detest Caffyn. In a painful interview she made known her opinion of him in words so cutting that from loving her he hated her, and determined that some time he would obtain revenge, and that Mr. Ashburn should come in for his share of the payment.

Not long afterward Caffyn met Mark at a reception given by Fladgate, the publisher, and, having an insinuating manner, he was able to explain away his part in the worrying of Dolly. He also noticed with a relish that a chance reference to Vincent's loss at sea had caused Mark to start, and made him behave so oddly that Caffyn suspected some secret between him and Holroyd, and determined to ferret out what he deemed a mystery. Later he found the original draft of Vincent's novel, and the secret of the mystery was his.

But outwardly he was Mark's friend, and he ripened the intimacy by the forcing process known as flattery.

Mark was still busy with *Sweet Bells Jangled*, and he had orders from publishers for short stories without feeling the inspiration to produce any.

During a trip which Caffyn induced him to take to Gemany, the actor learned that Mark was in love with Mabel Langton.

This was not unpleasant news to the schemer, for he might be able to kill two birds with one stone in getting his revenge.

On his return from Germany, Mark had a "conservatory scene" with Mabel that later caused Caffyn to say, as he clapped his "friend" on the back: "What a fortunate beggar you are! Fame, fortune—and now a charming girl to crown it all! You'll be rousing the envy of the gods soon, you know—unless you're careful!"

The wedding-day was announced soon afterward, and the mercurial Mark found himself able to be happy, in spite of his action in the matter of Vincent's book.

One day Mark received a delayed letter from Vincent, whom he had supposed to be dead, saying that he was coming back to England and wished Mark to meet him at Plymouth. He said that he had left the steamer *Mangalore* at Bombay, and had known nothing of her sinking until months afterward.

Mark was not inclined to meet Vincent; but Caffyn, who was present, said that if he was not met he would probably make a bee-line for the Langtons, and that the presence of a man escaped from the sea would rather tend to put Mark in second place at his own wedding festivities.

Caffyn was of course moved by a desire to see Mark, the man he hated, married to Mabel, the woman he hated, chiefly for the reason that after they were wedded he could let loose this scandal and ruin the lives of both. So he offered to take Vincent off to the country with him, saying to Mark: "We can tell him that the Langtons are out of town and won't be back for two weeks."

When Mark met Holroyd next day at Plymouth, he was inwardly overjoyed to find that Vincent knew nothing as yet of his faithlessness. As for Vincent, he rejoiced to meet his old friend, and was more than willing to go to his house instead of to a hotel, although he insisted that he must run off for an hour or two on reaching London to see some very dear friends.

Mark tried to make him postpone this visit, and suddenly surmised the truth—that Vincent was in love with Mabel. Up to this time Mark had meant to confess all his misdeeds to Vincent, but this revelation caused him to procrastinate. He must make sure of Mabel first. On the way to London, a

question he had dreaded was put to him by Vincent, who wished to know what had been done with his manuscript. The spur of necessity forced Mark to say that it had been burned by a careless housemaid. He loathed himself for this new treachery, but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and he must save himself until Mabel was his.

Mark took Vincent to Caffyn's lodgings, and there Vincent learned of Mabel's approaching marriage to a man whose name both Caffyn and Mark professed not to be able to remember. Vincent was heart-broken, and was as ready to go back to India as anywhere else. Listlessly he accepted Caffyn's invitation to go down to Wastwater, and the next day saw them off, and Mark breathed easier.

The marriage day passed off with nothing to mar it, and Mark and Mabel repaired to a little bower on the Rhine at Laufingen, where they passed a week of perfect happiness.

While at Wastwater the ingeniously cruel Caffyn had contrived to let Vincent get hold of a review of *Illusion* that went into the matter of plot to an extent that left the wronged author in no doubt as to what had been done with the manuscript he had left with his friend. Early next morning, leaving a note for Caffyn, Vincent went to London, sought out the publishers, and obtained Mark's address. Determined to find out in just what manner his friend had betrayed him, he went to Germany, and met Mabel one evening on the stone bridge that crosses the river at Laufingen. Her husband had left her to step into a shop, and she discovered Vincent, whom she had supposed dead, leaning over the parapet, admiring the beautiful view.

When Mark rejoined his wife he was struck dumb at seeing with her the man whom he had wronged. Vincent would have denounced him before Mabel if his devotion to his lost love had not been so real. As it was, he told Mabel that he had been cruelly wronged, told her that he was on the track of the false friend, and let his words sink into Mark's consciousness as deep as they would.

When Mabel learned that the scoundrel who had wronged Vincent was married, she pleaded with Vincent to spare the wife, and this, if anything, made Mark's anguish keener.

"I want your husband to meet me at nine, Mabel. I wish

to give him the somewhat unpleasant details of this story. You will be there, Mr. Ashburn?"

"Yes," said Mark doggedly.

The interview occurred at nine o'clock, and Vincent showed his greatness by promising to respect Mark's guilty secret for the sake of Mabel.

When Mark returned to Mabel he gave her a note that Holroyd had written. "I leave here for Italy early to-morrow," she read, "and I have told your husband my story, but, on consideration, have thought it best to pledge him to tell no one—not even you. But the man who injured me shall be safe for your sake."

"You *did* persuade him, then," she said, looking up gratefully to Mark. "How good you are!"

Sweet Bells Jangled was not a success, and the critics marked a great falling off in Cyril Ernstone's style.

At a rehearsal of an amateur play that had been made from *Illusion*, Caffyn, scorned by Mabel for the despicable trick he had played on Dolly nevertheless managed to find a convenient opportunity to talk to her alone.

"You have married a common impostor, an impudent swindler, a plagiarist . . . and by Heaven, Mabel, if you don't treat me decently, I'll speak out! Ask your husband whether his past has no secrets."

"You coward!" she cried scornfully. "I am not Dolly—you cannot frighten me!"

Caffyn repeated what he had said to others of the guests, and the hostess, Mrs. Featherstone, demanded that he go more into particulars, which he was proceeding to do when Mark happened to enter the room.

"I assure you it is very painful to me," said Caffyn. "I must ask Mr. Ashburn first whether it is not true that his book, *Illusion*, which has rendered him famous is *not* his book at all. Is he bold enough to deny it?"

As Mark was about to answer, Vincent Holroyd entered the room, and, to the intense astonishment of all, he calmly said that he had written the novel, but because of his legal interests he had not wished to have his own name appear, and had

begged Mark to take the entire credit of authorship. He then proceeded to tell the discreditable history of Caffyn's acts toward Dolly, and how Caffyn had tried to profit by his accidental discovery that he, Vincent, had had a hand in the novel.

"This is the high-minded gentleman who, acting under a keen sense of duty, has chosen to denounce Mr. Ashburn just now," said Vincent in conclusion.

But Vincent, in saving Mark's reputation, had destroyed his own in Mabel's eyes. She accused him of cruel selfishness in thus leading the public to think that Mark was the author, and determined to have nothing more to do with him.

She still loved Mark, but he was not the hero she had thought him. The high and noble thoughts in *Illusion* were not his, but Vincent's!

As for Mark, he was happy once more. To be sure, he was no longer a literary lion, but he never had cared for lionizing in a borrowed skin, and he loved Mabel enough to be content to be very domestic.

Life might have gone to a pleasant close with no further resurrection of the unpleasant facts in the case, if Vincent had not fallen fatally ill of a fever. On his deathbed he asked for Mabel; and Mark, who had visited him, asked her to bury her resentment and go to the poor fellow. At first she refused, feeling that Vincent had done Mark an irreparable wrong. Then at last Mark's manhood asserted itself, and he told Mabel the whole story of his temptation, his fall, his interview with Vincent at Laufenburg, and the foiling of Caffyn by Vincent's disinterested kindness.

This caused such a revulsion of feeling on Mabel's part that she went at once to Vincent and begged him to forgive her. He told her that the knowledge that she understood him at last would make up for harder things than he had undergone. Then he asked her what she would say to Mark, and learned that she intended to leave him. She had ceased to love him.

"Do not desert Mark," said the dying man. "Give him a chance of winning back what he has lost. Will you promise this for my sake?"

"I promise—for your sake," she said, and soon afterward left him who was so soon to leave this world's vanities.

Later she said to Mark: "I will not leave you. I did mean to—but that is all over. You owe it to *him*. I will stay with you, Mark—it may not be for much longer."

Her words carried a terrible import. He had for the time being forgotten that she was in no condition for all this excitement.

"My God!" he cried in his agony, when he was alone, "is *that* to be my punishment? Oh, not *that!*"

But this cup he was not compelled to drink. Both the child and the mother lived, and while she never could love Mark as she had when she trusted him, still some of her love returned to make him happy.

And his uncle once more made it possible for him to take up law, and in that profession he made a reputation that could never honestly have been his in literature.

THE TINTED VENUS (1885)

The idea of this story, which is of the type of many medieval monkish legends, is very old, and has appeared in many places and forms. Thomas Moore used it for one of his early ballads, *The Ring*. It is also found in *Fromman upon Fascination*, Book III, Part VI, Chapter 18; and Fromman quotes it from Beluacensis. The present humorous setting of the old theme was dramatized and successfully played by Miss Rosina Vokes, in England and the United States, in the later years of the nineteenth century.

EANDER TWEDDLE was a London hairdresser, and his friend, James Jauncey, lured him to join a Saturday excursion to Rosherville Gardens, planned for the delectation of Miss Bella Parkinson, a "shop-lady," to whom Jauncey was engaged. Tweddle tried his best to decline to go, for he too was engaged, and the fact that Ada Parkinson, Bella's sister, was to be of the party, and that he had met and flirted with that young woman before the charms of Miss Matilda Collum had come into his life, prompted his prudent mind to avoid possible complications. But Jauncey insisted, and so they went.

The excursion was not altogether a success. Miss Ada coquetted with her former admirer, rather to his discomfort, and, amid some badinage about the size of hands, he was moved to try on the finger of a statue of Aphrodite, which stood in the garden, a ring of his aunt's, which he had had altered for his *fiancée* as a pledge of their engagement. It went easily on the marble finger, but, strange to say, it would not come off; and the impatient Ada at last persuaded Leander to take her back to the dancing-hall, saying: "The statue won't run away. You can come back and get it again by-and-by."

But when he did go back the statue was gone, and all the satisfaction he could get from the manager of the gardens was that it had doubtless been stolen from its pedestal. The manager had troubles of his own, and had been for some time

apprehensive of thieves. To cap the climax, when Leander joined his friends again, Ada, by roguish innuendos, gave her sister to understand that *she* had the ring, and that her love affair with Tweddle was revived.

Unhappy enough, Leander parted from them and took a 'bus, wherein a mysterious veiled female, of ponderous size, sitting in the corner, made him pay her fare.

Once in his room, above the little shop in Bloomsbury, his troubles seemed lighter, but, alas! they had only begun. Suddenly there was a strange, heavy step on the stairs, a knock at the door, and the dazed hair-dresser opened it to admit Aphrodite herself, breathing, moving, and speaking! The statue had become instinct with life, and had now appeared to claim his troth, after the manner of all statues of Venus upon whose fingers hapless youths had placed rings.

The astounded and terrified Tweddle demurred, remonstrated, argued, pleaded, but Aphrodite was inexorable. In archaic phrases, she commanded her ensnared swain to follow her to Cyprus; and dire threats of what she could and would do, in the event of his recreancy, completed his alarm and discomfort. An allowance of sufficient time to learn to love her as he should was the only concession he could gain. Then a mysterious, indescribable change passed over her, and she became marble once more.

Tweddle tried in every way to pry his ring off her finger, but in vain. Even an attempt to break the marble hand only resulted in damage to himself, and at last with great effort he bundled the classic but unwelcome guest into a cupboard and went to bed.

Morning came, and with it a new element of dismay in the shape of Inspector Bilbow, of Scotland Yard, who called on Tweddle and questioned him closely. It appeared that that particular statue of Aphrodite had been stolen from a famous gallery, and sold for a trifle to the manager of Rosherville Gardens, which was regarded as a good place of safe-keeping until the hue and cry over its loss should end and the thieves could steal it a second time, and get it safely away. Naturally, Tweddle evaded all inquiries as best he could; but Bilbow's suspicions of him were by no means allayed.

When the Inspector had gone, the statue became animate once more, and, when released from confinement, she mingled her renewed importunities and threats with reproaches for her late imprisonment. Poor Leander tried his best to evolve some scheme of escape. Unfortunately his humble station proved no obstacle in the eyes of the goddess, and a mere suggestion of his engagement brought new wrath upon him. Aphrodite declared that his fair Matilda, now her rival, along with every girl in London named Matilda, should be crushed, if he did not instantly reveal the identity and whereabouts of his *fiancée*. Another reprieve saved him for the moment, and then, obeying her command, he led her down to his shop and installed her in a corner, where for a time, returned to immobility, she formed a striking ornament; but her disconcerting tendency to come to life at unexpected moments produced new and weird complications through the alarm of customers, who fled the place in terror.

Matilda had been absent from the city on a vacation. Now she returned, and Tweddle flew to meet her; but Aphrodite came spying on their *tête-à-tête*, and the distracted lover, to protect the girl from the goddess's vengeance, passed her off as his sister. Naturally Matilda was surprised; and still more was she pained when Tweddle refused to see her home. But he felt that for Matilda's safety he must get the jealous goddess away and take her back to the shop.

This incident made him decide that if the statue should persist in following him about the streets, he must make her look more conventional. With the assistance of rouge and cosmetics, carefully applied to her face, neck, and arms, and a curly wig dexterously fitted to her head, he gave her a more lifelike appearance; and, remembering a certain fur-lined mantle in a neighboring shop-window which his Matilda had admired, he purchased it, and with its long folds succeeded in hiding the goddess's picturesque but too striking classic drapery.

But now arose a new complication. Matilda went to buy the mantle, found that her sweetheart had bought it, and, naturally assuming that he had purchased it for her, came to thank him. Tweddle went into the room where the statue was at that hour standing in frozen silence, and tried to get the man-

tle off her shoulders; but, like the ring, it was immovable, and he was compelled to return to the shop and tell Matilda that he had sent it back to be mended and altered, but promised that she should have it soon.

At last he was struck with an idea which seemed to promise relief. Without telling the details of his predicament, he sought and questioned old Mr. Freemoult, of the British Museum Library, as to the history of such cases and the possibility of escape. Mr. Freemoult was familiar with monkish legends, and told Leander about famous magicians who had rescued rash unfortunates from like bonds; but he added scornfully that at present there were no reliable magicians in London, which greatly discouraged the distracted Tweddle.

And now the thieves who had stolen the statue, having discovered its whereabouts, visited the hair-dresser, lured him into the street, and with dire threats demanded it from one whom they considered a rival in their trade, accusing him of acting for "Potter's gang." Tweddle was frightened, but he clutched at the offered release. Have the statue? Of course they could! He admitted everything. He said that he would go back on his pals (the unknown "Potter's gang") and assured them that they could take the statue whenever they should choose to come for it.

New terrors beset him when Aphrodite chose the very night appointed for her abduction to take a stroll about London; but luckily a professional accident prevented his thieves from coming to take her at the appointed time, so he escaped the penalty threatened in case he should be guilty of any double dealing. On the next night she desired to walk abroad again, and only Leander's prayers and assumed lover-like attitude availed to detain her. Perhaps he would go to Cyprus with her after all, he said—only she must give him time to make up his mind to the startling change.

She became a statue again, and he left her with anxiously throbbing heart. She would certainly be taken that night! He left the window unbolted, and the robbers came and carried her away. But they were soon found by the police, lying in the street covered with blood, severely injured, in a mysterious manner, "by some party or parties unknown." They were

held on general suspicion, while the persistent goddess returned blithely to poor Tweddle.

He had promised to take Matilda to chapel on Sunday, and when he called for her he met her mother for the first time. That lady had her doubts about his piety, and suggested illuminated texts for his shop decorations. More lies about the cloak were necessary; also about the betrothal-ring; but he was used to that now. Then his aunt, Miss Tweddle, the Collums' landlady, with whom they were all to dine, appeared and announced that she had invited Mr. Jauncey and Miss Bella Parkinson also.

Tweddle was embarrassed at their presence, and Bella justified his fears. All through the dinner her malicious innuendos about the Rosherville Gardens excursion, and his attentions to her sister, kept him in a fever of apprehension; and finally her statement that he had given Ada the ring produced a most unpleasant sensation. Matilda behaved with true womanly dignity, but Mrs. Collum was very suspicious of Leander. Miss Parkinson was indignantly requested by Miss Tweddle to leave, and was finally dragged away by the shamed Jauncey. But the crowning disaster was to come.

The jealous and suspicious Aphrodite, who, in her mysterious way, always knew of Leander's whereabouts, suddenly appeared at the door of Miss Tweddle's dining-room, wearing the ring and the cloak, and announced that Leander had vowed himself to her. That was the climax. Scorned by all, the ill-starred hair-dresser could only rush home, accompanied by his persistent inamorata.

Inspector Bilbow also descended upon him again, confident now that Tweddle was somehow involved in stealing the statue; but Aphrodite was at least considerate enough to disappear from the cupboard when the Inspector searched the premises.

Meantime, despite the goddess's urging, Tweddle evaded her proposed elopement to Cyprus. He had become desperate in the face of all his troubles, and at times almost defiant; but her threats of vengeance, hinting at unknown terrors, at last wore upon him to such a degree that he was almost ready to repeat after her the mystic words that would place him fully in her power.

A last day's respite was given him, and he wrote Matilda an incoherent confession and a plea for advice, ending with a veiled hint at suicide. His letter came back to him with a single line from her: "I have nothing to advise; I give you up to your 'goddess.'"

His last hope was gone. Inexorable fate would take him to Cyprus whether he would or no. He would repeat the fatal words and die. Whether, as Aphrodite intimated, his soul would accompany hers did not make much difference. But he did suggest to her, in dreary desperation, that the ring might not be of pure gold, and that this might have the effect of dropping him somewhere on the way 'twixt earth and heaven; and he begged her to let him have it tested.

While his goddess flouted this suggestion, the bell rang.

"The guards!" said the statue. "Will you wait for them?"

"No!" he cried. "Never mind what I said about the ring; I'll risk that. Only—only don't go away without me. Tell me what to say, and I'll say it and chance the consequences!"

"Say, 'Aphrodite, daughter of Olympian Zeus, I yield, I fulfil the pledge. I am thine.'"

"Well," he thought, "here goes!"

As he began to repeat the fatal words, he heard Matilda's voice calling him. Badly frightened, lest she should come to harm, he tried to keep her out, but without success. She had read in his vague letter only an appeal to let him marry Ada Parkinson; and she had gone to see that young woman to tell her what she thought of her and to demand Miss Tweddle's ring.

A few words with Ada cleared her mind as to any rivalry in that quarter. Then she rushed to Tweddle's shop, filled with remorse for her apparent injustice, due to misunderstanding, and fearing that her lover might do something desperate.

Now the rivals stood face to face, each claiming poor Tweddle, who, filled with terror for Matilda's safety, denied the tie between them and declared a preference for Aphrodite.

The girl drew a deep, sobbing breath. "I don't care for anything any more!" she said, and faced the statue defiantly. "You say you can strike me dead. I'm sure I hope you can, and the sooner the better."

"Mind what you do!" said Leander to the goddess. "If you crush her, you crush me—so now!"

And he put his arm around Matilda's slight form.

"I need you not!" the goddess haughtily replied. "Upon you and the maiden by your side I invoke a speedy destruction." Raising both hands, the implacable goddess began to chant in a thrilling monotone: "Hear, O Zeus, that sittest on high, hear the prayer of thy daughter, Aphrodite the peerless! Rise now, and hurl with thine unerring hand a blazing bolt that shall consume these insects to a smoking cinder! Blast them, Sire! blast, and spare not!"

"Kiss me, Tillie, and shut your eyes," said Leander; "it's coming."

Matilda obeyed, and nestled close to him. But the expected thunderbolt failed to fall, and at last the trembling victims opened their eyes.

"Leander," cried Matilda, "I don't believe she can do it!"

"No more don't I!" said the hair-dresser boldly.

But the goddess reminded him of the swift punishment she had brought upon the profane men that had laid impious hands upon her the night they took her out of his window, and also told him that the police would arrive that very evening to search his premises again; and she added vengefully: "To-night, be very sure, this marble form shall not escape their vigilance."

Leander collapsed at this, and fancied he saw the prison-gates open to receive him. Just then he recollected his suggestion about testing the ring, and returned to the subject, resolved to follow out his idea, if possible, since it seemed the only means of escape. So, to Matilda's horror, he assumed an air of submission, and professed a readiness to abandon his betrothed and accompany Aphrodite to Cyprus, but insisted that he feared to take the awful journey because he doubted whether the ring he had put on the goddess's finger—the mysterious cause of all his trouble—were of pure gold, in which case, he cautiously observed, "It mightn't be strong enough to pass *me* the whole distance, and where should I be then?"

He finally persuaded Aphrodite to go with him to a chemist in order to test the quality of the ring, promising complete

submission in case the metal proved pure. Leaving the despairing Matilda in a swoon, the strange pair proceeded to a chemist's, where at first Aphrodite refused to remove the ring in order that it might be tested; but Leander promised not to touch it, and finally she slowly drew the token from her finger and gave it to the chemist.

She had made the fatal move! Quivering and rocking, she poured forth a torrent of strange words, waved her arms impotently, and then grew still forever, in the attitude conceived long ago by the Grecian sculptor.

Leander was free! He secured possession of his ring; then he called a hansom cab, and, assisted by the bewildered chemist, to whom he explained that the lady was subject to bad cataleptic attacks, he got her into it and was driven away to Scotland Yard, where the cab stopped, Leander ordering the cabman to go in and inform the chief of police that a gentleman outside had a valuable article that had been missing, which he was desirous to deliver to the authorities. As soon as he was left alone he slipped out of the cab, taking the cloak from the shoulders of the statue, and hurried back to Matilda, who soon revived in his arms.

So they married and were happy; and ultimately the stately Aphrodite was restored to her pedestal in the art gallery, there to remain until some other foolish mortal shall put a ring on her marble finger.

A FALLEN IDOL (1886)

The apparent sincerity of the original of this story was so convincing that queries were set on foot by a group of serious-minded seekers after light as to the authenticity of the cleverly-suggested Oriental historical part of the plot, which, needless to say, originated in the imagination of the author.

EARLY one fine morning, in the eighteenth century, a priest was sitting under the portico of a little temple outside the village of Chandragurry, in Southern Mysore, India. He was priest of the unorthodox temple of the sect of the Jains, an offshoot of the Buddhists. The Jains claim reverence for seventy-two earthly Buddhas, twenty-four of a past era, twenty-four of the present, and twenty-four who are still to come. Quite recently the good priest had had to include a new saint in his Pantheon, and it had come about thus:

Twenty years previously a lad of unknown parentage, named Chalanka, had run wild about the village bazaar. One day someone discovered that this lad's mischievous body was the habitation of a new Buddha or *tirthankar*. From that time he received fit education, and studied natural magic, in which he soon became proficient.

Chalanka grew up strong, retaining his mischievous tendencies, though he devoted much time to contemplating the abstract; he finally overcame all human passions and infirmities (so it was said), and trained himself to regard his body as a bubble, though it need hardly be said it was a bubble that had no connection with soap.

But long before he grew old he died, and his corpse was found at the foot of a precipice. His death was long ahead of schedule time, but there was no doubt that he was dead, and his canonization was the next thing that should engage the energies of the priest.

Some doubt existed as to whether Chalanka was a real *tirthankar*, but at last it was decided to set up an image in his honor in the temple of his native village; so an ugly squat idol, several sizes smaller than any of the other score or more already there, was erected.

Its instalment was the beginning of many scandalous things that occurred in the temple. The other idols were mysteriously damaged, the faith of the devout Jains was weakened, and all was attributed to this mischievous new idol, who no doubt resented the marked disregard of him on the part of the priest, who had grown used to his old idols and evidently considered this one a mere upstart. But a series of dramatic incidents showed the squat image to be not only more powerful than any of the old idols in the temple, but even able to obtain a victory over idols in regular Hindu temples.

After several triumphant demonstrations, the fame of Chalanka was established. The other *tirthankars* were discarded by the Jains of the locality, and the new saint had a splendid shrine erected to him, to which came pilgrims from afar. For many years the shrine and its idol flourished, until Tippoo Sahib forced the Mussulman faith indiscriminately upon all his subjects. Then temples of various denominations were wantonly destroyed, and their idols were buried by faithful custodians until brighter days should dawn.

Possibly some such fate befell the shrine of Chalanka, for no record of the idol is to be found later than the fall of Seringapatam and the annexation of Mysore by Great Britain. But the legend survives to this day, and an attempt has even been made on the part of a highly cultivated Babu to connect it with certain events which form the European part of this story. The tradition is submitted for what it may be worth, on the chance that it may be accepted as shedding some faint light upon much that is otherwise inexplicable.

Ronald Campion was painting in his studio in St. John's Wood, London, late in the nineteenth century. He was a young artist of remarkable talent, but he was too daring an experimenter to find immediate favor with the public, which looks with great suspicion on a man who seems bound by no

rules and who paints in one manner to-day and in a different manner to-morrow.

Just now he was very busy with a canvas, so much so that he had not noticed that his fire had gone out, although the classically-draped model was shiveringly aware of the fact.

Campion showed impatience when Bales, his factotum, announced the arrival of a Mr. Babcock, a well-to-do man with a taste for sketching and something of a color sense. He was not taken very seriously by his professional brethren, who regarded him as a dabbling *dilettante;* but he took himself seriously enough, and cultivated a reputation for extreme fastidiousness by excessive caution in the giving of praise.

Campion was not delighted to see him, nor to hear his strictures on the paintings which he was soon giving to every canvas in sight. His particular errand was to ask Campion to paint a figure into an English landscape upon which he was at work, figure-painting not being his own specialty.

Campion consented readily enough, and just then Babcock came upon a picture of a young girl whom he recognized as "Miss Elsworth, by Jove! Little Sybil!"

"It *is* Miss Elsworth," said Campion coldly.

The portrait showed a girl who had thrown herself lazily back in a chair. She had a charming, audacious face: the eyes, wide apart and of a limpid gray, were set at an inclination just Oriental enough to be piquant; the red lips were curved into a little smile of disdainful submission. The portrait was so successfully daring that even Babcock was impressed.

As the conversation went on it was plain to be seen from the condescending tone of Babcock that he felt himself a favored though leisurely suitor for the hand of Sybil, while he regarded Campion as a fellow who should thank his stars for having been permitted to meet socially anyone of her importance.

Before Babcock left, he spoke of a "budding Buddhist," known as Axel Nebelsen, who, having gone to India, had come back a full-fledged theosophist.

"He's learning to manage his astral body, but he daren't let it outside the door yet. A bit of a humbug, but amusing."

At last he departed, and soon after Campion left his studio for a walk, Babcock having put him out of conceit with work.

He walked to Regent's Park, and there the fates were kind to him, for they brought him face to face with Miss Sybil Elsworth. Their meeting was exactly like that between lovers, which is not surprising when we consider that they were engaged.

Campion was a sort of protégé of Mrs. Staniland, Sybil's aunt, with whom the girl lived, but as yet they had not confided their love-affair to her, because the capricious Sybil did not wish the engagement announced until she saw fit, or at all events until the return of her father from India.

But at this interview her lover pleaded with her to tell their secret to her aunt. He had already written to her father, Colonel Elsworth, Sybil having deigned to consent to his doing that much; and now he begged for further latitude, and at last received a reluctant consent. After the next day's sitting for the portrait at Campion's studio—which was to be the last—he was to tell all to Mrs. Staniland.

"We shall be scolded dreadfully, I know," said Sybil ruefully. "Still, so long as it relieves your mind—"

She broke off abruptly to tell him of a curious present that she had bought for him at a little bric-à-brac shop near Oxford Street. What it was she would not say, except that it had come from India, that the vessel that brought it had been wrecked, and that the thing had floated ashore in a life-belt.

"But I had such a fright while I was buying it," she said, "for who should come in but Lionel Babcock! Aunt was upstairs, looking at buhl cabinets, and I was seizing the opportunity to buy it. Up he came, smiling in that patronizing way of his, swelling his chest out, and said, 'Well, little one, and what are we throwing our pocket-money away on now, eh?' and he delayed me so that I hardly had time to order it sent and swear the clerk to silence before aunt came back. It ought to be at your house by this time."

But the present was not at Campion's house when he arrived there. It still had to cause the errand-boy who brought it to come as near death as was pleasant. And this was but the first of a series of adventures that made living in London anything but dull for Campion for the next few weeks.

When Campion opened the package, he found an ugly

Oriental idol, made of a dingy mottled kind of alabaster. It was in the usual squatting attitude; the eyes were closed, and the general expression of the broad, flat moon-face was one of smug and sleepy self-satisfaction—as if it were being reverently tickled by an unseen attendant. What wonder that Campion, knowing the girl's sarcastic, slightly capricious nature, thought the present had been sent in mockery?

"She has been playing with me, after all," said he.

Campion did not connect the clumsy breaking of a whole mantelful of costly ornaments by Bales with the advent of this idol; no, nor were his eyes opened next day when Mrs. Staniland, accompanied by Sybil and a pet pug, came for the last sitting, when the dog, barking at the idol, caused that mischievous god to precipitate itself on him and crush him to death. Campion deplored the accident, but did not connect it with his strange gift.

It was not the right moment for him to tell the indignant owner of the dog that he was engaged to her niece, so he deferred the news to a more convenient season.

Then Mr. Babcock, self-sufficient as usual, happened in, and through him the fact promptly came out that Sybil had bought the idol and had given it to Campion.

"And may I ask if you are in the habit of sending presents to young men with whom you are slightly acquainted?" her aunt demanded, after Babcock's departure.

"Not as a general rule," explained Sybil, "but—but it makes some difference, doesn't it, when you are engaged to a person? I thought it did."

Explanations followed, and Campion was able to show Mrs. Staniland a gracious letter received by him that morning from Sybil's father giving his consent. The Colonel assumed that the aunt knew of the betrothal; but as she had not been told, she reserved the right to forbid any further meeting between the two for the present. They might correspond, but were not to meet until Sybil's father should arrive.

Babcock was quite taken aback, upon his return after the departure of the ladies, to learn that the citadel that he felt he could storm any time had already capitulated to another, and that that other was Campion. He reserved his congratulations,

and departed immediately, leaving Campion to feel that his luck had been unaccountably bad that morning.

And the idol grinned maliciously.

Next morning he heard from his solicitors that a decision regarding a legacy that had been left him would possibly be set aside, as a contestant of the will had appeared, asserting that the legatee had been of unsound mind. His expectations would be seriously curtailed if the legacy went to another, and it was not reasonable to suppose that Sybil's father would allow her to marry a penniless painter.

He wrote to Sybil, telling her of the possible alteration in his fortunes and asking her for some assurance of unshaken constancy.

This letter he took out to post himself, but no reply ever came to him. A second letter was entrusted to Bales, who was about taking the idol downstairs to clean it. Bales fell on the back of his head and was laid up for a day, but he told Campion that he had posted the letter. But the artist got no answer to that either.

Soon after this two of his pictures, a Xerxes and a Sappho, on which he had worked for two years, were rejected by the Royal Academy. Mr. Percival, an artist friend who happened in, told him frankly that he had painted a couple of "screamers" that might do for a saloon but not for a serious art exhibition, at which Campion, who could see nothing wrong with them, was very much astonished.

He had sent Sybil's portrait to the Grosvenor Gallery, and he now asked his friend to go around there and see whether he could not get it back, in case anything should be wrong with that too.

A week later, while he was in the country for a brief rest, he received from Percival a scribble: "Have seen pic. Daring, very, but far from bad. Think it will do."

What relief this message brought him! he was not such a complete failure after all. Sybil would not have to think him a wretched impostor. He returned to town encouraged.

On the way back he ran across Sybil, who was waiting at Paddington Station for a friend who was late; and they had a stolen afternoon together. He learned that she had not re-

ceived either of his letters, and both decided that her Aunt Hilary had intercepted them.

Now it happened that, in order to impart an Oriental flavor to his portrait (for it has been hinted that Sybil's style of beauty suggested the Eastern type), Campion had painted in the background the idol on its pedestal, as a decorative feature. This additional touch was an afterthought, and was not known of by either of the ladies.

Next day was to be the private view. Sybil and her aunt were to be there, and Campion suddenly thought that when Aunt Hilary saw the picture of the heathen god that had demolished her pet pug she would have more reason than ever to be against him—a thought that never had entered his head before.

The blissful interview over, Sybil went home, and taxed her aunt with having withheld her letters; but she was made to know at once that her imputation was unjust.

Ronald, upon his return to his apartments, found the first of his letters awaiting him. He had directed it to himself instead of to Sybil—which was a good reason for her failure to receive it, postal clerks not being omniscient. Inquiry developed the fact that the other letter had never been posted at all, so Mrs. Staniland had been unjustly suspected.

And the idol went on grinning.

Sybil's portrait was the talk of the gallery. There was always a crowd around it, and Sybil's best girl friends made spiteful remarks about her when they saw it.

Before he was near enough to the picture to see it Campion was delighted. He knew where it was to hang, and he supposed that his faithful and sympathetic limning of the pleasantly sardonic features of his sweetheart had struck a popular chord. It had, but upon viewing his own picture he found that the limning was anything but sympathetic. Some malign influence seemed to have guided his brush, and here was a distortion of the beautiful features that his loving care had transferred to the canvas. The eyes glittered with shallow shrewdness, the lips wore a simper, artificial and fatuous. And, strange to say, the idol's complexion was as clear and transparent as Sybil's, and it wore an expression of calm dignity and benevo-

lence, in striking contrast to the look of ineffable conceit on the face of the girl.

Of course Aunt Hilary was shocked, of course Sybil was deeply injured, of course Babcock did not believe Campion's hot protestations of innocence; and, to add to the lover's despair, Sybil would not hear his explanations, but allowed Babcock to see her and her aunt to their carriage.

Campion followed soon, determined to explain everything to Sybil. But his unlucky star was still in the ascendant. She would not believe that he had not meant to punish her for self-conceit. She asked him to return all her letters, and returned her engagement-ring to him; but when he offered to return the idol to her she refused to accept it. "Keep it to remind yourself of what you have done," said she sadly.

As he left the house a page gave him a sealed envelope, which proved to be a note from Mrs. Staniland, enclosing a check in payment for her niece's portrait, which she forbade him to destroy, as she wished to keep it to show others that he was not to be trusted as a portrait-painter.

This was bad enough. He tore up the check contemptuously. But upon his return to the house he found Babcock there, furious because Campion had introduced a queer, half-naked Indian figure of a fakir into the English landscape which Babcock had asked Campion to touch up for him.

Campion had no recollection of having done this, and declared that he had put an English hedger into the picture; but Babcock refused to believe him and departed, thinking him a malevolent liar.

Babcock now felt that he had a chance to win the love of Sybil, and opened his campaign promptly, but with no success so far as Sybil was concerned, although her Aunt Hilary was willing enough to prosper his suit.

About this time Babcock consulted his theosophist friend regarding his spoiled picture, and the mystic student discovered that the incongruous Indian that had been introduced into the picture must have been placed there by occult agencies, as there were marks upon it that betrayed the fact.

This theosophist, Axel Nebelsen, had seen Sybil and, in spite of the rules of the Mahatmas, had promptly fallen in love

with her. When Babcock told him that she had been much upset at the introduction of the Indian into his picture—as it reminded her of a similar trick that had been performed on her portrait—Nebelsen, who instantly conceived her to be a persecuted maiden, insisted upon seeing the unscrupulous Campion, and Babcock was heartily glad to give him his address.

Nebelsen found Campion, and soon learned that the painter knew no more than a Fiji Islander how the figure had appeared in Babcock's painting.

The mystic's trained senses soon discovered the idol in the studio, and he suspected it at once of being responsible for that and for other strange accidents.

Campion laughed at the idea, and, to show his contempt for the idol, he threw it on the floor. The malignant object bounded through a large mirror, wrecking it completely, and also destroyed half a dozen canvases in its path.

This proof that the idol was actually working against Campion caused Nebelsen to offer to interest a Mahatma in the affair. Campion, who did not believe in theosophy, laughed scornfully, but told him he might try it.

One day, in return for disrespectfully smearing the face of the idol with red paint, Campion was temporarily afflicted with color-blindness and painted a moonlight picture which he intended and supposed to be full of gray and green effects, but which was so red it would have made a bull furious.

Nebelsen gave a séance at Mrs. Staniland's, hoping to get some advice from his Mahatma in India, but some influence seemed to be working against him that evening. For instance, he asked (in broken English) that "some lady would be so gracious to think of something she has long ago lost and would be joyful to see again." After some moments of expectancy an elaborately disheveled lady said: "When I was quite a child I had a possession I dearly, dearly loved—a poor old doll with no legs and arms and no features—just an ordinary ninepin it was, but it was almost the only thing I cared for in the world! Do you know, I have so often wished I could see its poor old round head and long neck once more!"

There was a touch of pathos about this that appealed to all with any tendency to sentiment. Nebelsen himself was

charmed with the simplicity and poetry of the request, which he readily undertook to gratify. For some minutes he stood silently with folded arms and eyes bent on one of the open windows. At length he came out of his reverie with a start, saying: "If you will look inside the chair upon which you are sitting, there will your long-lost ninepin be."

The lady started up with a cry of rapture: "How *can* I thank you!" and then she gave a pretty little moan of dismay. "But—*inside* the chair! Oh, Mrs. Staniland, may I, *may* I have it cut open? I'm a selfish wretch, I know; but I should so like to see my poor old plaything once more!"

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Staniland, "how can you wait to ask? Cut it open, by all means."

It was a large armchair, luxuriously padded, with a rich brocade covering; this was slit up, the condition of the lining proving conclusively that it could not have been tampered with. The excitement reached a climax; the floor was gradually strewn with horsehair and flock from the disemboweled chair, but nowhere in its recesses was the interesting ninepin.

"I am sorry," Nebelsen confessed, with his first approach to confusion, "But hier, among so many indifferent or opposing individualities, I gannot goncentrate my will power upon a gommon ninepin. If I gontinue till morning light, I shall do noding; nevare, nevare!"

This statement was received in chilling silence, broken by a few dry coughs.

"Perhaps," suggested Babcock, "your Mahatma might do something for you if you ask him?"

This proposal struck Nebelsen, and he decided to send a letter to Thibet and get an answer in a few moments. He received an almost immediate reply, which dropped from the ceiling in a little pink note and which bore the advice in Greek characters: "Don't be a damned fool."

Being unwilling to read this message to his audience, he was more or less discredited, and felt that he had offended his Mahatma. As a matter of fact, Babcock had tossed the message at the ceiling himself.

Poor Nebelsen felt he had failed, but Sybil, who was sorry for him, said a few sympathetic words to him, and he shortly

found himself telling her of the mysterious acts of the idol she had given Campion, and, in spite of herself, Sybil felt that perhaps the idol *was* responsible for their combined ill luck, and her heart yearned toward him once more, until another secret meeting was brought about, in which faith and promises were renewed.

On the advice of Nebelsen, Campion now tried to get rid of his idol, but, no matter where he left it or dropped it, it followed him home, invariably, through well-meant efforts to oblige by disinterested persons, and every time it was disturbed it spread disaster in its path. Its crowning piece of diabolic ingenuity was achieved in coming to a sort of horrible life at the moment when an interested and officious policeman surprised Campion in the act of trying to bury his tormentor in his front garden. The thing squalled and wriggled like a baby, and Campion was marched off and locked up for attempted infanticide. But in a few hours the supposed infant turned out after an examination to be only a lifeless image, after all, whereat the policeman was disgraced and Campion released, though he felt obliged to reconvey the detested image to his home.

The course of true love ran smooth for a time, for Colonel Elsworth returned from India, and, mistaking Campion for Babcock (whose claims had been loudly set forth by Aunt Hilary, who favored his suit), gave Sybil permission to go for a walk with him one afternoon, when Campion had luckily been at hand in the street to rescue Sybil from being run over by furious horses.

Mild complications followed, but eventually, through the agency of the mystic, Nebelsen (and a timely thunderbolt that shattered the troublesome idol), peace once more descended upon the house of Campion, and Nebelsen proved, to his own satisfaction, that the artist had been the victim of his possession of the mysterious image.

Nebelsen learned that there was no hope for him in his love for Sybil; Babcock's thick self-consciousness was at last pierced by the fact that there never had been any hope for him either; and Aunt Hilary, on hearing that the legacy was to be Campion's after all, and that his damaged professional reputation was

likely to be repaired by his own manly efforts, was willing to withdraw her disapproval of the match, particularly as Campion retouched the portrait after the destruction of the image, and had been lucky enough to retain its original note of distinction while removing all traces of the idol's malevolence.

And when Ronald asked Sybil once more what answer she had for him, her reply being a foregone conclusion, it is only necessary to add that the tale of Campion's misfortunes ended almost where it began (in the picture-gallery whither they had gone to see his retouched picture), with as small prospect of ever being resumed as his sincerest well-wishers could desire for him.

THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR

(Arabia, Sixth Century)

Antar is not wholly an imaginary personage. In the remote ages just preceding the rise of Mohammed he was a central figure in the movement of the romantic tribes of Arabia touching the Persian Empire on the one hand and that of Rome on the other. As in the case of Achilles, Lancelot, Rustum, and the Cid, a vast volume of legend became attached to his name, including a magnificent development of national poetry recording the traits of his race and period. But through it all is discernible the colossal character and genius of a hero who shaped destiny and saved the memory of his people from oblivion. As in the case of the *Iliad*, the book of the exploits of Antar was compiled from various sources by eminent scholars of the court of Haroun-al-Raschid; one of these sources, which actually forms part of the great epic of Antar, was composed by the warrior himself and suspended by his own efforts, after great opposition, in the holy sanctuary around the Kaaba at Mecca.

NTAR was the son of Shedad, son of Zoheir, king or chieftain of the united tribes of Abs and Adnan. When out hunting with his brothers Shedad saw a very handsome, well-formed black woman, a slave, who with her two children, Shiboob and Djerár, was watching the flocks. He was smitten with instant desire, and turning over his share of the spoils to his brethren, appropriated Zebeeba to himself. The result of this union was a large, powerfully built boy, who was named Antar. Far from being handsome like his parents, or at least light-colored, Antar was like a full-blooded negro, growing up huge in size, but with negro features very strongly marked. And during his youth and early manhood he was treated by his Arab blood-relatives, including his father, Shedad, as a slave. Shedad, in fact, declined to acknowledge openly Antar as his son for a long time, even after his greatness as a warrior and a poet had begun to be widely known, and after King Zoheir himself had bestowed honor and wealth on Antar. This proved a great obstacle, not only to his firm position among

the people of Abs and Adnan, but to his success in winning the lovely Ibla, whose love became the star of his existence, the inspiration of his greatest exploits and noblest outbursts of poetry. Envy of his triumph, and aversion to a negro for the champion of Abs and Adnan, poisoned the hearts of the princes of the tribe, constantly threatened to cause his career to come to an untimely end, and at the same time goaded him to the achievement of his most magnificent exploits.

As the cousin of Ibla, Antar had frequent access to her society and was favored by her mother, while her father and his uncle Malik constantly practised the basest treachery toward him. On the other hand, Prince Malik, his cousin, gentle and kindly, was ever the best friend of Antar, if we except Shiboob, the latter's uterine brother, one of the two children of Zebeeba who were guarding the flocks with her when Shedad seduced her in the desert. Shiboob was brave, faithful, cunning, indefatigable, second in heroism only to Antar, and ever at hand to aid his brother in his enterprises and struggles. King Zoheir was also a steadfast friend to Antar, and, if thoughts of the beloved, and, at long intervals, keen glances of love, avail to encourage a hero, Ibla was a constant ally and a perpetual source of hope to him.

Thus among his own people the great warrior of Arabia, the wielder as it were of her destiny, found at once his most indefatigable enemies and his most devoted friends. It was his habit, when he made the final supreme effort in combat to hew his antagonist in twain with his terrible blade, to cry out, "By Abs and Adnan!" or, "I am the lover of Ibla!" Many a soul he hurled to the nether world with that precious name on his lips.

And two more faithful friends the great Antar also had at hand in his innumerable fights; these were his horse Abjer and his sword Dhamee. The first came to him in this wise. His father Shedad, after a stormy interview with Antar, definitely refused again to recognize him legally as his son. In despair, Antar passed the night with his close friend Prince Malik. Then at the dawn of day Antar put on the coat of chain armor and his cuirass, saying, "Men have conspired to destroy me, such as Rebia and your brother Shas." Thence he wandered

at random among the rocks and mountains, moaning to himself: "I rail against fortune, that relents to no upbraider, and I demand security from the cruelties of fortune. She one day promises fair, and excites my pride; but truly I know all her promises are false. I have served man, and I have taken all my relatives as protectors against fortune; but they have acted like scorpions. Among themselves they call me scornfully the son of Zebeeba, but in the tumultuous rush of horsemen I am regarded as the son of nobles. Were it not for my love, one like me would not humble himself to such as they; and the lion of the desert would not fear the foxes. Quickly my tribe will remember me, when the horsemen come charging among the warriors with their sword-blows. Oh, that thy phantom would visit me, Ibla; it would see the torrents of tears that stream from my eyelids. Thy station is a post in the center of heaven, but my hand fails in attaining the stars."

When the sad departure of Antar was reported, and became known to the tribe, Prince Malik related it all to King Zoheir, his father, who was exceedingly vexed. But this sympathy availed little to Antar, who wandered all night over the wastes until the day shone. And, lo! he discerned that a cloud of dust darkened the horizon. As it grew broader and nearer, Antar perceived forty horsemen, each bearing a quivering spear and a dazzling simitar. They proved to be a predatory band of the tribe of Abs, on a hunt for plunder, and Gheyadh, the son of Nashib, was their leader. Antar saluted them, and they returned the salutation.

"O thou son of Zebeeba," said they, "why art thou straying here?"

"I was hunting game," he replied, "and I make toward you to bear you company."

It was agreed that though he was still legally a slave, not having been enfranchised and acknowledged by his father, still as a noble warrior he would be entitled to receive a fourth of the plunder they might take.

They proceeded until they neared the land of the great tribe of Cahtan, where they saw many cattle, lofty tents and pavilions, horses and camels grazing, and people unsuspicious that the thunder-cloud of ill fortune was about to burst over them.

"Here, sons of my uncles," said Gheyadh, "is a rich camp, and the people are few; let us despoil them while it is dark, and escape in safety. Before morning we shall be far away among the wastes."

The men of the camp rushed forth to protect their cattle and families, but were driven back and trampled on the ground. To Antar was assigned the task of driving away the cattle. He had proceeded some distance when a knight rushed out from the ravines, "mounted on a dark-colored colt, beautiful and compact, and it was of a race greatly prized among the Arabs; his hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin; when he neighed, he seemed as if about to speak, and his ears were like quills; his sire was Wasil, and his dam Hemama." When Antar cast his eyes on the horse, and observed his speed and his paces, and his uncommon beauty, he felt that no horse could surpass them, so his whole heart and soul longed for it; and when the knight perceived Antar making toward him, he spurred his horse to the utmost, for he was a renowned horseman, Harith, the son of Obad, a valiant hero.

Antar pursued him till sunset, separating from his party; seeing which, Harith turned about and awaited him. As Antar approached, Harith, relying on Antar's oath of immunity, said:

"O young man, what do you want? I swear, by the God who knows all secrets, I do not avoid fighting you for the fear of death, for I am a warrior and can defend myself, but I feared the horse would be injured."

"Will you sell me this horse you are riding, or will you give it to me?" asked Antar.

"By heavens! young man," said Harith, smiling, "had you so accosted me at first, I would have given him to you, with some camels also. But, Arab, did you ever see anyone surrender his horse and armor in a plain like this, alone and to a stranger? And particularly a horse like mine, whose lineage is well known like that of the noblest warriors; for, should his master be in difficulties, he will liberate him; he moves and flies without wings; and if you have not heard of his fame, I will tell you—he is called Abjer, whom Chosroes and the Grecian Emperor and the princes of the tribe of Asfar have anxiously wished to possess."

Harith continued to explain that, angry with his own people, he had repaired to this tribe, he had eaten with them a long time, and they had been good to him. For this reason, and only this, he was willing to give Abjer as ransom for the booty and cattle which Antar had driven away, and thus return the kindness he had received from the tribe.

"Well," said Antar, "I will purchase of you this horse for this booty; and, moreover, I shall be exceedingly obliged; here is my hand in faith and sincerity."

Harith dismounted from his noble steed, and gave him to Antar, who mounted him like a king of the land far and wide; and he told the slaves to conduct the cattle and women and servants back to their owners.

Now Antar, upon Abjer, watched them till with Harith they had disappeared in the desert. Just then came up Gheyadh and the Absian horsemen. Seeing Antar standing alone in the desert, without any booty, Gheyadh cried out:

"Thou son of a base woman, where is the plunder?"

"I bought with it this horse," he replied, "and I have established your honor and credit in the land of the tribe. I saw the owner was a man of worth, and jealous of the honor of women, and liberal-minded. I was therefore desirous to equal him in propriety of conduct, and would not leave behind us the remembrance of a foul action. It is the most ignominious of deeds to take as prisoners free-born women."

"Thou base-born!" cried Gheyadh, "we consigned them to your care, but you have been buying and bartering, without our leave."

"What is done is done," said Antar. "I will make it good elsewhere, if the Creator pleases. But if you wish to quarrel with me, I will protect my life with this sword and spear."

"Come on to this wretch," said Gheyadh to his company; "cut him in pieces with your simitars, and make him drink of the cup of death and annihilation."

Upon that, Antar went to a little distance, tightened the girths of Abjer, wheeled around preparing to charge, and, calling on the name of Ibla, he bade them make ready for shame, disgrace, and destruction. When the Absians saw the

mood of Antar, they shrank from the conflict, and said to Gheyadh, their leader:

"What stops you? and what occasions this consternation at this black slave?"

"O my cousins," he replied, much troubled, "wise is the man between whom and Antar there is no contention."

Then they proceeded to confer together, and advised Gheyadh to go up to him and drop the question of plunder, showing him they were not afraid, but yielded from domestic policy alone. So Gheyadh said to him:

"O son of my uncle, are you not ashamed to engage in battle against your cousins, when they were only jesting?"

While convinced that they were afraid of him, Antar contented himself with saying that he had purchased the horse Abjer with the booty in order to be able the better to protect them from their enemies, a keen bit of sarcasm. And so with more smooth words the quarrel was laid for the time, although on the homeward march Antar kept close watch against their wiles, and heard their mutterings and low-spoken threats.

When King Zoheir heard of this adventure, and looked at the horse, he marveled at his qualities, and said:

"This horse has indeed been made for no one but Antar," who from that day was called Abool fa Waris, or "Father of horsemen."

Antar's other friend, already alluded to, was his sword Dhamee, which came to him in this wise: accompanying an expedition across the desert, Antar happened to stray a little out of the way ("for the Lord of Heaven," as says the chronicle, "had decreed the glory of Antar, and that no one should exceed him in prosperity"); and as he proceeded thus alone, he descended into a deep valley; and lo! there were two horsemen engaged in deadly combat. Urging on his horse, Antar bade them state the cause of contention. One of them hastened to Antar, and claimed assurance of his protection. Antar readily agreed to this, and the youth related his history as follows: He was the younger of two brothers by the same mother—a very important fact. But it did not prevent a serious difference after the death of their father, who, when about to die, told the younger son he was likely to have trouble, owing to

the rapacity of the older son. But he said: "Here is this sword of great worth. Conceal it, and, if he robs you of all my property, be content; for if you present this sword to the King of Persia or the Emperor of Europe, you will receive great honor and riches of silver and gold." As expected, the older brother seized all the inheritance, giving the younger not even a rope's end. Only, when he searched for the Dhamee, he searched in vain, and abused his brother until he confessed that he had buried it in a certain spot; and they two sought for it everywhere in vain, for the wind-tossed sand had concealed the place. So the elder had attacked the younger brother, and was then trying to slay him.

When Antar heard this tale, his pity was aroused; and, turning to the elder brother, he asked why he tyrannized over the younger. Highly incensed, the elder brother turned upon Antar, telling him in a rage to mind his own business; and, supposing him to be a mere ordinary man, he flew at his throat. He learned his mistake the next moment, when Antar drove his spear through his chest and hurled him down dead. Antar then advised the young man to return home and appropriate the rank and wealth of his father. After the youth had departed for home, Antar fixed his spear in the ground and sat down to rest; but, as he was moving the sand with his fingers, he touched a stone; and on raising what was about it, behold! there was the sword the youth had been seeking. Antar drew it forth, and found it a blade two cubits long and two spans wide. He was now convinced of his great fortune, and that everything began and ended in the Most High God.

This remarkable sword had been forged from a small thunderbolt, or aërolite, picked up in the desert, which seemed to have fallen expressly from heaven for the benefit of the great warrior. It was the custom of Antar to destroy his foe, when fighting in single combat, either by transfixing him with his spear or cleaving him in twain with the tremendous downward cut of Dhamee, which sometimes divided rider and horse into four parts at one appalling blow.

As already observed, the jealousy and hate of his relatives on his father's side, including Shedad, the father, himself, were the cause of the greatest sorrows and obstacles with which

Antar had to contend. Among a host of opposers, in a tribe where all were related, were Malik, an uncle, Shedad, his father, and Amarah, a silly coxcomb, whose chief merit was that he loved Ibla to desperation and with unfailing constancy. Even a fool is worthy of consideration when he has the intelligence to aspire to the hand of the worthiest woman. Of the three haters of Antar, only those who, like Amarah, hated him because of their love to Ibla, had any solid reason for the infamous conspiracies and treacheries they practised to crush his genius and destroy him. If Antar had had less modesty, simplicity, and loftiness of aim, such despicable arts never would have had the slightest chance of success. As it was only by the utmost heroism and nobility of soul, aided by Shiboob and Prince Malik, that he was not effaced from the earth, one of the most tremendous of these struggles between Antar and his enemies culminated when they besought King Zoheir to have him slain because of his treatment of his rival, Amarah.

Antar had felled Amarah to the ground when the latter had most outrageously abused him for venturing to demand Ibla in marriage. Zoheir knew very well where the wrong lay. He would not injure a hair of the head of Antar, but as a compromise to quiet this feud, ceaseless and dangerous to the tribal peace, he summoned Shedad, and threw the responsibility on him. It was for him to simplify matters somewhat at least by officially acknowledging Antar as his son, and hence make him an Arab and a citizen, as it were, of the clan of Abs-Adnan. This would remove a great cause for the existing jealousies, or, on the other hand, Shedad could use his authority over Antar as a black slave, and order him back to the humble place he had held, as a tender of cattle and camels, before he had risen to prominence by his talents.

Shedad reflected long, and then yielded to the dictates of the worst side of his nature: Antar was ordered to lay aside his armor and return to the charge of cattle, horses, and camels. He made no resistance, although the tears gushed from his eyes. He knew that law and custom were on the side of Shedad and his enemies. With vast magnanimity he replied to the abusive language of Shedad:

"Do what you please, for I am one of your servants, and a

slave has only to obey his master, though he torment and afflict him every day of his life. But from this day will I never mount a horse, and will never be present in battle, nor go anywhere but by your permission."

King Zoheir and others witnessed for Antar and for his promise. The flame that had blazed was extinguished. The battle-cry and the love-song of Antar were to be heard no more, and those that envied and hated him now exulted.

But anon the sound of war was heard again in the land. It was reported that twelve thousand horsemen of the tribe of Tey were coming down to release from her captivity Amima, the daughter of the chief surnamed the Blood-drinker.

And now Antar in turn exulted, for he foresaw that the day was not distant when his enemies would fly to him again to entreat him to give the indispensable aid of his terrible arm and sword. And Ibla soothed the sorrowing heart of the hero by a message of unquenchable love, conveyed to him by her mother. They are the true friends who stand by a man when he is down, who have faith in him, and look not for reward in the day of depression and struggle. Of such stuff were Prince Malik and Shiboob, the black elder brother of Antar, the hopeless slave whose life was wrapped up in devotion to the welfare and triumph of his great brother, Abool fa Waris Antar.

To resist the twelve thousand horsemen of the tribe of Tey, the people of Abs and Adnan numbered only four thousand. Antar, simple and sincere, was great in action, but Shiboob shone in shrewdness and keenness beyond many. He saw that the supreme moment in the career of his brother Antar had come, if rightly seized and used. King Zoheir had set out with most of his army to meet, and perhaps, by surprising, to overthrow, the host of the invaders. He left behind, to protect the women and children, the flocks and herds, a force of only three or four hundred men.

No sooner had King Zoheir disappeared with his army, than a cloud of dust darkened the horizon. It was an advance party of the enemy, who, surmising the plans of Zoheir, had passed around his rear and reached the land of Shoorebah, where the slightly protected women and children of the Absians waited in hope of the success of their brethren and sires at the

front. "What is your counsel now?" said Antar to the faithful Shiboob.

"If you listen to my advice," said his brother, "to-day you will obtain all your wish and desire; you will become the noblest of the tribe of Abs, and be admitted to the rank and consideration of an Arab. My opinion is, you should take the camels and the cattle, and ascend this eminence toward Mount Saadi. I will bring you your horse and your armor; for I know that the tribe of Abs will be routed and will need you; and they will come and entreat you; but do not mount your horse, do not take part in the contest, till your father admits you to his own rank, and acknowledges you as a son, and as a part of his heart, and until your uncle Malik gives you his daughter Ibla in marriage, and makes you a partner in his wealth. Then descend and destroy your enemies; and thus, my brother, you will attain the object of your wishes."

Antar saw that this counsel was good. He drove the cattle to Mount Saadi, while Shiboob brought the horse Abjer and the armor; and they sat down to await the results. The advance corps of the Teyan raiders swept over the desert, and swooped upon the camels and cattle, and threatened the tents. The herdsmen spread the alarm, and great was the surprise in the camp, for it was now evident that Zoheir must have missed them on the road. Shas, son of Zoheir, hastily ordered the warriors left to guard the tents to come to the rescue of the women and children. But it was of little avail, for the advance of the Teyans was constantly reënforced by increasing numbers, and the Absians were gradually beaten back and overwhelmed. The warriors were slain, and the women and children fled in all directions.

"Alas!" said Ibla's father to Shedad, the father of Antar, "where is thy son? Let him come and liberate us from death and misery."

"We cannot raise our heads toward Antar," replied Shedad; "but were he present, our condition would indeed be the reverse of this."

Shedad raised his eyes, and saw Shiboob and Antar seated on the ground, watching the tribe of Abs and their defeat. So he ran toward them, followed by his brother Malik, the father of Ibla.

"Canst thou, in an hour like this," said Shedad, "employ thyself in tending the cattle and the camels? Behold, the enemy are plundering the camp, slaying our men, and capturing our women and families."

"What dost thou wish me to do?" said Antar with exasperating coolness. "I am indeed grieved at thy distress. Oh, that I could rescue thee from destruction! But I am a slave, incapable of doing anything and unworthy of consideration. I am merely leading horses to the pastures, and employed in milking and tending cattle and sheep, and picking up wood. Am I not contemptible and despised?"

And he walked away from his father and his uncle.

"What means this indifference?" said Shedad, greatly vexed.

"What do you want of me?" asked Antar. "Hast ever heard of anyone asking protection from a slave, and abandoning the help of princes?"

"Oh, descend, destroy the enemy, Antar! and I will grant thee all thy wishes and hopes, and I will raise thee to the rank of an Arab," cried Shedad.

"But what will be this rank and honor?" said Antar with provoking coolness.

"I will," said Shedad, "recognize thee as my son, and as a part of my heart."

"O my nephew, descend, and drive away the enemy from us, and I will acknowledge thee as of our family!" exclaimed his uncle Malik. "Dost thou not see these plundering Arabs tearing down houses and tents, and sweeping away the women, and verily capturing thy beloved Ibla; and wilt thou not extend thine arm to protect her?"

"If I mount this instant, Malik," said Antar, "and destroy this foe, and release Ibla from her affliction, wilt thou give her to me in marriage?"

"Yes," said Malik, "by the God that created and beautified her!" and he extended his hand toward Antar, and swore by the God of mankind. And Shedad likewise swore not to deny him again the honor and rank henceforth his due.

Antar caused these miserable men to confirm their oaths in the usual way of Arabia, and then signaled to Shiboob to bring

forward the horse Abjer, and the chain armor, and the sword Dhamee.

"Now mount, my brother," said the ever faithful Shiboob, "for thou hast no more to say to thy father and thy uncle—put the foe to rout."

Encased in armor once more, Antar was "like a tower." He shouted with a voice heard far over the plain, as he rushed impetuously down from the height, "his heart harder than stone, and his soul buoyant as the sea when it roars." First he sought the horseman who was carrying off Ibla, and his charge was the assault of fate and destiny. Fearing that Ibla might be wounded if, as usual, he should drive the spear through the enemy's chest, he wheeled on one side, came on his right and pierced through to his left, hurling him down dead. Ibla escaped unhurt by this dexterous movement; Antar dismounted and went to her.

"Fear not, thou light of mine eyes," said he; "thou shalt behold thy Antar perform this day deeds that shall be narrated and recorded."

Leaving Ibla in a place of safety, Antar then rushed where the enemy was massed, while Shiboob attended him, shooting arrows from his matchless bow.

And now God prospered Antar wherever he went, and fate, directed by his wonderful arm and sword, devoured the foe as the dry dust absorbs the rain. At the sound of his voice, the Absian warriors plucked up fresh courage, and their hearts revived at the sight of Antar, the lord of war.

After order had been restored by this stupendous victory, a grand entertainment was given by King Zoheir, at which all the guests, clan and tribal magnates of the Abs-Adnan, wore enlarged turbans, according to the custom at such functions. Antar was at this ceremony a guest by right for the first time. Toward the close, King Zoheir demanded to know why Malik did not give his daughter, Ibla, to Antar. Malik coldly replied that that was for the King to say; as for himself, he was ready to obey. Zoheir then expressed it as his royal will, and the great question was considered as finally settled.

But after the banquet the old jealousies and murmurs burst out afresh, incited by Amarah, a member of the discontented

house of Zeead, and now well known as a suitor for the hand of Ibla. He sent for Malik, the father, and swore that if some way was not devised for breaking the betrothal of Antar and Ibla, he and his family would remove themselves to another tribe, or do something even more desperate. To act directly contrary to the wish and command of King Zoheir would not be expedient. Cunning, rather than direct force, was the better way to succeed with a man so honest and undesigning as Antar. A course was decided on, which Malik was to follow.

Antar was permitted to see Ibla repeatedly in the presence of her parents, and Malik on each occasion was smooth and genial as if he warmly acquiesced in the coming alliance with Antar. But at the last interview, as if as an afterthought, and in the most casual way, having plied Antar with liquor, Malik suggested that of course Antar intended, according to the custom, to make certain settlements. Had it occurred to him what would be his marriage offering? Naturally it would be in keeping with the station of the contracting parties, said the scheming father of Ibla. Now Malik knew that Antar was poor, and that, in his simplicity, he had doubtless given little thought to this very important question. No gifts, no bride, was the basal principle in the matrimonial arrangements of Araby, although in some instances the social and political position of the groom might carry some weight in proportioning the dower.

Antar replied that of course he was willing to follow the usage, and left it to the parents of Ibla to specify what would be satisfactory. This was precisely what the plotters hoped and expected from their knowledge of the character of Antar; hence Malik was prepared with his answer. To make it more specious, Malik put the question to Ibla, as if she were to decide the settlement, and she, sweet creature, absorbed in her love, saw as little guile in the matter as Antar.

"Nephew," said Malik kindly, "I will not engage you for what is beyond your power, and I will not demand of you but what an Arab would demand, such as he and she camels. I ask of you, then, one thousand Azafeer camels, that my daughter may boast of them, for in our tribe there are none. Then will you and I obtain all our wishes and desires, and we shall destroy our enemies and those who envy us. This is all I ask of

you; and I will pay for the marriage feast out of my own property."

Although Antar was not so completely misinformed on the subject of Azafeer camels as the plotters supposed, he did not know all the difficulties involved in securing this form of dowry. But he finally consented. Later he learned that this especial breed of camels was found only in the kingdom of Monzar, the head prince of all the princes of Arabia, and the satrap of Anoorshirwan, the greatest monarch of the age, whose armies were innumerable, and to whom the said satrap was responsible for these camels.

Malik and Antar clasped hands in solemn ratification of the compact. The former felt his heart glow with joy, for he considered that Antar would never return from this arduous task; while the latter exulted out of his ignorance of the impossibilities he had undertaken—impossibilities to anyone but Antar.

Without losing a moment by delay, he sought his brother Shiboob, who was told to make ready Abjer, while Antar clothed himself in complete armor. Shiboob desired to know whither he was going, if haply he could show him the nearest roads.

"Show me the nearest way to Irak [Persia], for Arabs abound in that country, with abundant property and camels. With them is my object and what my uncle has demanded."

Shiboob was confounded. He expostulated with Antar, and urged waiting until morning at least, when better counsel might avail. But Antar cried:

"Away! away! Not a word! None but the Creator of mankind can aid me. I must destroy my accursed enemies. Mine be the dark and nightly course, after the manner of mighty heroes; for if I travel by day they will plot against me."

Shiboob saw that he was right, and led the way toward the Persian frontier, and to tremendous labors and hazards before the prize could be won.

By the greatest caution, the brothers reached the pasture-lands, that part of Arabia within the dominion of Persia, where the famous camels were grazing. Antar kept out of sight with Abjer, while Shiboob, putting on the garb of a herdsman, roved among the herds and noted the Azafeer camels. The herdsmen saw and welcomed him as a slave escaping from a

cruel master; and the day was passed in gathering information and exchanging lies. As night came on, Shiboob escaped and returned to Antar. What Shiboob reported made it evident in what a very desperate enterprise they were engaged.

The following morning Shiboob worked around to the rear of the slaves guarding the camels, and emptied his quiver at them to drive them from the pasture-land, and to prevent them likewise from flying through the pass and carrying the evil tidings of marauders. Then the huge, mail-clad bulk of Antar, mounted on Abjer, bore down. By his orders the terrified slaves drove the Asafeer camels before the two brothers, until about the third hour a great dust threw its shadow over the land, and a vast host of hardy warriors came rapidly in view. It was learned that some of the herdsmen who had escaped had met a hunting-party of Monzar the Satrap himself, and informed him that marauders were driving away the camels. Instantly he sent out a scouting-party to arrest the progress of Antar, and they halted not until they had overtaken him. His blood took fire, and he flew to meet them with the delight his nature felt when there was fighting to be done. Wherever he struck he slew, and wherever he thrust he hurled down. For an hour the slaughter of his assailants was prodigious. As to Shiboob, the slaves neither aided him to drive the camels nor assailed him. He could only look on and await the result.

This continued until his horse stumbled and, throwing Antar on the ground, rushed riderless from the tumult. Shiboob then gave up hope and fled, pursued by seventy warriors. From morning until sunset they pursued him in vain, and in the darkness of night he escaped with tears flowing from his eyes, to bear the news to Ibla and the friends and enemies of Antar that at last the great, invincible hero had met his doom. Under such odds, Antar could not indeed hold out long. His foot slipped on a skull, and as he fell, streaming with blood, he was bound and brought before King Monzar. To the questions put to him, Antar replied, as was his wont, with magnificent strains of poetry, which the King, himself a poet, could well appreciate.

While the fate of Antar hung in the balance, an enormous lion appeared on the scene, unterrified by the host of warriors about him. Antar volunteered to slay him, if his arms were

left free. He minded not the shackles on his ankles; the condition being that if he slew the lion his own life should be spared. This was agreed to, no one supposing that one battered as he had been could escape the terrible power of the lion. But to their amazement Antar, with one blow of his sword Dhamee, cleft the jaws of the beast to the spine.

King Monzar was a shrewd man, and not cruel for his period. The yoke of Persia galled him, and it occurred to him that, with the aid of such a marvelous champion as Antar, he might successfully throw off the yoke of the great Anoorshirwan himself, the Emperor of Persia. He found Antar entirely willing to purchase liberty under such conditions. And thus the hero of the tribes of Abs-Adnan, who had been a slave until recently, and who never before had been off the sands of Arabia, became the leading figure in a great international war.

In the fierce battles that ensued, when the hosts of Persia and the well-armed but predatory horsemen of Arabia matched their strength, victory was invariably with the latter, reënforced as they were by the keen eye, cool head, and tremendous arm and sword of Antar. In despair, at last, of winning success by formal battles of armies, Korchevan, the Persian general, challenged Antar to decide the war by meeting him in single combat before the opposing hosts. He knew that, unless he won a victory, his head would soon be doomed. He had a chance, however, and a very good one, he thought, of slaying Antar, and thus making his position firm once more.

Of course Antar accepted the challenge. Single combat always ended in his favor. It did so in this instance, as usual. Korchevan wheeled around Antar, seeking to get him at advantage. Depending neither on his spear nor on his sword, Antar contented himself by hurling his mace at Korchevan while yet several paces distant. The heavy weapon crushed in his chest, and hurled him, dead, several feet from his saddle.

The great Anoorshirwan, himself a successful general in earlier life, reasoned like Monzar that it would be advantageous to win the services of Antar in an impending conflict with the army of the Greek Emperor of Constantinople. Therefore he patched up a peace not unfavorable to the ambitious plans of Monzar, and invited Antar to the Persian court. When the

envoys of the Greek or, as he was then still called, the Roman Emperor failed to accede to the demands of Anoorshirwan, and threatened hostilities, the Persian King sent his army against them, with Antar as his main support in the arbitrament of arms. The same fate befell them that he had dealt out to the Persian host and its general.

Overwhelmed with gratitude toward the wonderful black hero of the wastes of Abs-Adnan, Anoorshirwan, finding Antar pining to return to his bride far away, bestowed on him such riches that it would take a book to enumerate. There were many hundreds of slaves, male and female, and of he and she camels, horses, flocks, and herds, piles of embroidered stuffs of great price, and no end of gold and silver wares; besides arms of matchless temper, inlaid with exquisite marquetries, and pearls, rubies, and diamonds enough to stock an empire and furnish the dowries of scores of princesses.

Thus Antar, but lately a persecuted slave, returned to his own with world-wide fame and riches sufficient to buy up half the tribes of Arabia. But, as he journeyed home amid this state and power, all he thought of was Ibla, worth more to him than all else the world could give. Such is love, so sweet, so *exigeant*, so mighty!

One night as they reached the camping-ground, Antar heard the wailing of a woman's voice, which proceeded from a veiled *howdah* surrounded by female slaves, which he had just discovered in the dusk. On investigation he was amazed to find that it was Ibla herself, bewailing the loss of Antar, whom she would see no more, for such were the sad tidings brought by Shiboob. Her estimable father Malik was taking her to a chief of another tribe, to whom he had pledged her in barter for sparing the life of Malik, whom he had captured and purposed to deprive of his head. That was the way of the desert. Antar strongly objected to this, and, without asking leave of either Malik or the robber chief, he carried her home.

One would suppose that the marriage of the lovers immediately took place. But the old tactics were again resumed by the enemies of Antar. All sorts of delays were thrown in the way, including a prodigious civil war raised all on account of Ibla and Antar. Then came the death of the good King, the friend of

Antar, Zoheir, head of the tribes of Abs-Adnan, slain in a war with another tribe. He was succeeded by his son Cais, who, most happily, was even a firmer friend to Antar than Zoheir himself, who, in his last utterances, especially commended Antar to the care and good will of Cais.

The new King soon made it understood that he would permit no further treachery and trifling and bloodshed in the matter of the marriage of Antar and Ibla. As soon as this was understood, the nuptials were celebrated. Almost up to the last moment, Amarah was busy with devices for poisoning Antar, or filling the mind of Ibla with suspicion, or stealing away the bride. But destiny was this time on the side of the lovers. So great was the subdued excitement occasioned by this imposing event, so serious the fear that harm might come at the last moment to Antar or to Ibla, that Antar was urged to abbreviate the magnificent festivities, and put an end to the anxiety that prevailed. Furthermore, King Cais issued a solemn proclamation by herald, to all the assembled tribesmen, ordaining that everyone who attended the nuptials with sword, or staff, or any instrument, should be put to death, and his property be given to Antar.

Ibla came forth in state, clothed in superb robes of Persia and wonderful necklaces. On her head they placed the coronet of Chosru Anoorshirwan, one of his incomparable gifts, and precious bands encircled her brow. And proud she was as she stepped forth in all her beauty and magnificence to proceed to the nuptial pavilion, with brilliant scented candles carried around her. In her hand she likewise bore a drawn sword, for she was to be the bride of a hero. As she passed under the curtains of the pavilion out of sight, she seemed to leave a blank in the hearts of the beholders. The maidens played on the timbrel and the cymbals, and Shiboob and Djerár remained all night at the door of the pavilion and protected their brother from harm.

After these events, Antar engaged in further wars with the nations of Christendom and of the worship of Fire, and won further victories and renown. But these concern us not, compared with the great struggles and deeds that won for him Ibla, his bride.

TIMOTHY SHAY ARTHUR

(United States, 1809–1885)

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM (1850)

This famous little story has furnished, since the date of its publication, a basis for exhortation to many English-speaking temperance lecturers. It was dramatized soon after its appearance, and in that form still holds a place on the provincial stage.

TEN years ago, business required me to pass a day at Cedarville, and I was delighted with the clean, comfortable tavern, newly opened by Simon Slade, who greeted me like an old friend.

While awaiting dinner I had an opportunity of making several observations, the first of which concerned the landlords family. Frank, his son, a boy of twelve, was allowed to wait upon customers at the bar, and once I caught him draining the dregs of a drink left in a glass. His mother witnessed the act, too, and admonished him. A worried look continually on her face betrayed that she was not satisfied with her present lot; she had been far happier when her husband was a thrifty miller, instead of an affable innkeeper. When I warned him of his son's danger, a broad smile lighted his good-humored face as he replied: "Nothing to fear, I can assure you. Nothing to apprehend there, sir—nothing." Simon Slade even compelled his lovely daughter, Flora, a sixteen-year-old girl, to tend bar occasionally, a task she little relished. Indeed, the proprietor of that flourishing tavern was more than sanguine of his venture. He claimed that the keeping of a good inn advanced the interests of the town. "Why, already, since I built and opened the 'Sickle and Sheaf,' property has advanced over twenty per cent. along the whole street," said he, and backed up his statement

by referring to some of the most important men in Cedarville, who encouraged him and gave him their support. Among these was Judge Hammond, the richest man in the neighborhood, and Judge Lyman, who had a few weeks before received the Democratic nomination for member of Congress.

That night I studied the frequenters of the barroom. There was young Willy Hammond, pleasant and popular, whose personal qualities were strongly attractive. But his crony, Harvey Green, was an evil-looking man, much older than the Judge's son, and I saw at once that he played the rôle of tempter successfully. No one knew this sinister stranger's calling. Judge Lyman, a bloated man between forty and fifty years of age, was present and talked a great deal. He praised the enterprise of Simon Slade, and prophesied that in ten years he would be the richest man in the county.

"If he gets richer, somebody will be poorer!" said a shabby, broken-down inebriate. The speaker was Joe Morgan, once a partner in the milling business with Simon Slade, but now a wreck. Soon after this bitter remark he spent his last cent for a whisky punch. Several times he interrupted general conversation, always to give vent to some sarcasm or stinging truth. The company felt relieved to see his little daughter, not more than ten years of age, push open the door and spring toward him. "Come, father! won't you come home?" she pleaded. Morgan arose and suffered the child to lead him from the room, seeming quite passive in her hands.

Harvey Green was the first to speak after the father and child vanished. "If I were in your place, landlord, I'd pitch that fellow out of the barroom, the next time he stepped through the door." His voice was cold and unfeeling. Battered Joe Morgan, however, found a defender in a man named Lyon, who took up his cause warmly. The disputants came to blows, and Harvey Green drew a long knife from a concealed sheath. Lyon, luckily, was too quick and too strong for his assailant, and felled him to the floor, where he almost choked him to death. Judge Lyman and the landlord now interfered, and the antagonists were separated. In a little while Judge Lyman drew Green aside, and the two men left the barroom. In the door, as they were retiring, the former nodded slightly to Willy Ham-

mond, who soon followed them, going into the sitting-room, and thence, as I could perceive, upstairs to an apartment above.

"Not after much good," I heard Lyon mutter to himself. "If Judge Hammond don't look a little closer after that boy of his, he'll be sorry for it, that's all. If you could look in upon them now, you would find cards in their hands."

Then Lyon informed me minutely of the cause of Joe Morgan's ruin, saying that Simon Slade was largely to blame for the unhappy man's condition.

About ten o'clock a man past the prime of middle life entered. There was a look of concern on his florid face. He asked Mrs. Slade to find her husband, who could not look steadily at his interlocutor's face as the latter asked for his son.

"He was here," said Slade.

"When?"

"He came in some time after dark, and stayed maybe an hour."

"And he hasn't been here since?"

"It's nearly two hours since he left the barroom," replied the landlord.

Judge Hammond seemed perplexed. There was a degree of evasion in Slade's manner that he could not help noticing.

Further questioning of the wily landlord revealed nothing, and the old judge quitted the place. Simon Slade then turned to me with a forced smile, and inquired whether I wished to retire, a proposition I readily met, for I was overwearied.

Cedarville did not see me again for a year. As I alighted from the stage Landlord Slade gave me hearty welcome. There seemed to be no change in that jolly, round face.

"How is the 'Sickle and Sheaf' coming on?" I inquired.

"First-rate," was the answer. In recounting events since my last visit, Slade told me that Judge Hammond had bought his old mill, which would be turned into a distillery. Simon Slade thought this would wonderfully help the grain-raisers of the section. Avoiding argument, I asked after Willy Hammond, who also was reported as "first-rate."

Frank Slade next came under my eye. He had grown considerably, but a gross, sensual expression was now about his mouth. He was laughing at some low, obscene remarks made

by Harvey Green. Just then Flora, the boy's really beautiful sister, passed through the room, and Green addressed her familiarly. She resented his overtures, but her brother treated the affair lightly.

"Ah!" thought I, "have the boy's pure impulses so soon died out in this fatal atmosphere?"

After supper I took a seat in the barroom to watch its denizens. The custom had increased. What pained me most was to see the large number of lads and growing men who came in to lounge and drink. Among these was a lad named Edward, whose elderly father came in to take him home, and I was glad to see that the youth had enough courage to leave his sneering companions. But my attention was attracted by the angry voice of Simon Slade, ordering Joe Morgan out of the place. He showed no inclination to obey; instead, he let loose his biting contempt upon the landlord, who, half-drunk himself, was angered to an uncontrollable degree. Catching up an empty glass from the counter, he hurled it with all his strength at the head of Joe Morgan. The missile just grazed one of his temples, and flew by on its dangerous course. The quick, sharp cry of a child startled the air, followed by exclamations of alarm and horror from many voices.

"It's Joe Morgan's child!"

"He's killed her!"

Little Mary Morgan, on her nightly errand of conducting home her besotted father, had been struck on the forehead by the flying glass. Morgan sobered instantly. Mrs. Slade bathed the deep gash until the doctor arrived; the medical man soon restored life to the inanimate body. Mrs. Morgan, terrified and anxious, came in upon the scene, with a countenance like ashes. She fainted, and her husband was full of endearments. In half an hour the twain, with their child, tenderly borne in the arms of her father, went sadly homeward, leaving more than one heart heavier for their visit. Mrs. Slade's humanity, together with a look of anguish mingled with bitter reproach which she had instantly thrown upon her husband, left an indelible impression on my mind.

By the next night the injured child was in a high fever, which brought delirium in its wake. She kept imploring her

father not to go out to the tavern. It seemed to be her sole concern. Though his nerves were shattered, Joe Morgan promised to remain at home. His wife, fearing an attack of his old madness, gave him strong coffee to drink. But it did not prevent hallucinations ensuing. Frightened, Mrs. Morgan ran for the doctor, who responded only to find the crazed father sleeping peacefully in the arms of little Mary; the spirit of his loving, innocent child seemed to have overcome, at least for the time, the evil influences that were getting possession even of his external senses. Oh, what a fervent "Thank God!" went up from the heart of his stricken wife!

Late in the evening marked by the above incidents, I was sitting where I could overhear and see all that happened in an adjoining room. Mrs. Slade entered. She had just come from the Morgans' house, where her aid had been a godsend. Simon Slade listened unwillingly to her account of little Mary's serious condition and the doctor's grave fears.

There was a long silence.

"If we were only back at the mill!" said Mrs. Slade.

"There, now! I don't want to hear that again," quickly spoke out the landlord. "I made a slave of myself long enough."

"You had at least a clear conscience," his wife answered.

More altercation followed. Simon Slade finally left the room with an oath, banging the door after him. What a revelation was in that passage of words between husband and wife!

Against his wishes, the wife of Simon Slade again took her way to the home of Joe Morgan the following evening. Brokenheartedly Mrs. Morgan related the events of the previous night; how her husband had awakened to a terrible fit of mania, and how Mary had reassured him. Since that time the sick child had rapidly failed. A glance told Mrs. Slade that death had marked her for its own. And before many hours passed the little sufferer died upon her anguished father's breast, with the happiness of hearing his resolution to reform.

"You will have only mother left," she had said, "only mother. And she cries so much when you are away."

"I won't leave her, Mary, only when I go to work," said Morgan, "and I'll never go out at night any more."

"Yes, you promised me that."

"And I'll promise more."

"What, father?"

"Never to go into a tavern again."

"Never?"

"No, never; and I'll promise still more."

"Father!"

"Never to drink a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"Oh, father! dear, dear father!" Those were Mary's last joyous words.

During my fourth evening in the barroom of the "Sickle and Sheaf" I heard its *habitués* worry Simon Slade over being tried for murder in case of Mary's death. I saw Mrs. Slade enter sadly and break the news of the child's death to her uneasy husband, and I had the pleasure of contributing to a fund raised for the bereaved parents of the dead child. Then, curious to relate, the landlord's wife earnestly besought the customers to help Joe Morgan keep his pledge, and she warned them of the dangerous path of drink that each was treading.

Nearly five years glided away before business again called me to Cedarville. The first thing that struck me, as the stage rolled on, was the altered aspect of the beautiful Hammond estate, now neglected and disfigured. A marked change, too, was visible in and about the "Sickle and Sheaf"; it had grown larger but dirtier. Simon Slade had become rotund, coarse, and red-faced, while his bleared, swimming eyes evidenced, too surely, a rapid progress toward the sad condition of a confirmed inebriate. From natives I learned that Frank Slade had developed into a rowdy, and was a sorrow and care to his mother and his sister Flora; that Willy Hammond was fast going to perdition, led on by the detestable Green, who was suspected of being a professional gambler. The reckless youth had squandered, or lost, twenty thousand dollars since my last visit, and his father had been compelled to sell out his distillery plant. In the evening I noticed Judge Lyman and Harvey Green hobnobbing, and the pair disappeared together. Soon after this Willy Hammond entered, asking for Judge Lyman. Matthew, the barkeeper, answered in a low tone, and, after pouring down a glass of brandy, the young man hurried out through an adjoining room. It was not long ere two other well-dressed

young fellows quietly followed in the same direction. Without doubt, in one of the upper rooms gambling went on nightly. A shudder crept over me as I strolled out on the porch. While walking there, I saw an elderly lady advance toward the house and endeavor to peer into the barroom. Ah, what a commentary upon the uses of an attractive tavern was here! My heart ached as I thought of all that unknown mother had suffered and was doomed to suffer.

There was a peculiar restraint between Landlord Slade and Harvey Green when they met next morning. That afternoon I learned of the distressing financial straits of Judge Hammond through the dissolute habits of his once promising boy; and during the evening young Hammond appeared in the barroom, wild and excited, inquiring for Judge Lyman. Matthew motioned with his head toward the door leading to the sitting-room. Hammond understood the sign and left the room. I sought the open air only to encounter again the same lady who had patrolled in front of the inn the night before. When I addressed her, it was apparent that the woman's mind wandered, but I gathered that she was the mother of Willy Hammond, in search of her wayward son. At once deciding to find him for her, I located Green's room and rapped at the door. I knocked several times before I was answered. Green was about to shut the door in my face, when Hammond, hearing that his mother wanted him, jerked it open, and with blanching face confronted me. Through the doorway I could see, besides Green and Hammond, the landlord and Judge Lyman. Loose cards were scattered over a table. The young man swept by me with a bound. I followed at a slower pace.

"Mother! oh, mother! what has brought you here?" he exclaimed, reproachfully but tenderly.

"Oh, Willy! Willy!" I heard her answer, "somebody said you came here at night, and I couldn't rest. They'll murder you! I know they will."

A few moments and they were out of sight, but two hours afterward the prodigal returned to the room of Harvey Green.

While I was in the office of a Mr. Jacobs the next day, Judge Hammond, looking wretched and weary, unexpectedly arrived. He begged our business friend to search for Willy

and bring him home, as the boy had been out all night. I walked to the tavern with Mr. Jacobs, and together we mounted the stairs to the room of Harvey Green. Repeated knocking elicited no response, and we were about to give it up when Mrs. Slade, pale and worn, learning our errand, bade us knock in a certain manner. This signal proved an "open sesame," and we found ourselves in the presence of Green, young Hammond, Judge Lyman, and Slade. Cards, slips of paper, a pile of bank-notes, bottles and glasses were in evidence. As we entered Hammond seized some strips of paper and tore them into bits.

"You're a cheating scoundrel!" cried Green fiercely, at which Hammond sprang upon the livid gambler, choking him until he went purple. Green, however, was equally quick, and he drew his knife, which he plunged into his victim again and again, then fled during the excitement that followed. Judge Hammond soon appeared on the terrible scene, and it was not long ere the poor, demented mother burst into the room. The idolized son died in her arms, and the shock killed her. At this double tragedy the whole town was wild with excitement, demanding retribution. "Lynch the scoundrel!" was the cry as the populace hunted for Green, whom to my horror I discovered under my bed.

"Understand," he said, in a grating whisper, "that I am not to be taken alive!"

When argued with, he consented to allow me to notify the sheriff, whose custody would doubtless save him from the mob's fury. But that officer with his posse failed to protect the murderer, who was shot through the heart by an unseen hand. Then pandemonium took possession of the inhabitants. Men drank themselves crazy in the barroom of the "Sickle and Sheaf." By midnight both Judge Lyman and Simon Slade, as associates of Green, had been attacked and maimed; the former had his face shockingly beaten and cut, while the latter lost an eye in the scrimmage. Neither Frank Slade nor the barkeeper escaped uninjured. It was a terrible night. Two years elapsed before I entered Cedarville again.

Dilapidation and decay were fast taking possession of the Hammond homestead and the tavern. At the latter place things were in a filthy condition. Simon Slade looked a wreck, while

his son Frank had grown stout and more vulgar than ever. The fact that Mrs. Slade was in an insane asylum seemed to affect neither of them. The terrible events of the day on which young Hammond was murdered completed the work of mental ruin, begun at the time her husband had abandoned the quiet, honorable calling of a miller and become a tavern-keeper. Flora, I learned, was with her mother, devoting her life to her. The dreadful death of Willy Hammond, for whom she had conceived a strong attachment, came near depriving her also of reason.

Evening found me once more in the barroom, where the coarse, vile language disgusted me. Frank Slade, the center of a noisy group, was the most profane. An old gentleman who called there for his son aroused the ridicule of the inmates and stirred up the wrath of young Slade, who would have struck the aged father had not the man named Lyon interfered. Not long after this exhibition of drunken braggadocio, Frank and his father exchanged hot words and almost came to blows. I could not remain to hear the awful imprecations that father and son, in their impotent rage, called down from heaven upon each other's heads, and so I left the barroom, glad to escape from its stifling atmosphere and revolting scenes.

The following morning I witnessed a visit from the sheriff's deputy, who served an execution on Simon Slade. Judge Lyman had won a suit against the unfortunate landlord, and he intended to sell him out. Perhaps it was morbid curiosity that led my footsteps to the decaying mansion of Judge Hammond; at any rate I went, and came across the old jurist, alone and in a pitiable semi-conscious condition in the house that was now no longer his, it having been seized by creditors. My sympathies were aroused, but I soon discovered that he had no friends. Steps were then taken to have him removed to the almshouse. Ten years ago he had been the richest man in Cedarville—now he was a pauper. Another discovery was mine that afternoon: Joe Morgan had truly reformed, had returned to his trade of miller, and was sober, industrious, and successful.

News of Slade's falling into the sheriff's hands attracted a large company to the "Sickle and Sheaf" in the evening, and from scraps of conversation I inferred that Frank Slade's idle,

spendthrift habits had hastened the present crisis. Both father and son were drinking heavily. Suddenly Simon Slade forbade Frank to take any more liquor.

"Don't meddle with me, old man!" angrily retorted Frank.

"You're drunk as a fool now," returned Slade, who had seized the decanter. "Let go the bottle." They fought, and finally the young man, infuriated by drink and evil passions, threw the bottle at his father's head, felling him to the floor.

"Frank Slade! you have murdered your father!" Sternly were these terrible words uttered. The parricide uttered a cry of horror and tried to shoot himself, but his aim was not well taken.

Half an hour later Frank Slade was a lonely prisoner in the county jail. Does the reader need a word of comment on this fearful consummation? No: and we will offer none.

The next night a mass-meeting was held at the "Sickle and Sheaf," and its spokesmen recapitulated the ruin wrought by the tavern in ten years. Resolutions were offered and passed prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drink within the limits of the town corporation. All the liquor on the premises was destroyed. Then the people dispersed to their homes with lighter hearts and better hopes for the future of their village.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR

(United States, 1864)

A JOURNEY IN OTHER WORLDS (1894)

The author expresses the opinion in the preface to this book that "the classics have been thoroughly threshed out, and it seems impossible that anything new can be unearthed." He suggests that literature might better concern itself with what we do not know than in reiterating past achievements. Hence this journey, written by a student of science, and an inventor, which takes the reader to scenes far beyond the bounds of present knowledge, at a period more than a century in advance of the publication of the narrative. We present here the author's own condensation of the story.

AN'S progress in scientific achievement, which was so marked in the nineteenth century that the people of that time spoke of themselves as living in "the Age of Invention," reached its climax near the close of the twentieth century in the discovery of apergy, the name given to a force that, roughly speaking, neutralized gravity. It was not perfectly understood even then, any more than electricity was perfectly understood in the nineteenth century, but, again like electricity, men had learned how to make use of it. By various devices of a mechanical nature they not only neutralized, or nullified, gravity, but developed an enormous energy in the opposite direction, so that a body charged with apergy, and properly controlled, could be held suspended over the earth at any altitude, or sent rushing through space at planetary velocity. It was apergy that made possible the first journey of exploration to interstellar spaces, and the accumulation of intimate knowledge concerning some of the more distant members of the solar system.

The idea of such a journey originated with Richard Ayrault, a young New Yorker of great wealth and scientific attainments.

He was a stockholder and officer of the Terrestrial Axis Straightening Company, of which Colonel Bearwarden was the president. This company, with the sanction of all the civilized governments in the world, had already arranged to begin excavations in the Arctic and Antarctic regions that were designed to correct the inclination of the earth's axis to the end that the seasons should be equalized, and continental tracts, like Siberia and the Hudson's Bay district, made habitable; and the chief men of the company were unconsciously casting about for some new problem with which to occupy their minds. Ayrault had a special reason for wishing to be busy for another year or so, in that he was engaged to Sylvia Preston, a student at Vassar who had yet to become a senior. She and Ayrault had agreed that she would take her degree before marriage, and he, therefore, was ripe for anything that promised absorbing activity during the interval of waiting.

"This world will soon be a dull place," said he. "I wish we could leave it for a change."

The conversation took place in the office of the company, and there were present Colonel Bearwarden, Dr. Cortlandt, the government expert who had reported on the axis plans, and some others. One half-jocosely suggested that the next step should have to do with improving the earth's orbit, and the talk had not run much farther when Ayrault excitedly proposed to utilize apergy for making a journey to remote planets. He undertook to bear the cost, and the scientists took paper and pencils to calculate the necessary amount of energy, the time required for the journey, and other details. As there were no formalities to be observed, preparations for the great undertaking proceeded rapidly. Bearwarden and Dr. Cortlandt agreed to go with Ayrault, and the car that was to carry them was built with a view to the comfortable accommodation of three passengers. It was called the *Callisto*, after one of the moons of Jupiter whose orbit they proposed to cross, for they decided to make Jupiter their first objective.

When everything was ready to the minutest detail, the *Callisto* was conveyed to Van Cortlandt Park, a few miles north of Manhattan Island. Not less than a million persons gathered there on the morning of December 21, A.D. 2000, to witness

the start. Sylvia Preston was among them, a little apprehensive at the last moment for her *fiancé's* safe return; but it was too late to remonstrate, much less to change plans. Ayrault showed her over the car, and then, having conducted her to her mother, stepped aboard—his companions having already embarked—and waved his hand in farewell. At exactly eleven o'clock the *Callisto* rose from the ground and began the journey whose first stopping-place was nearly four hundred million miles away.

Their momentum increased steadily, and by the time it was night in New York they had acquired such impetus as would have carried them hundreds of thousands of miles into space, and they were then almost abreast of the earth's satellite, which was but a few thousand miles away. The spectacle was magnificent. As they looked at it through their field-glasses, or with the unaided eye, the great cracks and craters showed with the utmost clearness, sweeping past them almost as the landscape flies past a railroad train. They had been long out of the earth's atmosphere, and the sky, therefore, was dead black, through which the stars shone with amazing brilliance.

The *Callisto* was shaped like a projectile, the interior being arranged in two stories and a dome. During their instellar flight the base and one side had constant sunshine, while the other side and the dome were in blackest night. The dome, on account of its shape, had sky-windows, and the completeness with which it could be isolated made it an ideal observatory, and there was seldom a moment during their waking hours when it was not occupied by the travelers. When within four million miles of Mars, the *Callisto* began to swerve perceptibly, but the voyagers swung on unconcernedly, knowing that they could check their approach or change their direction at any time. Soon Mars appeared to have a diameter ten times as great as that of the moon, and promised to occupy almost one side of their sky.

"We must be on the lookout for the satellites," said Dr. Cortlandt; "a collision with either would be worse than a wreck on a desert island."

They were about fifteen thousand miles from Mars when

they sighted Deimos directly ahead—that tiny moon, only six miles in diameter, which was discovered in 1877 by Professor Hall, of Washington. The sun poured directly upon it, making it appear full, and showing all its features. There were small unevennesses on the surface, apparently seventy or a hundred feet high, which were the nearest approach to mountains, and also unmistakable signs of volcanic action; but there were no indications of water, and the blackness of the shadows convinced the observers that this moon had no atmosphere. They obtained two instantaneous photographs of the little satellite as the *Callisto* swept by, and then resumed their inspection of Mars. They noticed red and brownish patches on peaks that had been white when first they observed them, from which they concluded that snow had begun to melt under the warm spring sun.

"We must be ready to repel boarders," said Bearwarden suddenly, and he pointed to Phobos, the other satellite, not more than ten miles away. They rushed by it like a whirlwind, but took several photographs as they passed. Then, applying the full apergetic force to Mars and the larger moon, they shot away, having had their speed increased by the planet's attraction while approaching it, and subsequently by the repulsion attained through apergy.

For several terrestrial days they sped through space, enmeshed once, but without inconvenience, in the tail of a comet, and at last drew near to Jupiter, that magnificent planet with a diameter of 865,000 miles, having 119 times the surface and 1300 times the volume of the earth. Until the *Callisto* entered the planet's atmosphere, its five moons appeared like silver shields against the sky, but now things were looking more terrestrial, and they began to feel at home. Bearwarden put down his note-book, and Ayrault returned a photograph to his pocket, while all three gazed at their new abode. Beneath them was a vast continent variegated by chains of lakes and rivers stretching away in all directions except toward the equator, where lay a placid ocean as far as their telescopes could pierce. To the east were many massive towering mountains, and along the southern border of the continent, smoking volcanoes; while toward the west they saw forests, gently rolling plains, and

table-lands that would have satisfied a poet or aroused the enthusiasm of an agriculturist.

"How I should like to mine those hills for copper, or drain the swamps to the south!" exclaimed Colonel Bearwarden. "The Lake Superior mines and the reclamation of the Florida Everglades would be nothing to this."

Finding a firm strip of land between the forest and an arm of the sea, they gently grounded the *Callisto;* but, not being altogether sure how the atmosphere of their new abode would suit terrestrial lungs, or what its pressure to the square inch might be, they cautiously opened a port-hole a crack, retaining their hold upon it with its screw. Instantly there was a rush and a whistling sound, as of escaping steam, and in a few moments their barometer stood at thirty-six, whereupon they closed the opening. This pressure was little greater than that of a deep coal-mine, and, as it did not inconvenience them, they again opened the port-hole. The barometer rose to forty-two and remained stationary. The air suited them, and as they had no difficulty in breathing they opened a door and emerged.

Bearwarden and Ayrault with rifles, Cortlandt with a repeating shotgun and with some hunting-knives and a sextant, set out in a northwesterly direction. It was toward the end of the Jovian day, and their exploration was not carried very far before night set in; but in their first moments they saw evidence to convince Cortlandt that the planet was passing through a Carboniferous, or Devonian period, such as once existed on earth. Everything had the attractiveness of novelty on that first walk, although most of the phenomena were analogous to what they were familiar with through travels on their home planet. The real marvels were to come, and one of the most striking features of Jovian life was revealed to them when sudden darkness compelled them to hunt hastily for a camping-place. A slight and diffused sound seemed to rise from the ground all about them. They could not account for it. Presently it became louder, and as the sun touched the horizon it poured forth in prolonged strains. Around them were great numbers of trumpet-shaped lilies, reeds, and heliotropes, and presently the travelers discovered that the flowers were singing. They fairly throbbed as they raised their anthem to the sky

and the setting sun, while the air grew dark with clouds of birds that alighted on the ground and remained until the floral chorus grew faint and gradually ceased; then the birds rose again and flew away. The visitors from earth watched this exquisite scene in silent astonishment akin to awe. The doctor at last broke the silence, saying: "This is the most marvelous development of Nature I have seen, because of its wonderful divergence from, and yet analogy to, what takes place on earth. You know our flowers offer honey as a kind of bait to insects, that in eating or collecting it they may catch the pollen on their legs and so carry it to other flowers, perhaps of the opposite sex. Here flowers evidently appeal to the sense of hearing instead of that of taste, and make use of birds, of which there are enormous numbers, instead of winged insects, of which I have seen none. The flowers have become singers by long practise, or else those that were the more musical have had the best chance to reproduce, and thus we have a beautiful illustration and demonstration of our theory of the 'survival of the fittest.' The sounds are doubtless produced by a shrinking of the fibers as the sun withdraws its heat, in which case we may expect another song at sunrise, when the same result will be effected by their expanding."

The doctor's explanation of the singular phenomenon proved to be quite correct, and as long as they remained on Jupiter they enjoyed every day the flowers' vespers and morning songs.

As they were not sufficiently confident in their new domain as yet to sleep simultaneously, they divided the night into watches. Ayrault stood guard first, but when his term of wakefulness had expired he forebore to arouse either of the others. Earth looked at him with a faint but steady ray just above the horizon, and his mind's eye ran beyond his natural vision, while he pictured to himself the girl of his heart, wishing that by some communion of spirits he might convey his thoughts to her, and receive her own. It was now the first week of January on earth. He could almost see her house and the snow-clad trees in the park. This was the hour when she would be dressing for dinner. Was he still in her heart, with all this immense distance separating them?

While he mused thus, one moon after another arose, each at

a different phase, till three at once were in the sky. Adjusting the electric protection-wires that were to paralyze any creature that might attempt to come within the circle, and would arouse them by ringing a bell, Ayrault rolled himself in his blanket and was soon asleep beside his friends.

They remained altogether six weeks on Jupiter, exploring incessantly, gathering a vast quantity of scientific information, and meeting with a variety of adventures, of which the most striking, perhaps, had to do with the mysterious hunter. The first intimation they had of his existence was shortly after they had killed a mastodon, a feat made possible by the fact that they were provided not only with ordinary bullets but also with some of an explosive kind which tore great holes in whatever substance they penetrated. It was by means of explosive bullets that they split trees when they wanted firewood, or material for a raft. In the case of the mastodon, death was by no means instantaneous, for the damage made by an explosive bullet in such an enormous beast was comparatively trifling; but it was enough to send the monster staggering through the forest, while the three men tracked him by the trail of blood. In the course of their pursuit they found a place where the ground was denuded of trees, its torn-up and trampled condition showing that a terrific battle had recently taken place.

While they looked about they saw what appeared to be the trunk of a tree about four feet in diameter and six feet long. On approaching it they recognized in it one of the fore feet of the mammoth, cut as cleanly as if with a knife, from the leg just above the ankle. Farther on they found the mammoth's trunk cut to pieces, and a little beyond lay the body of the unfortunate beast with three of its feet gone, and the thick hide cut and slashed like so much paper.

They were much perplexed by all this. Cortlandt was curious to see the creature that did the cutting, although he admitted that nothing short of dynamite bombs could protect them from it. A beast armed with a knife that could cut through a mastodon's leg would probably prove immune to explosive bullets. They did not find the mysterious hunter on that day, nor on the next occasion when they saw manifestations of his activity. This was while they were riding across country

on the back of an enormous turtle, which carried them much faster than they could have walked. Presently they encountered a herd of dinosaurs, which munched palm-trees unconcernedly when the men drew near. The hunters were about to kill one when their attention was distracted by a tremendous commotion in the woods on their left and somewhat ahead of them. Before them lay an open valley, across which a drove of monsters sped hurriedly. The dinosaurs immediately joined in the flight, and all the great beasts made straight for the woods on the opposite side of the valley. They had hardly disappeared among the trees when they came forth again, more frantic than before, and made off up the valley.

There was no question that they were alarmed. Hunters whose deadly mission they understood were in pursuit and trying to close in on them, but the human hunters caught no glimpse of their mysterious rivals. Possibly they might have done so on that day if the giant turtle had not tired of carrying them; or perhaps he was wholly unconscious that there were passengers on his thick shell, and had merely gone as far as he wished. At all events, he drew in his head, and no pounding on his shell would make him budge. So the hunters had to dismount and leave him to sleep his fill, and, on their unaided legs, to overtake the flying herd of dinosaurs and other monsters was impossible.

But their curiosity was satisfied several days later. On this occasion they had been making a night march. It was just dawn when Ayrault suddenly grasped Bearwarden and pointed to a jet-black mass straight ahead, and about thirty yards from a pool of water. The top of the head was about seven feet high, and the length of the body exceeded thirty feet. The six legs looked as strong as steel cables, and were about a foot through, while a huge, bony proboscis nine feet in length preceded the body. The proboscis was carried horizontally, about two or three feet from the ground. Presently a large ground-sloth came to the pool to drink. In an instant the black monster rushed down the slope with the speed of a nineteenth-century locomotive, appearing, too, quite as formidable. The sloth turned in the direction of the sound, and for a moment seemed paralyzed with fear; then it started to run, but it was too late; the next second the enormously exaggerated ant, for such it

was, overtook it. The proboscis parted like huge shears, snapped viciously, and took off the sloth's legs, afterward cutting the body to pieces. The execution was finished shortly, when the ponderous insect carried about half the sloth back to its hiding-place, where it devoured it at leisure.

This murderous creature was the mysterious hunter. In spite of the fact that it was armor-plated, so to speak, and that one snip of its huge shears could have cut the three men in pieces, the hunters watched for their opportunity, and eventually, after a perilous battle, killed the monster.

As they had abundant supplies for a much longer journey, they left Jupiter at the end of six weeks and crossed space to Saturn. Marvels of a totally different and utterly unexpected kind awaited them there. Having grounded, and observed the same precautions with which they first ventured on Jovian soil, they began an exploration. It was evident at once that the planet was in a different stage of development than the one recently visited, but what it was they had not determined when they were puzzled by indistinct noises all around them. It did not seem quite like music, and in any event there was nothing visible, not even flowers, whereby to account for it. Moreover, they observed that the phenomenon was attended by some degree of mental confusion, to which none of them confessed until each had been disturbed by it for a considerable time. Then they became a bit anxious, but they did not retreat to the *Callisto*, for as investigators they were indomitable.

They pushed on, making notes of their observations with increasing difficulty. At length they spread a cloth on the ground and placed on it a number of gems which they wished to examine closely. While they were looking at the gems a shadow fell upon the cloth. Tracing it to its source, their eyes met those of an old man in a white robe, who addressed them courteously.

"Are you a man or a specter?" Cortlandt demanded.

"I *was* a man," the visitor replied, "and I have given myself tangible form to warn you of danger. I and many other spirits have been watching you since you left your cylinder, and have been trying to communicate with you. Not all of us can resume human form, but we have been trying to, for it is clear

that your presence here is meant for the good of the world you left, and we wish you to be able to return to it."

The spirit then told them of the approach of a storm which they could not possibly withstand unless they were in the shelter of the *Callisto*. Heeding the warning, they returned to their car and shut themselves in it, but after the danger was past they ventured forth again, and during their sojourn on Saturn they talked many times with the friendly spirit who had first addressed them, and with others, some of whom they had known in the mortal state on earth. In this way they learned much about the life after death, exploring an immaterial world as well as a material. On one occasion the spirit of the bishop transferred to them his sense of prescience, that they might see some future event that would interest them. Dr. Cortlandt chose to see the manner of his own death and his funeral. The spirit told him that this would be caused by blood-poisoning, and then, the power being transferred, the doctor saw his funeral. "The walls of the cave seemed to expand till they resembled those of a great cathedral, while the stalactites appeared to be metamorphosed into Gothic columns. They found themselves among a large congregation that had come to attend the last rites, while the great organ played Chopin's 'Funeral March.' The high vault and arches received the organ's tones, and a somber light pervaded the interior. There was a slight flutter and a craning of necks among those in the pews, as the procession began to ascend the aisle. While the slow step of the pall-bearers and those carrying the coffin sounded on the stone floor, the clear voice of the clergyman that headed the procession sent these words throughout the cathedral: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.' As the bier advanced, Bearwarden and Ayrault recognized themselves among the pallbearers. The hermetically sealed lead coffin was enclosed in a wooden case, which was draped and covered with flowers. 'Oh, my faith!' cried Cortlandt, 'I see my face within.' Then again did the minister's voice proclaim, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' Soon came a sweeping change of scene; a host of monuments and gravestones reflected the sunlight, and the coffin was carried into an open vault and set at rest upon a slab among many

generations of Cortlandts. The curiosity-seekers went their way, saying, 'To-morrow will be like to-day, and more great men will die.' "

While they discoursed and speculated on the conditions of heaven and hell whenever the spirits visited them, they devoted other hours, as assiduously as when on Jupiter, to acquiring scientific information about Saturn. On one occasion they were nearly overcome by flying dragons whose breath was deadly poison. It was easier to kill these creatures than it was the giant ant of Jupiter, but when a swarm attacked the hunters, and there was not enough prepared ammunition to destroy the whole host of flying monsters, the men seemed doomed to die in the suffocating exhalations that poured from the dragons' enormous jaws. Indeed, the men believed that their last hour had come, when the ground shook, a rending of rocks, followed by a rush of imprisoned steam, drowned the dragons' roars; and between them and their pursuers appeared a long fissure from which arose a wall of smoke and vapor. The men struggled back from the edge of the chasm and saw that they were safe, for the dragons could not cross it. Later it proved that the earthquake, which at the moment seemed providential, had been brought about by the protecting spirits.

Ayrault had an intense desire to return to earth, that he might see his *fiancée*, to whom he was devotedly attached. In a thunder-storm, when he crawled for shelter into a hollow log he became unconscious, and his spirit quickly made its way to the earth, where he entered the home of his beloved, saw her plainly, read her thoughts, and knew that she was still true to him. He saw also many friends and familiar scenes, but knew that he was only a disembodied spirit and was discontented and unhappy. The next day his companions found his body and succeeded in arousing it from the trance.

They bade affectionate farewell to their spirit friends, shut themselves up in the *Callisto*, set apergy in action, and soared away. The homeward journey was accomplished without important incident or mishap, and grounding was effected in Van Cortlandt Park on the very spot from which they had started. A great concourse was there to greet them, for the flight of the *Callisto* had been seen and reported by astronomers during the

last hours of the journey. Sylvia was there among the rest, and her greeting was abundant compensation to Ayrault for any regrets he may have had for the things he had left behind in the distant planets. Their wedding took place three weeks after the return of the *Callisto*.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

(United States, 1848)

SFORZA (1889)

This romantic tale is founded on historical facts discovered in the archives of the once famous and powerful Sforza family.

THE year 1499 opened upon Milan with lowering aspect. Louis XII of France had signed a treaty with the Venetians for the purpose of dethroning the usurping Duke, Ludovico Sforza, and the allies were already on their way to the capital. Five years before this threatened invasion, the heir to the throne of Milan, Galeozzo, nephew and ward of the Duke, had died—poisoned, as was whispered, at the order of the Duke himself. Since that time the beautiful and gifted Isabelle of Aragon, the youthful widow of Galeozzo, with her young son Francesco, had been a captive in the Castle of Milan.

Attached to the military household of the Duke was a brother of the murdered heir, Hermes Sforza, to whom his uncle was accustomed to entrust state commissions of great importance. This handsome and clever young aristocrat had not only won the affections of a fair daughter of a noble house—the banker Rucellai was well known—but he was the patron of a young Spanish swordsman, whose loyal devotion to him and whose skill in swordsmanship led to his selection by Hermes frequently as companion and attendant.

Among the older men who were aiding Ludovico in the maintenance of his usurped authority two were most trusted—Bernardino Corte, Governor of the Castle, and a certain soothsayer named Almodoro, a man steeped in the magic of the East, an alchemist whom the Church at once hated and feared. He could extract any secret on earth, and he knew the secrets of the stars as well. To him Ludovico turned for knowledge of the future.

But with the allies almost at his gates recourse must be had to assistance nearer than the constellations. The Venetians must be stopped, and the Duke believed that he knew a way to stop them. He summoned Hermes and delivered to him the following commission:

"We are lost if the Venetians continue to advance. Go to Venice, see the Doge, deliver this triangular note to him, this second note to his brother. The festival of the Marriage of the Sea occurs three days hence. In that hour of celebration is your opportunity. Slip it to him in the crowd. Its form will warn him of its significance. For this service I will release Isabelle and Francesco, as you have desired. Take a man of courage as companion, and leave to-morrow."

"I will take the swordsman Narvaez," said Hermes.

"Whom you will. Remember that the unforeseen always happens."

After dismissing his nephew, the Duke went to the apartments of Isabelle to inform her of her near release. On his way thither he was surprised to meet Bernardino Corte, coming evidently from the same apartments.

"What is here amiss?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Merely a round of duty," was the cool answer.

"Perform such duties by daylight hereafter," was the Duke's command, as he passed on to see his niece. A stormy interview followed, in which Isabelle, divining treachery, bitterly and utterly refused the proffered freedom. As Ludovico was about to depart, a messenger brought to him news of the further defeat of his army. Pale with apprehension, he turned toward Isabelle. She was kneeling before her oratory, with arms outstretched in gratitude at this report. She believed that in his downfall she saw her only hope of triumph.

Early on the morning following his interview with his uncle, Hermes and the swordsman set out for Venice. The Festival of the Sea was at its height, and, engaging two gondoliers, a Maltese and a Greek, they joined the fleet of boats which well-nigh surrounded the barge of the Doge—the famous Bucentaur. It soon became evident that nothing was to be gained by this means, and, after discussing their chances of reaching the Doge while on the water, they decided to leave the gondola,

refresh themselves, and present themselves at the palace in the evening. In order to obtain some of their effects from a small hostelry where they had stopped on their arrival, Narvaez left his companion, promising a quick return. Before he went, Hermes, as if warned by a prophetic instinct, gave into his hands the two all-important letters.

"For, look you, Narvaez," he said, "I dare not trust myself and you and the letters all at once in the Doge's presence. We might be intercepted. So I give the letters to you. If aught befall me, you shall use them to-morrow to effect my release."

With the precious letters buttoned securely within his doublet, Narvaez sped away. Returning half an hour later, he found that Hermes had indeed disappeared. Terrified, he pursued the only course that seemed to promise hope. He hastened to the palace. There, in order to secure an audience, he was obliged to present first the note to the secretary—the brother of Barbarigo; after being admitted to the Doge's presence, he presented to him the small triangular note, upon which though he was ignorant of its contents, he knew that all depended. His hopes that this tiny missive might result in immediate relief to his patron and to himself, as well as to Ludovico, were more than realized. The Doge, apparently terror-struck, gave the letter to his secretary, who instantly destroyed it. Then the younger Barbarigo, with surprising kindliness of manner, informed the swordsman that his companion had been arrested, on the testimony of the gondoliers—who had understood the language of the youths, but had misunderstood their purpose—on the charge of conspiring against the life of the Doge. He assured the fencer that he now had naught to fear, either for Hermes or for himself, but that both would be detained overnight in the palace.

On the following morning, Narvaez learned that Hermes had been sentenced to be brought before the famous Council of Three, but that the Doge, unwilling, as Narvaez surmised, to touch the person of the Duke's nephew since the receipt of his communication, had resolved to substitute him (the fencer) for his patron. Brave though he was, at the prospect of confronting that awful tribunal the young man felt his strength giving way, and his heart seemed to cease beating. Rallying

all his forces, however, he followed his guide, pale but erect, and stepping with firm tread. His only words were:

"Let it be said to Hermes that I met this danger willingly to save him."

The horrors that his favorite faced in the Star Chamber Hermes never fully knew. The Spaniard escaped The Question, but was sentenced to death by strangling at dawn the next day.

Hermes in the mean time was conducted to an attic and left in the custody of a fanatic, who told to his indifferent hearer a strange tale of a broken vow and a purpose to return, at the earliest moment possible, to his former retreat, the Monastery of Divine Love. Hermes had been informed of the fate of his comrade, and he had little attention to bestow on a half-crazy Venetian. At dusk the brother of the Doge entered, and with a coolness that was horrible, although his tidings brought infinite relief, told the now almost distracted youth that another prisoner was to take the place of his friend, and that he would find the swordsman in a gondola before St. Mark's the next day at dawn.

After a most uneasy night, Hermes, with his strange guardian, stood in the main entrance of St. Mark's, looking toward the red pillars, for centuries the place of public execution. A file of halberdiers emerged from the palace, a black-veiled executioner with them, and in their midst a youth, his arms pinioned, his ankles chained, a gag in his mouth. The figure was slender, the step, the hair, the very dress, were the fencer's. Hermes almost sank to the ground. He understood—too late! The Doge had deceived him. In his helplessness he dropped to his knees and muttered inarticulate prayers. But the Venetian hurried him away to a barge, where, under an awning, pale, weary, but unharmed, sat Narvaez.

Ludovico Sforza had dexterously held his place depending upon his own resources. But he was in dire extremity. As was his custom, he summoned Almodoro, and bade him read the stars. The soothsayer discoursed to the impatient Duke on the rules of longevity, the balance between the production and exhaustion of the body, and the destiny of man to overcome decay. Finally Ludovico curtly interrupted, told him that he

and the Doge had been students of the black art, and had taken the first degree, binding them to eternal fellowship.

"Barbarigo remembers and is faithful," he said. "Hermes brings me word that the Doge will halt his troops, even at the risk of his life. Now to the terrace, and make the stars tell, if possible, an unequivocal tale."

Almodoro hinted at defeat and disaster, till the Duke, depressed, wished to hear no more. Reëntering the library, the seer threw his master into a hypnotic trance, in which the figure of his dead and dearly-loved wife appeared to him. Rousing, he exclaimed in an outburst of despair:

"Oh, Almodoro, I have seen Beatrice, and she passed in silence. Oft have I heard you say that such a vision portends misfortune."

The news from the army soon confirmed the Duke's fears. But to two persons it brought hope—to Bernardino Corte and to the captive Duchess Isabelle. The former, to further his ambitious designs, had proposed marriage to the latter, promising her his aid in placing her upon the throne of Milan if she consented, and threatening what was worse than death if she refused. The Duchess at first contemptuously declined to listen, but finally gave a forced consent.

"Since life is at stake, and nothing but the sacrifice of myself can save my son, let it be as you desire," she had said with unconcealed disdain.

With this reluctant concession the Governor had to be content. But his hopes were strengthened by the increasing discontent in Milan. The Duke made a personal appeal to the people, but in vain, and three days later he left the city, ostensibly to seek assistance, but in fact a fugitive. Just before leaving the castle he ordered that Isabelle and her son be brought to him. The messenger returned with the astonishing information that the apartments of the Duchess were empty. Ludovico refused to believe this report, but he had no time for delay. Already an angry rabble was surging against his gates. When, two weeks later, he heard that the impregnable old fortress had been surrendered to the enemy for a price which the French king stipulated should be paid out of the castle's stores, he understood the flight of Isabelle, and exclaimed:

"Verily, since Judas there has been no baser traitor than Bernardino Corte."

In the train of King Louis when he entered Milan were two youths destined to become famous. Though widely different, they had formed a chivalrous friendship such as was common among knights. They were of equal age—twenty-three. The one, Cæsar Borgia, was already distinguished for his vices as well as for his talents. The other, the Chevalier Bayard, had not yet won his spurs, and in simple purity of heart and life he was in direct contrast with his comrade in arms. Valentino, the name by which Borgia was known, had learned of the pretty Rucellai from the fencer Narvaez, and had determined to make her his own.

While idly discussing their future plans one morning, the two friends were sent for to be present at an interview which the King had promised to his prisoner, the former Governor of the Castle. Pale and haggard, Bernardino appeared, and, almost with sobs, reminded Louis of the conditions of surrender —Isabelle to be restored to her rights, and himself, as her husband, to be raised to high dignities. He declared their love, and begged to see the Duchess, who was a prisoner like himself. The King sneeringly ignored his claims, but consented to have the Duchess summoned.

"Withdraw," he commanded Bernardino. "Behind that tapestry you will hear plainly."

And behind the tapestry he heard the stricken woman explain, with exclamations of contempt and hatred, the conditions of their contract, and beg for but two things on earth—her son and liberty. For answer the King coldly informed her that Francesco had already been given over to the Church and sent into France, and that she must withdraw to some distant retreat.

"Inhuman!" shrieked the Duchess, and called down curses on the faithless King. At the moment a fall was heard behind the tapestry, and when it was drawn aside the Governor was seen lying on the floor, dead, Valentino standing above him with uplifted arm.

Having disposed of Isabelle, and the Governor being also disposed of, Louis felt secure. He returned to Paris, his troops were scattered, and when Ludovico returned with an assortment

of Italians, Germans, and Swiss for an army, he had no trouble in reëntering the city, although he could not lodge in the Castle. One day, while patiently studying his maps, he heard an unusual tumult in the street. Going to the window, he beheld a young French officer in beautiful armor, riding a magnificent but wounded horse, and dealing furious blows at a yelling crowd of German pursuers. Hermes at the moment entered his uncle's apartment, and related in detail the gallant charge of the young Frenchman, who had fearlessly engaged a troop of German horse that outnumbered his company six to one. Ludovico, always an admirer of courage, sent for the stranger and questioned him, mentioning his bravery.

"I am but a novice in warfare," said the Chevalier Bayard —for he it was—"and have not yet won my spurs."

Charmed by his manliness and simplicity, Ludovico questioned him further as to his desires and ambitions. When the Duke touched upon the subject of love and marriage, the knight slowly answered:

"I have taken a vow of life-long celibacy. My purpose is so to serve the King that, when my vigor is past, my conscience may pronounce me worthy to kiss the earthly sepulcher of Christ."

"You talk like a sage, and you fight like the knights we read of," was the Duke's half-mournful answer.

As the knight was about to withdraw, he said that he had already agreed on terms of ransom with the commander of the German horse. For a thousand ducats from the French camp, he, with his horse and armor, was to be released on the morrow. The Duke, with an admiration that he took no pains to conceal, exclaimed, with emotion:

"God forbid that so valiant a soldier should be detained for a purse of gold. I will pay your ransom myself. You are at liberty to return at once to your comrades, and if this adventure bring you to the presence of the King, say that I charged you to salute him in my name."

Bayard took the Duke's hand and would have kissed it, his face aglow at such magnanimity. But Ludovico checked him, drew from his finger a ring, gave it to him, and bade him Godspeed. Twenty-three years later the Chevalier *sans peur et sans*

reproche turned his dying eyes on two objects—a reliquary given him by the one woman he had loved, and the ring of Ludovico Sforza.

In accordance with his purpose when he reëntered Milan, the Duke soon issued forth to drive back the allies. But a blow fell which threatened instant defeat. He learned that an order had been promulgated from the Helvetian Diet, recalling all the Swiss soldiers from the French army and from his own. The two couriers were at that hour on their way bearing despatches to the two camps. He summoned Almodoro, whose fertile brain conceived the idea of intercepting the messengers, obtaining, by the exercise of his hypnotic powers, the despatch intended for the Duke's camp, while that designed for the camp of the French king should be duly delivered. Louis's Swiss mercenaries would at once depart, and the forces of the Duke, unimpaired, should fall upon and overwhelm the depleted French ranks. It was a forlorn hope, but the only one. In pursuance of this plan, the soothsayer, taking Hermes and Narvaez as aids, went to a point at the parting of the ways, where it was customary for couriers to change horses, eat and sleep. The place was known as the Monastery of Divine Love. The three guests announced themselves to the Superior as escorts sent to conduct the couriers to the French camp. In the course of the interview, Hermes, in some consternation, recognized the eccentric Venetian, his custodian in the attic of the Doge's palace, but the Superior gave no sign of recognition, and Hermes dismissed any possible apprehension.

The couriers arrived, dusty and hungry. Almodoro observed them closely, and noticed that one of them was a marked figure from a soft hat of light gray which might serve as a target in case of need. They were surly and uncommunicative, and it was with difficulty that Almodoro could approach them. He finally, however, secured a private conversation with the duller of the two, obtained through his hypnotic influence exerted over the Swiss the coveted despatch intended for the Duke, and the success of his scheme seemed assured. But the Venetian Superior had not been reckoned with. He had recognized Hermes, had suspected treachery, and when all seemed favorable to the plans of the seer, he secretly denounced the pretended

"escort" to the couriers, and bade them look to their despatches. The loss of one of the documents was at once discovered, but, as one was intact, the cleverer courier declared, with thanks to St. Michael, that as the two were identical in matter, the order could still be delivered as commanded.

At this Almodoro was in despair. But one way remained. The courier who had sufficient intelligence to explain the circumstance and repeat the order of recall must be shot before he left the gates, and this duty was entrusted to Hermes. He was to shoot the one with the white hat. When he fell dead, the other, fleeing wildly, struck a blow at the fencer which threw him to the ground. Hermes flew to his favorite, and Almodoro, seeing the youth lying motionless, rushed to his side. Bending over the prostrate form, he exclaimed with deep emotion:

"Is she dead?"

"*She!*" echoed Hermes in amazement. And the fencer's secret was revealed.

The plan had failed. The wrong courier had been shot, and when the three messengers of the Duke drew near to his camp, they saw the Swiss already in the act of preparing to depart. And before Hermes lay a danger that he had not anticipated. The courier who survived made a bargain with a Swiss soldier to entrap the youth by inviting him to a certain spot, where he would be met and guided in safety out of the confusion of the Duke's disordered army. And having made this treacherous compact, the same officer sought Ludovico and performed a still greater act of treachery. He urged him to make his escape with the Swiss forces, in the disguise of a friar, promising him safe escort and a sure retreat by sunset. Before sunset Ludovico was immured in the castle of Novara, and he soon received sentence of perpetual imprisonment in a French dungeon.

When Hermes returned to the fencer, who had been left in the care of a leech, Mariquita—which was her name—explained to the wondering Hermes her long disguise. Her father had lost a son and had trained her to take his place. And she finally confessed that for love of her patron she had kept up the deception, that she might follow him and share his life. She also confessed that she had so temptingly described the young

daughter of the Rucellai to the Borgia, from a jealous hatred of her, that he had determined to get possession of her. When Hermes heard this, he turned with loathing from the wretched girl, disregarding her cry,

"Hermes, Hermes, come back! forgive me!"

Remembering his appointment with the Swiss officer, he rode forward to fulfil it, but at the moment the Chevalier Bayard spurred up at his side and by his timely intervention the plot to avenge the death of the unfortunate courier by the death of young Sforza was foiled.

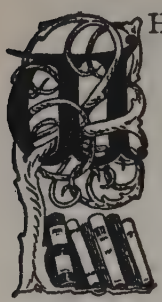
As Hermes turned to leave the scene of danger for one of safety, his heart relented toward his faithful follower, the fencer. Putting spurs to his horse, he went rapidly back to the spot where she was carefully placed and attended. He was too late. Death had arrived before him.

For ten years Ludovico endured the living death of a mediæval dungeon. At last, on the tenth of August, 1512, the feeble, broken man was led forth with ceremony and respect, was saluted as Monseigneur, was placed in the seat of honor, and was told that he was free and was to be restored to his duchy. The French King was no longer the ruler of Milan. In this hour of strange emotions, he begged, with his former dignity and grace of manner, to be allowed to walk in the fields—to think alone of his companions of yore. Alone the Duke went out between the sentinels, who saluted him as he passed, free. It was the most beautiful day of his life. Fatigued by the inward tumult of these tremendous events, he seated himself by the wayside. And there they found him—dead and at rest. He had survived grief, but he could not survive joy.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

(France, Twelfth Century)

The original of this story is in Troubadour French. The manuscript is No. 2168 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, which embodies all that is known of *Aucassin and Nicolette*. Its literary form is unique. The author called it a *Chante-fable* ("Song-story"). Alexandre Bida rendered the romance into modern French, and Bourdillon and other writers have made versions of it. Andrew Lang has made an exquisite translation into what he pleases to call "English which is elderly, with a memory of Malory." A. Rodney Macdonough has also translated it. The famous lovers of Provence have been the inspiration of many poems.



WHO will list to the sweet lay of the youthful pair —of Aucassin and Nicolette? For none there is so sick and sorrowful but is joyous, so sweet it is.

Count Bougars de Valence made marvelous war on Count Garin de Beaucaire, whose lusty days were over. Count Garin had no heir, save one young man. Aucassin was the name of the lad. Fair was he, kindly, and tall; well fashioned of his body and limbs. And so much of good was there in him that there was none evil at all. But so suddenly seized was he by Love, the Conqueror, that he would not be a knight, nor wage battle, unless he could have Nicolette, his true love.

Son, saith the father, Nicolette is a slave-girl, bought by the Captain of this town from the Saracens. I will give you the daughter of a king or a count.

Faith, replied Aucassin, were my sweet lady a queen, that would be little worthy of her, so gentle is she and good.

And no angry speech of his father could turn his heart. Then Count Garin went to the Captain, and bade him to put Nicolette away. The Count, if he could lay hands on her, would burn her alive. The Captain was rich. He shut Nicolette in a high chamber in a palace, with an old woman to keep

her company. All was made tight, save one small window that opened on the garden. Nicolette lamented that she would no longer stay, if she could flee away.

And the noise went through the land that Nicolette was lost. Aucassin had great grief. He went to the Captain, and besought him thus: What have you done with Nicolette, my sweetheart? Wot you well that if I die for it you will have killed me, for you have taken from me the thing that I most love in all the world.

The Captain bade him take the daughter of a king or a count. What would he have gained by making Nicolette his leman? For that his soul would lie in Hell through all eternity; he would never enter Paradise.

Quoth Aucassin: In Paradise what have I to win? I only wish to have Nicolette. Only old priests and those who are maimed go there. But into Hell I fain would go with the goodly knights, and ladies fair, the gold and silver, and the minstrels, if I may have my sweet love.

Answered the Captain that Aucassin should never see Nicolette again, lest his father should bring harm to them all. So Aucassin left the Captain; he went to his chamber and grieved bitterly.

Even now the Count Bougars forgot not to wage his war. He gave command to assault the town. Count Garin came to Aucassin: Ha, son! said he, are you so cowardly that you do not join in battle?

Father, said Aucassin, may God grant me nought of my desire if I go into battle until you give me my sweet lady.

Said the father: That cannot be.

Then said Aucassin: I will go into battle on this covenant, that if God brings me back safe, you will let me see my dear lady even so long as to have of her three words and one kiss.

This will I grant, said the father. And Aucassin was happy.

All beautifully was he armed and mounted for battle. But he so mused upon Nicolette that he forgot all that there was to do. His horse felt the spur, and dashed him among the foe. They captured him, and snatched away his shield and lance; and were discoursing of what death he should die. Then only

did Aucassin heed them. Then he was sore alarmed: if now he did not keep his head for the sake of his lady, God help her never, if she loved him more! He was strong; his horse was eager. He struck right and left. Count Bougars he took prisoner, and brought him to his father. But Count Garin would not fulfil the covenant. Aucassin then made the Count Bougars take oath that he never would cease to wage war on his father, and he let him go in safety. Count Garin cast Aucassin in prison; and Aucassin pined for Nicolette.

It was May, when days are warm and the nights serene. Nicolette in the high chamber lay on her bed; she saw the moon, she heard the nightingale, and she thought of Aucassin, and of the hatred of Count Garin. If he learned where she lay, he would put her to death. The old woman slept; Nicolette arose, clad herself in a fine silken robe, and made a rope of some linen, and let herself slip down into the garden. Delicately she went her way until she came to the tower where her lover was. She heard Aucassin weeping, and making great grief for his Nicolette. Then she spoke and told him she must go away to a far country. She cut the longest of her golden tresses and dropped it into the dungeon. Aucassin clasped it with kisses, and hid it in his bosom. He forbade her to go away, for the first man that could would make her his, and if such were to happen Aucassin would not wait for sword, but would dash his brains against the wall. Then in sweet parley they argued which loved the other better. Now, while they conversed thus, the town's guards came by, armed to slay Nicolette. The sentinel felt it were a pity to slay so fair a maid; also his lord would die of grief, and that were a pity. So he warned Nicolette. In great fear, she let herself slip down to the moat. Her lovely hands and feet were all bruised. With much travail she climbed the other wall. The forest lay near; but she was afraid to enter because of the wild beasts. Then she thought how she would fare worse if men found her. So she commended herself to God, and walked a little way into the forest. She hid herself in a dense thicket, and sleep overcame her till morning, till the hour when the shepherds came to the fountain on the border of the forest. Nicolette bade them tell Aucassin that there was a creature in the forest, which, if he could take it,

he would not give one limb of it for a hundred marks of gold, nor for any ransom. The shepherds looked on her, and saw her so beautiful that they thought she must be a fairy, and they had no liking for that company. But she bade them do her bidding, saying that the creature had such virtue that Aucassin would be cured of his malady, and five pence she gave them, all that she had.

Nicolette wandered to a crossways, where seven paths converged. She bethought to prove her lover's faith. A goodly bower of flowers and leaves she built; and swore God to witness that if Aucassin should spy the bower he would rest awhile therein if he loved her loyally. Then she hid herself close by.

The cry went over all the land that Nicolette was lost. Aucassin's father took him out of prison, and prepared a noble festival to comfort him. But Aucassin had no delight, for he saw not her whom he loved. Then a knight in good counsel bade him to mount his horse and take pastime in the forest with the birds and flowers. So Aucassin rode forth to the forest. He came to the fountain and the shepherds gathered round. He made them tell the tale that Nicolette had told them. Aucassin understood the riddle, and went through the forest seeking Nicolette. The thorns wounded him cruelly, and one might have followed him by the trail of blood; but his thoughts were so full of Nicolette that he wot not of the pain. When evening came he wept that he had not found her. He met a great, ugly man who was leaning on a bold cudgel. The man asked why he was weeping. Aucassin replied he mourned for a white hound that he had lost. At that the man was scornful, for he had lost his master's best oxen. He dared not go back to the town, for they would put him in prison. They had even taken the bed from his poor mother. Aucassin's heart was touched and comforted; to the poor fellow he gave twenty pence. So they parted, and Aucassin wandered to the bower woven with flowers.

Perdie, quoth he, my sweet lady has builded this bower with her own fair hands. For the love of her and her gentleness will I dismount, and rest here this night.

So much did he muse on Nicolette that he slipped on a stone, and put out his shoulder. He made all the effort he

might, and crawled to the bower. He looked up through the gap, and saw the bright stars, and one was so very bright that he believed it to be the spirit of his Nicolette, and lovingly he whispered to it. And Nicolette heard him and passed into the bower. They kissed, and gave and took kisses, and their joy was sweet. Aucassin told her of his hurt, which he no longer felt since he had found her again. So she handled the poor shoulder, and so well, that, by the grace of God, who loveth lovers, it came back to its place. She then took flowers and fresh grass, and bound these to the hurt with a strip of her linen shift. So was he healed.

Nicolette gave him counsel that his father's men might find them, and would slay her. So he mounted his horse, taking his love before him. Through the country they fared, embracing and kissing each other; caring not whither they went so long as they were together. At last they came down to the sea. They saw a ship and went aboard her. A bright sea drove them to a strange country of Torelore. Aucassin first had war with the King, and then avenged the King of his enemies. Aucassin dwelt in the castle in delight, for Nicolette was with him. Then came a band of Saracens; they laid siege to the castle, carrying off the men and maidens captive. In one ship they cast Aucassin; in another Nicolette. A storm parted the ships. The one which bore Aucassin finally came to Beaucaire. His people recognized and welcomed him with great joy, for he had dwelt three years in Torelore, and his parents were dead. They escorted him to the castle, and became his vassals. But Aucassin longed for his sweet lady-love.

Now the ship on which Nicolette had been cast belonged to the King of Carthage, and he was her father, and she had twelve princely brothers. When they came to the city of Carthage, she remembered who she was, and told the King that she was his daughter. When the court heard this they did her great honor, and would have given her as husband a king of the pagans. But Nicolette would only muse on Aucassin. She learned to play the viol. One night she stole away; she took a plant and with it she stained herself all black, and disguised herself as a minstrel. A sailor she sought, and so wrought on him that he took her aboard the ship and brought her to Provence. And

Nicolette went playing through all that country, until she came to Beaucaire, where Aucassin was. She told him of Nicolette, and of all that had her befallen, and how she would have none for lover but Aucassin. And Aucassin said that for love of Nicolette he had taken no wife, and if he only knew where to find her, he would have no need to seek her. Then promised Nicolette to go in quest of her. She went to the house of the Captain's wife, for the Captain was dead. To her she told the secret. For eight days she refreshed herself, and made herself as fair as ever had she been. Then she sat herself in the chamber on a silken coverlet, and bade the lady go and bring to her Aucassin, her love.

Joyfully came Aucassin, and the moment she espied him she flew to his embrace. Long and often he caressed her, while the night wore away. Then, with the morning light, he wedded her, and made her Lady of Beaucaire; and many years they spent in happiness and delight.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH

(Germany, 1812–1882)

ON THE HEIGHTS (1865)

This romantic tale of royal love is considered the author's finest work. Its appearance caused much speculation as to the identity of the characters, but none was ever authentically declared a description of any contemporary monarch or noble.

ATINS had been sung in the chapel of the royal summer residence. The King was a Catholic; the Queen was a Protestant. It was a clear, cool, delightful morning, and during the mass her Majesty walked in the beautiful grounds. There she met Dr. Gunther, physician to the King, who when service was over joined them; and they then retired to a beautiful seat under a weeping ash, while the throng of ladies and gentlemen of the court who had followed out of the chapel, for the most part in easy mountain costume, dispersed in the background and engaged in light conversation and badinage. Etiquette was, for the time, laid aside.

But the interview of the royal physician with their Majesties was of a more serious nature; an heir to the throne was expected soon, and the important question was as to who should nurse it. Her Majesty, inspired by exalted opinions regarding the sacred mission of motherhood, claimed her right and duty to nurse the child. The doctor advised the selection of a strong, healthy woman for this duty, less liable to suffer the nervousness caused by the strain and excitement of court life.

After considerable argument the Queen consented to follow the advice of the physician and the wishes of her royal spouse. As soon as this matter was settled, Sixtus, another court phy-

sician, was despatched in a royal coach and four, to scour the rural districts and select a wet-nurse for this exalted service.

As it happened, only a few days before this discussion a fine boy was born to Walpurga, wife of Hanseï, a humble wood-cutter who dwelt on the shores of a beautiful lake. They were worthy people, and this was their first child. Sixtus had seen a number of mothers with new-born infants, but he was not satisfied with any until he saw Walpurga. She was in every respect a splendid example of rustic beauty enhanced by high character and principles. It cost her and her good husband a hard struggle to part and to leave the week-old infant for a year, dependent chiefly on the care of Walpurga's old mother. But, putting their sentiments aside, both had the shrewd sense to see the possibilities of this offer; so, after a brief deliberation, they accepted it. The coach was lined with cushions, and everything was done to insure the comfort and safety of the young matron who was now about to pass from a rude, lonely hut by the lakeside to the stately luxury and ceremony of life in a royal palace. Her departure was hastened by a message brought by a mounted herald in royal livery announcing the birth of a prince.

Walpurga's introduction to life in a palace was like a tale of the *Arabian Nights*. The lady-in-waiting was a countess; Walpurga was under her immediate charge, and received no end of instructions from her as to her duties and deportment. Soon after her arrival the nurse was taken to the bedside of the Queen, whose tender affections and pure soul had been uncontaminated by the frigid etiquette imposed on royalty. She received the peasant mother as if she were a partner in shaping the destiny of the royal infant, and in the effusion of her maternal feelings actually threw her arm around Walpurga and kissed her. After this touching scene, Walpurga was hurried from the apartment, lest excitement should prove injurious both to the Prince and the Queen.

Of course everything about her was now full of interest and surprise to Walpurga. But, unlike some in her situation, she did not at once approve of everything she saw and heard, and sometimes spoke her mind with an unconventional bluntness that both amused and horrified the starched and prim dwellers

in palaces and courts, and brought her as plain-spoken rebukes in return There was no scene that more impressed her in that new life than riding abroad in a coach and four, holding the little royal nursling in her arms.

But no incident of her life there aroused Walpurga's sentiments more deeply and more closely interwove itself with her future, or more vividly illustrated the complex artificialities and heart-revolts of the beings who go to form the *personnel* of high life in palaces, than Walpurga's acquaintance with Irma, or Irmengard, Countess of Wildenort and maid of honor to the Queen. She was tall, handsome, and endowed with a witchery of manner that won even those whose jealousy was aroused by her social success and the favorable attentions of the King.

Possessed of fine personal presence, commanding at once admiration and respect, his Majesty possessed also varied intellectual qualities, a taste for literature and the fine arts, and an emotional nature less known to the public, but appreciated by the few whom he honored by his confidence and friendship. These qualities appealed strongly to the feelings of one like the Countess Irma, and it was not long before each seemed to respond to the complementary traits and talents of the other.

During the illness and convalescence of the Queen, destiny seemed to create especial opportunities for bringing the King and the Countess often together and enabling them to come to a mutual understanding by signs and looks and brief casual conversations, impossible had her gracious Majesty been present and the natural partner of her husband in the dance or at the cradle of their child. The King and Irma often met, as if by chance, in the nursery, apparently drawn to see the innocent babe, who little knew that it was the instrument for an intrigue which threatened the fair fame, influence, and happiness of all concerned. Suspicion began to be aroused throughout the court, and even the simple-minded Walpurga at length perceived enough to lead her to warn the lovely Countess to avoid the abyss of despair toward which her steps were tending so fast. With admirable but fatal tact, Irma took the plain talk of the peasant woman in such good part as almost to disarm Walpurga's doubts.

In the studio of a sculptor where the King and the Countess

again met as by chance, the King sent the artist out on a trifling errand; during his absence a full declaration of love was made by the King and accepted with equal passion by Irma. The die was cast. There was but one step more to go, under the circumstances, and that step was taken.

Thus far the lovers had proceeded, imagining in their infatuation that their secret had escaped detection by the argus-eyed throng that surrounds a throne. How little they knew that only the Queen knew nothing, suspected nothing, of what was talked of in every corner of the capital!

Walpurga herself, pure-minded and conscientious though she was, did not escape the evil tongues of the gossips and the cold criticism of the "ower guid." When the year of nursing was over, Hanseï, her husband, came to the city and took Walpurga home, impatient to see her mother and her own little babe. She did not return to them empty-handed, but took with her all the costly, showy clothes made to wear at the palace, and many a trinket and gift which made her rustic neighbors open their eyes wide with wonder and envy. Of these latter she distributed some among her neighbors out of sheer kindness, but country folk are the same as city folk, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, and the more she gave the more envious and bitter some of them became. Walpurga had also the money she had earned, which was a fortune in the eyes of the dwellers by the lake. To this must be added a really large sum given to her by Irma, when the nurse called at her apartments to bid the Countess farewell. Already Irma was beginning to feel remorse for her deeds, and the despair caused by the irretrievable. Walpurga discerned Irma's state of mind in a certain dim way; but with her the sentiment she felt toward an erring sister was not unfeeling censure but profound pity and sympathy. As Walpurga was about to leave, the Countess seized a large bag of gold and urged the young woman to take it, asserting bitterly that she had no need of the stuff. Suspecting its source, the nurse at first declined, but finally consented to take it. It was this very gold that was the source of both happiness and suffering to the good Walpurga. For by the aid of this money chiefly Walpurga and Hanseï were able to purchase a fine freehold farm across the lake. By means of

that purchase Walpurga was also able to be a friend indeed to the Countess Irma when sorrow and tribulation came upon her like a whirlwind. And by reason of this money, likewise, the character of Walpurga was aspersed by some of high station, who assumed that she had been privy to the amour of Irma and the King, a go-between, as it were, who had therefore been richly rewarded by the King himself. For the coin was of a stamp that passes direct from the royal hands to the public. These false friends were hardly to be blamed, as the case for Walpurga certainly looked very black. But in the end these friends learned their error and generously acquitted her of blame. Still she had been made to feel this ill-earned infliction both by word and act, and the scar long remained.

The Count Eberhard, father of Irma, lived apart from the great world of action and ambition to which his station entitled him. By nature a thinker, a philosopher, a benefactor, he could not subscribe to the methods and aims of court life. Hence he withdrew to his estates and lived there alone, a hermit noble, after the death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, while his shallow-pated son Bruno reveled in the dissipations of the court, and his magnificent daughter Irmengard wasted her brilliant talents amid court frivolities and temptations.

About this time fell the date for the annual election of members to the National Parliament. Count Eberhard was named as candidate for the Liberal party from his province. He saw in this event an opportunity. In his seclusion he had not lost sight of the good of the fatherland. He had cultivated his farms with success and with kindness to his people, and waited for destiny to bring the opportunity he craved. Hence he accepted the nomination. But in the feverish tumult of the election the rougher leaders, full of partisan prejudice or hate, gave vent to outcries and slanders and low abuse too common on such occasions. Suddenly the Count heard the name of his beloved daughter, the Countess Irma, bandied about with vile epithets and innuendos, and himself mentioned as the left-handed father-in-law of the King.

Thunderstruck and overwhelmed with horror, the Count rushed from the scene. Never before had he heard aught to impugn his child's fair name. But he knew the ways and

possibilities of high life, and the truth struck home to his soul that no one would have thought of implicating the Countess or selecting her as one to be attacked in such an atrocious manner unless there were substantial cause for the accusation. This thought drove the aged father to the verge of insanity, and his excitement was increased by foul anonymous letters given him by the postman.

Reeling from one side of the road to the other, he fell at last, struck with paralysis. There he was found by his servants, who lifted him tenderly and bore him to the castle of his ancestors, whence he was nevermore to pass out alive. These tidings were swiftly sent to the son and daughter of the stricken Count. They hastened to his bedside, and Dr. Gunther, a lifelong friend, was summoned. As his last hour approached Count Eberhard beckoned to his daughter, who was alone with him at that moment, to come near. As she bent over him to take, perhaps, his last farewell, he raised his hand and with his finger wrote a short word on her forehead. She could not see the word but she could feel what the slow-moving finger inscribed there. With a shriek of agony, Irma fell in a swoon as the physician and attendants rushed in. With that cry of pain from his daughter's lips, the Count passed away.

When the news of Eberhard's death reached the palace, the King proposed that letters of condolence be sent to the sorrow-stricken Countess. The Queen, still entirely unsuspicious of the intrigue against her wifely rights and happiness, agreed to the suggestion, signing herself, "Your heartily loving Matilda." The King wrote two letters, one especially private, and slipped it in by the side of the other.

The emotion of Irma on receiving these letters can be better imagined than described. To the Queen she wrote, in reply:

"Queen! I expiate my guilt with death; forgive and forget. IRMA."

The reply to the King was a final farewell, and urged him to forget her and to begin life anew. "Hear this voice," she wrote, "and forget it not, but forget her who calls to you."

Having despatched these letters and declined to see her dear friend Emmy, who called with offers of consolation, Irma had her maid Senza adjust her riding-habit. Baum, a lackey,

was then ordered to have her horse saddled, for she wished to ride. Proceeding a short distance, she sent the lackey back on some errand, and then dashed up the mountain-side among the woods until she reached the edge of a precipice. There she dismounted and commanded Pluto, her horse, to return home. Seeing him linger, as if he suspected her purpose, she lashed him with her whip, and he dashed out of sight. The sun was low, and night was at hand, as she wandered at random through the woods, irresolute, longing for death and yet shrinking from it. At last she heard a woman's voice. She cried aloud, and the woman, a poor, disreputable girl called Black Esther, came and rescued Irma from the edge of a cliff and took her to the hut where she dwelt with her mother, a miserable hag, and her brother Thomas, a fierce ruffian of the woods, who instantly ordered Senza and Esther to leave the lady alone with him. But the mother recognized Irma and remembered a kindness she had done them once when they were in the clutches of the law. Finding no other way of rescuing Irma from Thomas, the old woman snatched a pot of porridge from the fire and threw it scalding hot in his face. At the same moment Black Esther flew with Irma into the woods, and when Thomas at last followed them with his dogs and gun, Esther turned to brave the fury of the dogs and their master, while Irma continued her flight to the lake shore. Thomas smote his sister to the ground, enraged by the aid given to Irma, then dragged the body to the water and cast it into the lake.

It will be remembered that Walpurga purchased a freehold and, with her husband and family and household goods, moved across the lake to the new home. Precisely at the moment when the boat approached the shore, Walpurga saw and recognized Irma fleeing for refuge and hiding behind a rock lest she be discovered. Walpurga lost not a minute. Leaving everything for the holy purpose of rescue, she flew to Irma and bade her lean on her for a shelter and a comfort in despair. Whatever was in her power to offer she was ready to do while life lasted. Irma felt that here at last she had found the final refuge for her weary soul so far as concerned her earthly life. But she stipulated that she should wear the peasant garb and that her identity should never be revealed until she gave the

word. Walpurga hastened back to the shore and took from her chest a complete suit of peasant clothing. To Hansei's questions she gave him to understand that this was a matter that concerned him in no way whatever, but that he must confide in his wife's reasons for absolute secrecy. He knew Walpurga, and that ended the matter. Years passed, and Irma continued to live at Walpurga's house, seen by few and known by no one. It was supposed by all who knew her in former days that she was dead, drowned in the lake, as was supposed by many.

In the mean time, after the letters of Irma were received by the King and Queen their relations became purely formal. Having up to that moment confided entirely in the integrity and friendship of Irma, and ignorant of any cause for doubting the fidelity and affection of her royal husband, the wrath and sorrow of the Queen were terrible when the actual state of her domestic relations was revealed to her. She tore Irma's letter into fragments and tossed them from her with wild and passionate anger.

Thus four years rolled on, and the world moved, too, with its comedies and tragedies. Did the good Queen continue in secret to love her husband and did her anger gradually grow cool?, We know not; but we do know that there was no outward evidence of a change in her feelings until a messenger, the uncle of Walpurga, arrived at the summer quarters of the court not far from the farm of Walpurga. It was evening. He brought a letter written with a trembling hand, in pencil. It said:

"Eberhard's daughter sends for Gunther."

The King and Queen were just within, and Gunther had to lean against the balusters to support himself, so greatly moved was he by this message, sent as it seemed from the grave. Composing himself as best he could, when he had said that he was suddenly called away by a patient, Gunther set forth and toiled up the mountain path in the night and on foot to see the daughter of his long-deceased friend. But when he finally arrived at the hut where Irma lay dying from a long, wasting illness, hastened by a sudden fever, Gunther, perhaps for state reasons, sent no word of all this to the court. He offered consolations, and received from Irma the beautiful journal of

thoughts she had jotted down in these long days of solitary repentance, which she now wished sent to the Queen.

To Walpurga all this seemed heartless and perfunctory. She felt that the Queen should see Irma once more. What Walpurga resolved she did. With the consent of Hanseï she went down the mountain and actually forced herself into the presence of the Queen, who, her heart poisoned by the slanders already alluded to, was prejudiced against Walpurga. But she at last felt the firm determination of this noble peasant woman, who told her not only that Irma still lived, but that it was the plain duty of the Queen to go to her, if indeed there yet was time. There should be a mutual understanding and forgiveness, she said, before death interposed forever; and as she talked Walpurga also spoke beautiful words about the poor dying girl, who had suffered so long and so patiently. Infinitely pathetic was the appeal of Walpurga to the Queen; and at last, as if the flood-gates of her heart were opened, the Queen suddenly resolved to go to Irma, in spite of the remonstrances of the ladies-in-waiting. Having resolved, she could not wait a moment. By carriage, on horseback, or on foot, the Queen hurried to the bedside of the dying girl. Remorse at the hardness of her own heart urged her on. As she drew near the house she called out: "Irma! Irma!" Alternately she feared lest she find her dead, and hoped that she might still be living.

The door opened and the Queen entered.

"Oh, at last you are here!" breathed Irma with a sigh. With a last effort she kneeled in the bed, and in a heart-breaking tone cried: "Pardon! Pardon!"

"Pardon me, Irma, my sister Irma!" sobbed the Queen, clasping her in her arms and kissing her.

A smile passed over Irma's face, and with a cry of pain she sank back and was dead.

The King, who while hunting in the neighborhood heard of what was passing, also hurried to the scene and arrived just after Irma had passed away. Hand in hand with the Queen he kneeled down by the bedside.

All present went out from the room and left the royal pair alone in this sacred chamber of mourning, remorse, and reconciliation.

JANE AUSTEN

(England, 1775–1817)

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY (1811)

About 1792 Jane Austen began the composition of a novel in epistolary form, to which she gave the title *Elinor and Marianne*, and in the autumn of 1797, after completing *Pride and Prejudice*, then styled *First Impressions*, she set about revising and recasting the earlier book. She now discarded the epistolary conduct of the tale, which either then or later was renamed *Sense and Sensibility*, and as *Northanger Abbey* was begun and finished in 1798, the revision of its predecessor must have been accomplished prior to beginning work upon the third tale. She appears to have made no effort to secure its publication at this time; but in 1809 and 1810 it was subjected to still further revision, and in or about September, 1811, was published for the author by T. Egerton, Whitehall. On the title-page appears the announcement "By a Lady." In its later editions the work was announced as "By the Author of *Pride and Prejudice*," and on the first appearance of the latter it was announced as "By the Author of *Sense and Sensibility*." Very little is known regarding the impression it produced on the critics, but it sold sufficiently for its author to receive £150 therefor. In the published correspondence of Miss Austen there are but scanty references to *S. and S.*, as it is there styled, and we are left to conjecture how she herself regarded it.

THE family of Dashwood had long been settled at Norland Park, in Sussex. The late owner of this estate was an unmarried man of advanced age, whose sister had been his housekeeper. At her death, ten years prior to his own, he received into his house the family of his nephew Henry Dashwood, the legal heir of the Norland estate, to whom he intended to bequeath it. By a former marriage Henry Dashwood had one son, John, and by a second three daughters. The son, a dull, conventional person, was amply provided for from his mother's estate, and by his marriage to a Miss Ferrars he had much increased his fortune. Succession to the Norland estate meant, therefore, much more to his sisters, but the small son of John Dashwood gained such a strong hold on the affections of his great-uncle, "by such attractions as are by no means unusual

in children of two or three years old—an imperfect articulation, an earnest desire of having his own way, many cunning tricks, and a great deal of noise," that on the old gentleman's death it was found that he had left the greater part of his property tied up for the benefit of this child, Henry Dashwood's daughters receiving but £1,000 apiece. A year later Henry Dashwood died, and his own estate of £7,000 and the three legacies were all that was left for his widow and daughters. On his deathbed he had urged his son to do all that was possible for his half-sisters and their mother, which the son readily promised, and at the moment of making the promise John Dashwood contemplated adding a thousand pounds to the fortune of each sister. But he was narrow-minded and selfish, with a wife even more narrow-minded than himself, and was easily persuaded by her to modify this intention and to believe that it would be absolutely unnecessary, if not highly indecorous, to do more for the widow and children of his father than such neighborly acts as his wife pointed out.

Immediately after the funeral of Henry Dashwood his son's family took possession of Norland, as they had a legal right to do, but with little consideration for the feelings of the widow and her daughters, the latter being compelled to remain at Norland on the footing of visitors till they could make satisfactory arrangements for removing. Several months thus passed away, in the course of which an intimacy sprang up between Mrs. John Dashwood's brother, Edward Ferrars, and Elinor, the eldest sister of her husband. Young Ferrars had good natural abilities, but was diffident and quite unfitted to meet the ambitious designs of his mother and only sister Fanny for his future. His liking for Elinor was quickly perceived by the latter's mother and her second daughter, Marianne, who in their impulsiveness were ready to believe an engagement already entered into ere the persons most interested had fully realized their own feelings. Edward's inclination to the society of Elinor being presently perceived by his sister, she took occasion in Mrs. Henry Dashwood's presence to hint so strongly of the danger attending any young woman who attempted "to draw him in" that her hearer could not fail to resent it. At this juncture a letter was received by Mrs. Dashwood from a

relative, Sir John Middleton, offering her, on very easy terms, a cottage on his Devonshire estate of Barton Park. The offer was gladly accepted, and a few days later she and her daughters were established in their new home.

Mrs. Dashwood at this time was forty, warm-hearted and impulsive and somewhat sentimental. Elinor, her oldest child, had a well-poised character, with her feelings always under command. In this respect she differed widely from her mother and her sister Marianne, the latter being a person of extreme sensibilities the expression of which she neither attempted nor wished to control. Margaret, the third daughter, a girl of thirteen, was much like other girls of her age.

On the day after their arrival at Barton, their landlord, Sir John Middleton, called to bid them welcome and offer numerous neighborly courtesies. He was a bluff, good-natured country squire, of about forty years, somewhat boisterous in manner and not especially quick in perception, but of most hospitable disposition. Dining with the family at the Park soon afterward, the Dashwoods there met Sir John's wife, Lady Middleton, a pretty, insipid woman of twenty-six, her mother, Mrs. Jennings, a boisterously merry elderly woman, but possessed of real kindness of heart, and Colonel Brandon, a friend of Sir John, a grave, silent bachelor of thirty-five. In the evening Marianne was asked to play and sing, and, unlike the others, Colonel Brandon paid her the compliment of attention, though he evinced no rapturous enthusiasm. To her he was merely an elderly gentleman, but she was reasonable enough to allow that a man of five-and-thirty might well have outlived all acuteness of feeling and every exquisite power of enjoyment. She was perfectly willing to make every allowance for the colonel's advanced state of life which humanity required.

Mrs. Jennings was a wealthy widow who, having married off her two daughters, was disposed to do all in her power to marry off all the rest of the world. She soon became convinced that Colonel Brandon was in love with Marianne, and while her numerous jokes upon the subject affected Colonel Brandon very little, Marianne considered them an unkind reflection upon his advanced years. Mrs. Dashwood, endeavoring to persuade her otherwise, was met by the reply:

"But at least, mama, you cannot deny the absurdity of the accusation, though you may not think it intentionally ill-natured. Colonel Brandon is certainly younger than Mrs. Jennings, but he is old enough to be *my* father; and if he were ever animated enough to be in love, he must have long outlived every sensation of the kind. It is too ridiculous! When is a man to be safe from such wit, if age and infirmity will not protect him?"

"Infirmity!" said Elinor. "Do you call Colonel Brandon infirm? I can easily suppose that his age may appear much greater to you than to my mother; but you can hardly deceive yourself as to his having the use of his limbs?"

"Did you not hear him complain of rheumatism? And is not that the commonest infirmity of declining life?"

"My dearest child," said her mother, laughing, "at this rate you must be in continual dread of *my* decay, and it must seem to you a miracle that my life has been extended to the advanced age of forty."

"But he talked of flannel waistcoats," said Marianne; "and with me a flannel waistcoat is invariably connected with cramps, rheumatisms, and every species of ailment that can afflict the old and feeble."

The Dashwoods had not been long settled at Barton when Marianne, walking with Margaret, slipped while going down a hill and twisted her ankle. The accident happened near their home, and a young gentleman in shooting-dress, seeing her fall, hastened to her aid, and, as she was unable to walk, carried her in his arms into her mother's house. The family begged to know to whom they were indebted, and learned that the stranger's name was Willoughby; he was staying at the not distant estate of Allenham, and he would call on the morrow to inquire after Miss Dashwood. His easy manners and handsome features were much admired by the Dashwoods, Marianne's imagination being especially aroused in his behalf; and when Sir John chanced to call later they had many questions to ask concerning the attractive stranger, for whom, Sir John declared, much to Marianne's disgust, she would soon be setting her cap.

Willoughby was soon a constant visitor at the cottage, his society by degrees becoming Marianne's chief delight, while in her mother's eyes he was practically faultless. Elinor, though

feeling for him a warm regard, still did not consider him entirely beyond criticism. Colonel Brandon's interest in Marianne was now lost sight of by Sir John and Mrs. Jennings in their discovery of Willoughby's attentions at the cottage; but it became evident to Elinor, who regarded him with mingled respect and compassion, and in conversing with her he found the greatest consolation for the total indifference of her sister. As time went on, and the mutual regard of Marianne and Willoughby continued to be more openly displayed, Elinor and her mother had little doubt of their having become engaged. On one occasion, when a driving-party had been made up at Sir John's, Willoughby and Marianne, being at the head of the cavalcade, drove very rapidly out of sight, and it was learned later hey had together visited Allenham, the estate that Willoughby expected to inherit, and had gone all about the garden and the house.

Colonel Brandon had expected to be of the party that day, but was suddenly called to London on business that he declined to explain in answer to Mrs. Jennings's repeated urgings, and that lady presently confided to Elinor her belief that it was connected with a Miss Williams, his supposed natural daughter.

About a week after this event Mrs. Dashwood, returning with Elinor and Margaret from a call, found Willoughby's curricle and servant waiting before the door, and as they entered Marianne in the greatest distress hurried past them to her room. In the dining-room they found Willoughby, who appeared almost equally overcome by emotion. Seeing them, he announced that his cousin Mrs. Smith, on whose bounty he was to some extent dependent, was sending him on business to London, and that he had now come to bid farewell. He added that he could not tell when he should see them again, as he had no expectation of returning to Devonshire for a long period, and then he hastily departed.

Marianne's anguish, as days passed by and no word came from her lover, grew almost insupportable, and she made no effort to control her emotions, but rather fed her grief by solitary walks and silent meditations. After some days she grew calmer, but still gave way to occasional outbursts of sorrow. Elinor and her mother speculated often upon this strange turn of affairs, concluding that Marianne must still have some confi-

dence in Willoughby and knowledge of his intentions, from occasional words she let fall at times. While matters stood thus with the Dashwoods, they received a visit from Edward Ferrar, whom all were glad to see, although Marianne, judging by the violence of her own affection, considered that Elinor's cordial, well-bred welcome was but cold and formal. Edward, they learned, had already been for a fortnight staying with some friends in Plymouth. He appeared to be in very low spirits, but at the end of a week's visit was much more animated. Yet he still seemed embarrassed and uneasy,—which Elinor was disposed to attribute to the probable interference of his mother in regard to his hopes and plans. Unlike her mother and sister, she was at all times able to exercise self-command, and her reflections and anxieties regarding Edward and his feeling for her she kept to herself.

One morning not long after Edward's departure the Dashwoods received a call from the Middletons and Mrs. Jennings, accompanied by the latter's other daughter and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. Mr. Palmer was a grave young man with a much-bored air, his wife a good-natured little woman who laughed at everything. The guests on leaving asked the Dashwoods to dine at the Park on the morrow, an invitation which was accepted greatly to the disgust of Marianne, who did not like the Middletons, and observed after they had gone that they had their cottage on very hard terms "if we are to dine at the Park whenever any one is staying either with them or with us." At the dinner Mrs. Palmer extended a hospitable invitation to the Dashwoods to visit them at Christmas at their estate of Cleveland in Somerset. The invitation was declined, but in the course of the conversation Elinor learned from Mrs. Palmer that Willoughby was well known in Somerset.

Mrs. Jennings having met in Exeter two young ladies whom she discovered to be relatives of hers, Sir John invited them to visit at Barton Park, where they soon made themselves popular by judiciously admiring everything they saw and by lavish praise of Lady Middleton's four spoiled children. Anne Steele, the elder, was about thirty, plain and generally unattractive; and Lucy, not without beauty, and about eight years younger, was civil rather than particularly well bred. The Dashwood

sisters, though not liking the Steeles, were from the force of circumstances thrown much into their company, and in the course of a walk together Elinor learned from Lucy Steele that the latter had been secretly engaged to Edward Ferrar for four years. Though much startled by this news, Elinor retained her self-possession, and when she found from Lucy's further revelations that Edward had been for several years the pupil of Lucy's uncle in Plymouth, Mr. Pratt, and that the engagement had been entered into after an acquaintance of long standing, she was disposed to believe that Edward had been the victim of an artful young woman who expected to raise herself socially by marriage with him. She forgave much of his youthful infatuation, but she could not defend him for having allowed himself to be on such intimate terms with herself at Norland. Lucy's information having been given under the promise of secrecy, Elinor was forced to conceal it from her family, and as she knew it would cause them pain on her account, the obligation to silence was a relief.

The Steeles' visit at the Park extended almost to two months, and before its conclusion Mrs. Jennings invited Elinor and Marianne to pay her a long visit at her home in town. The former was at first disposed to decline, but perceiving her sister's eagerness to go to London, where there was a possibility of seeing Willoughby, she yielded to Mrs. Jennings's entreaties. On their arrival in town Marianne wrote to Willoughby to inform him of her whereabouts; but no response was received, although a week later his card was on the table when they returned from a drive. Marianne's agitation of spirits increased on seeing this, and when at a party she saw Willoughby at a little distance she could hardly restrain herself. A hurried interview followed, in which she implored him to tell her what had happened, and from which he escaped as soon as possible. On the following morning she again wrote to him, and received a coldly-worded reply, regretting that his professions of esteem had been misinterpreted. He added that his affections had long been engaged elsewhere, and that in a few weeks he expected to be married.

This letter plunged Marianne into deep affliction, the cause of which could not be concealed from her friends, and general

sympathy was expressed in her behalf, as well as indignation against Willoughby. The latter was married early in February and about this time the Misses Steele came to stay in London In a London shop the Dashwood sisters chanced to notice a gentleman whose face expressed "strong, natural, sterling insignificance," who was at another time revealed as Robert Ferrars, the younger brother of Edward. From her brother, who called on them next day, Elinor learned that Edward was expected to marry Miss Morton, a wealthy heiress, and at a dinner given shortly afterward by Mrs. John Dashwood not only her sisters-in-law but the Misses Steele were present. They were to meet Mrs. Ferrars, who proved to be a little, thin, sour-looking woman, in whom "a lucky contraction of the brow had rescued her countenance from insipidity, by giving it the strong characters of pride and ill nature." Lucy Steele, anxious to commend herself to her lover's family, was most obsequious in her civilities and was rewarded by a greater share of Mrs. Ferrars's attention than was vouchsafed to Elinor and Marianne. The next morning Lucy called upon the Dashwood sisters, to express her delight in Mrs. Ferrars's condescension, and in the course of her call Edward was shown in. Marianne expressed her pleasure at seeing him, in her usual impulsive fashion, and Elinor greeted him more composedly, while Lucy, suspicious of Elinor's regard for him, watched the others closely. The situation was awkward, and Edward soon rose to go, and Lucy, who would have outstayed him had his visit lasted two hours, soon departed also.

At a musical party Elinor's brother introduced to her notice Mr. Robert Ferrars, whose conceit and emptiness were as noticeable as the reserve and modesty of Edward, whom his brother affected to pity for *gaucherie*. At this time it occurred to John Dashwood that it would be a suitable thing to ask his sisters to visit at his house in town; but he was soon argued out of this project by his wife, who had decided to ask the Steeles instead. The latter accepted with alacrity; but in three weeks left the Dashwood's house in Harley Street in great humiliation. The secret of Edward's engagement to Lucy having been unwittingly disclosed by Anne, Mrs. Dashwoood went into violent hysterics, scolded the sisters unmercifully and insisted upon

their leaving her house at once. These tidings were learned through Mrs. Jennings, who was much vexed at the treatment of her relatives; and when Elinor imparted the news to Marianne the latter, after ascertaining that Elinor had known of the secret engagement for four months, was overwhelmed at the contrast between her own ungoverned sorrow and her sister's calm patience under her personal disquiet. John Dashwood soon called on his sisters to inform them of his wife's distress and Mrs. Ferrars's sufferings, and that nothing would prevail on Edward to give up his engagement. Edward, he added, was now dismissed forever from his mother's notice. A letter soon came from Lucy to Elinor, in which Edward's constancy was dwelt on and his expectation of being ordained shortly. When Colonel Brandon heard of this latter circumstance, he offered him, through Elinor, since he was not personally acquainted with Edward, the small living of Delaford, in his gift. John Dashwood was much surprised to learn of this liberality, but was more desirous to impart a piece of news to his sister to the effect that it was now proposed to marry Robert Ferrars to Miss Morton.

The Palmers now renewed their invitation to Elinor and Marianne to visit at Cleveland. It was accepted, but the imprudence of Marianne in walking about the damp lawns brought on so serious an illness that her life was despaired of, and Colonel Brandon undertook to bring her mother to Cleveland. The fever, however, took a favorable turn, and she recovered. While the illness was at its height, Elinor was surprised by a call from Willoughby, who in much agitation inquired for the invalid and then explained, so far as was possible, the reason of his action in regard to Marianne. When first attracted by the latter he had had no serious intentions, but he soon experienced more ardent feelings and hoped to be able to make an offer of marriage. His relative, Mrs. Smith, however, having heard of a disgraceful entanglement with Miss Williams—the supposed daughter of Colonel Brandon, but really his niece—accused him of guilt in this particular, and forbade him her house. Thus deprived of all expectations from her, he was forced to marry where wealth could be secured. His words could not take away her sense of his wrong-doing, but they served to modify slightly her resentment against him.

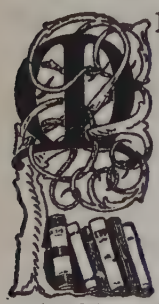
Marianne's recovery was slow, but on her return home she continued to improve, and here they shortly heard that Mr. Ferrars was married. They naturally supposed it to be Edward who was meant, since a message had come from Lucy, but on Edward's appearance ere long it proved that Robert was the one. He now explained the circumstances of his own engagement to Lucy, and later they ascertained how Lucy had inveigled Robert into marrying her. Edward was now readmitted to his mother's presence, and although she tried to dissuade him from marrying Elinor, she consented to the match at last. So far as providing for his future was concerned, she exercised no great generosity, but rather more than was expected. Robert and Lucy passed their honeymoon at Dawlish, and, returning to town, presently secured Mrs. Ferrars's forgiveness, receiving liberal assistance from her, and the artful Lucy soon became the prime favorite of her mother-in-law.

Elinor and Edward, happily settled in the parsonage at Delaford, desired nothing so much as to see Marianne married to their kind friend, Colonel Brandon, a wish that in due time had its fulfilment.

Marianne Dashwood was born to an extraordinary fate. She was born to discover the falsehood of her own opinions, and to counteract, by her conduct, her most favorite maxims. She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen, and with no sentiment superior to strong esteem and lively friendship, voluntarily to give her hand to another! and *that* other, a man who had suffered no less than herself under the event of a former attachment, whom, two years before, she had considered too old to be married, and who still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat! But so it was. Instead of falling a sacrifice to an irresistible passion, as once she had fondly flattered herself with expecting, instead of remaining even forever with her mother, and finding her only pleasures in retirement and study, as afterward in her more calm and sober judgment she had determined on—she found herself at nineteen submitting to new attachments, entering on new duties, placed in a new home, a wife, the mistress of a family, and the patroness of a village.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1813)

In October, 1796, when not yet twenty-one, Jane Austen began writing a novel which she at first intended to call *First Impressions*, but she presently substituted for this the more attractive title *Pride and Prejudice*. It is generally supposed that the later title was suggested by a passage in Miss Burney's *Cecilia*, wherein Dr. Luyster says: "The whole of this unfortunate business has been the result of pride and prejudice." Miss Austen was an enthusiastic admirer of her sister novelist's work, and the passage in question must have been well known to her. About ten months were occupied in writing the story, the final pages being written in August, 1797, and in November following, her father, the Rev. George Austen, offered it by letter to Cadell, a London publisher, but the proposal was declined by return of post. No further attempt to secure publication was made for many years, but it was revised and in January, 1813, was published. It came rapidly into favor with discerning readers, and in November of the same year its author could write to her sister: "Since I wrote last, my second edition has stared me in the face. Mary tells me that Eliza means to buy it. I wish she may . . . I cannot help hoping that *many* will feel themselves obliged to buy it. I shall not mind imagining it a disagreeable duty to them, so as they do it." The character of Elizabeth Bennet, in this novel, was the one of all others with whom Miss Austen was most nearly in sympathy. In 1895 a small volume of *Dialogues and Scenes from the Novels of Jane Austen* was issued with a view to their use in private theatricals, by Rosina Filippi (Mrs. Dowson). Two of the *Scenes—The Proposal of Mr. Collins* and *Lady Catherine's Visit*—are taken from *Pride and Prejudice*. These, or similar adaptations from this novel, were played by amateurs in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1900.



R. BENNET, a gentleman living on his small but comfortable estate of Longbourn in Hertfordshire, a mile distant from the country town of Meryton, was the father of five grown-up daughters, whose proper disposition in marriage was the chief business in life of their mother. He "was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous."

Netherfield Park, an estate a few miles distant from Long-

bourn, having been leased by a good-humored young gentleman named Bingley, Mrs. Bennet at once began scheming to secure him as the husband of one of her daughters. Jane, the eldest of the Misses Bennet, was a sweet-tempered, lovable young woman. Elizabeth, the next oldest, in addition to an attractive person was vivacious in manner and quick at repartee. Mary, being plainer than her sisters, "read great books and made extracts"; while the two youngest were empty-headed, frivolous girls who cared more for flirting with the army officers at Meryton than for anything else.

Visiting Bingley at Netherfield were his two sisters and his friend Darcy, a young man of large fortune, his estate being at Pemberly in Derbyshire. He was stiff and reserved in manner and had a deep sense of his importance as a landed gentleman. At her first meeting with him at the assembly ball, Elizabeth conceived a strong prejudice against him and could see little or nothing in him to admire. Bingley, on the other hand, made friends everywhere and was very soon attracted to Jane Bennet, who returned his regard. Mrs. Bennet was greatly elated at this turn of affairs, and considered it settled beyond a doubt that Bingley would be her son-in-law.

While making a short visit with Miss Bingley Jane Bennet was taken ill and was forced to remain several days longer than was expected, Elizabeth coming from Longbourn to take care of her. On seeing more of Mr. Darcy, Elizabeth's dislike somewhat lessened, and Miss Bingley, perceiving some little interest in Elizabeth on his part, became jealous of the latter, since she had designs upon Mr. Darcy for herself.

Jane, having recovered from her illness, returned home with her sister, and the next morning Mr. Bennet received a letter from his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Collins, on whom the estate of Longbourn was entailed, proposing a visit on his part with the ultimate intention, as it appeared later, of making an offer of marriage to the eldest Miss Bennett. Mr. Collins was a solemn fool, who took himself with great seriousness and spent much of his time in magnifying the virtues of his patroness, Lady Catherine de Bourgh, who had presented him to a church-living where, as he said to Mr. Bennet, it should be his earnest endeavor to demean himself "with grateful respect to her

Ladyship, and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England."

On the second day of his visit, Mr. Collins informed Mrs. Bennet of his wish to marry one of her daughters—preferably Jane, by reason of her seniority; but, while encouraged in a general way, he was cautioned against fixing his affection in that particular quarter, because Jane was likely soon to be engaged elsewhere. "Mr. Collins had only to change from Jane to Elizabeth—and it was soon done—done while Mrs. Bennet was stirring the fire." On the following day Mr. Collins proposed to Elizabeth, and, although she declined his offer at once, he was not to be convinced that her refusal was anything more than "the coquetry of an elegant female." Mrs. Bennet, hearing of the state of affairs, ran to her husband to implore his aid.

"Oh, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have *her*."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems a hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?"

Elizabeth replied that it was.

"Very well; and this offer you have refused?"

"I have, sir."

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*."

Mr. Collins remained the week out at Longbourn, in spite of his disappointment, and presently transferred his affections to Miss Charlotte Lucas, a friend of the Bennet sisters and the daughter of their neighbors, Sir William and Lady Lucas, by whom he was accepted a day or two later.

In this same week the Bennet sisters made the acquaintance of a newly-arrived militia officer at Meryton, a young man named Wickham. His agreeable manners made him a general favorite in society; but he was unprincipled, and as the son of the steward at Pemberley he was well known to Darcy, who treated him very coldly on meeting him in Meryton. Wickham, for his part, having conceived an admiration for Elizabeth Bennet, confided to her how greatly he had been wronged by Mr. Darcy, whose father had been Wickham's truest friend. As to certain facts the tale was not altogether false, although no mention was made of the position of Wickham's father, but they were so skilfully misrepresented that Elizabeth received a wrong impression and her prejudice against Darcy was much increased thereby.

A ball was given at Netherfield in the week of Mr. Collins's stay at Longbourn, and the next day the Bingleys left Netherfield for London, this sudden move being caused by the desire of Bingley's sisters and his friend Darcy to break off his growing attachment to Jane Bennet. Their object was unperceived by Bingley, whose sister Caroline continued a friendly correspondence with Jane for some weeks. As time went on and it became evident that none of the Bingleys would return that season, Jane bore her disappointment bravely, but was still disposed to believe in her friend Caroline. Elizabeth rightly conjectured that Caroline wished to get her brother interested in Darcy's young sister, which would render her own conquest of Darcy the easier.

At Christmas the Bennets were visited by Mrs. Bennet's brother, Mr. Gardiner, and his wife, the former a prosperous London merchant, and both well bred, in every way superior to their sister. Mrs. Gardiner, perceiving the mutual regard of Elizabeth and Wickham, cautioned her niece against entering into an engagement on short acquaintance, and took Jane home with her for a visit. During Jane's stay in town Miss

Bingley called upon her, but the caller's frigid manner made it evident that she did not desire to continue the acquaintance. Elizabeth, having promised her aunt to keep her informed as to Wickham's attentions, was presently obliged to write that they had now been transferred to a Miss King, who had a fortune of £10,000. "Her heart had been but slightly touched, and her vanity was satisfied with believing *she* would have been his only choice, had fortune permitted it."

The marriage of Mr. Collins and Miss Lucas took place soon after the Christmas holidays, and according to a promise then made Elizabeth visited them in March at their home in Kent. Here the pompous domestic felicity of her host gave Elizabeth much inward amusement, and the haughty notice of his patroness, Lady Catherine de Bourgh, excited more surprise than resentment.

As it chanced, Lady Catherine was the maternal aunt of Mr. Darcy, and Elizabeth had not been long in Kent ere he and his cousin Colonel Fitzwilliam arrived at Rosings, their aunt's estate, on a brief visit. The two gentlemen very soon called upon Elizabeth. Darcy's manners were even more reserved than before; but a week later, after an evening spent by the Collinses and their guest at Rosings, Darcy called alone upon Elizabeth and afterward made various calls at the parsonage. His bearing still continued ungracious, and Elizabeth, hearing through Colonel Fitzwilliam that Darcy was instrumental in getting his friend Bingley away from Netherfield, on account of some attachment he had formed there, felt even more dislike to him than ever. She was consequently greatly surprised at receiving a proposal from Darcy, which she at once declined. Darcy's pride was wounded by her reply, and after slighting remarks of his on the inferiority of her family connections, and assertion on her part that his arrogance and disregard of the feelings of others made him the last man in the world she would marry, they parted.

While walking in the grove the next day she was met by Darcy, who handed her a letter with the request that she would read it, and then disappeared. The letter, while containing no renewal of his offer of the day before, explained at much length his attitude in the matter of detaching Bingley from Jane

Bennet. He had not believed Miss Bennet's feelings to have been deeply touched, and his concern for his friend had been of such a nature that he wished to keep him from making what had seemed to him an undesirable alliance. The letter also included a statement of his relations with Wickham, clearly showing how false had been the import of Wickham's assertions and his base ingratitude to the benefactors of his youth, adding that the person in question had induced Miss Darcy, when she was a girl of fifteen, to elope with him—an adventure fortunately frustrated almost at the last moment.

The letter, on subsequent perusals, effected a reversal of Elizabeth's feelings, and while forced to a recognition of its truth she was able to consider what *his* feelings must have been. "His attachment excited gratitude, his general character respect: but she could not approve him; nor could she for a moment repent her refusal, or feel the slightest inclination ever to see him again. In her own past behavior there was a constant source of vexation and regret; and in the unhappy defects of her family, a subject of still heavier chagrin."

Soon after this event Elizabeth returned home, where she confided to Jane the facts of Darcy's offer and Wickham's duplicity, but refrained from touching upon Darcy's confession with regard to Bingley. Wickham's attentions to Miss King had by this time ceased, and Elizabeth saw him several times after her return and before his regiment was ordered away. On the last occasion she mentioned having met Mr. Darcy at Rosings, adding that "from knowing him better his disposition was better understood." This excited Wickham's alarm, as he feared what Darcy might have revealed concerning him.

In July Elizabeth accompanied the Gardiners on a tour in Derbyshire, and on their way to Lambton, where a stay of some days was to be made, they visited the near-by Pemberley, whose owner, Mr. Darcy, was supposed to be absent. This was one of the show places of the region. From the housekeeper at Pemberley they heard nothing but praises of its master, and while the gardener was showing them about the lawns, Darcy suddenly appeared, greeted them civilly, and presently took leave. Elizabeth, fearing he might conclude that she had voluntarily placed herself in his way, felt much chagrin at the mee-

ing, but could not help speculating whether, in defiance of everything, she was still dear to him. While wandering on slowly they come upon Darcy, who requested her to introduce him to her friends. He then invited Mr. Gardiner to fish in his waters as often as he might desire, and in the course of conversation with Elizabeth he observed that Mr. Bingley, with his sisters, would arrive at Pemberley on the morrow, and also his own sister, whom he wished to introduce to her.

Accordingly the next morning Mr. and Miss Darcy called upon Elizabeth and the Gardiners at the inn at Lambton, where the latter were staying, a civility which gave the uncle and aunt a clue to the probable situation. Darcy had hardly announced to Elizabeth that Bingley intended to call before that amiable young man himself appeared, inquiring with evident interest after the welfare of her family. On their departure Miss Darcy and her brother invited Elizabeth and her relatives to dine at Pemberley before leaving Derbyshire, an invitation which was accepted. In the town of Lambton the travelers heard renewed commendations of Darcy, but of Wickham little that was favorable. He had left many debts behind him in the town, which Mr. Darcy had discharged.

A return visit at Pemberley the following day served to show more fully the strength of Darcy's regard for Elizabeth, she and her relatives being received with the greatest cordiality by the Darcys; the gentleman's wish to please and entire lack of self-importance being very evident. Bingley's sisters were present, but were very cold in their manner to Elizabeth; and Caroline, the unmarried one, in her jealousy of Elizabeth, gave utterance to various depreciatory remarks concerning the latter after the visitors had departed. Her words, however, only drew from Darcy the response that for many months he had considered her (Elizabeth) one of the handsomest women of his acquaintance. The prosperous turn of events was suddenly interrupted by Elizabeth's receipt of letters from Jane, announcing the elopement with Wickham of Lydia, their youngest sister. She had but finished reading them when Mr. Darcy appeared, and in dismay she informed him of the dreadful news. He expressed the utmost concern, promised to preserve secrecy as long as possible, and departed, leaving Elizabeth the prey of

tortured feeling. Knowing Wickham's character, she did not believe it was his intention to marry Lydia, who would have no dower, when money was his prime object in contemplating matrimony, and she reproached herself that she had not warned her family against him, after learning his true nature from Darcy's letter. The only consolation to be obtained was that she never had perceived in Lydia any partiality for Wickham. For herself, she could not help feeling that this disgraceful episode must forever alienate Darcy from her, "and never had she so honestly felt that she could have loved him as now, when all love must be vain."

On the return of her uncle and aunt from a walk the news was told to them, and her uncle at once decided to go to Longbourn, taking his wife and Elizabeth with him. They found the Bennets' home in confusion, and after a family council it was decided that Mr. Gardiner should join Mr. Bennet, then in London, and aid him in the effort to find Lydia. Several days elapsed ere intelligence was gained, and in the mean time ill reports of Wickham multiplied and a solemn letter of condolence arrived from Mr. Collins, in which he took occasion to quote from Lady Catherine that "this false step in one daughter will be injurious to the fortunes of all the others; for who, as Lady Catherine herself condescendingly says, will connect themselves with such a family?"

Unsuccessful in his efforts, Mr. Bennet returned in great depression; but Mr. Gardiner, in a letter two days later, said he had seen both Lydia and Wickham, and that, though they were not yet married, they would be so presently if certain marriage settlements could be made; until this could be brought about, Lydia would remain the guest of her uncle. Mrs. Bennet, disturbed by no fear for Lydia's felicity, nor humbled by any remembrance of her misconduct, was in ecstasies over the coming marriage; but her two eldest daughters felt the unfortunate situation more keenly. Mr. Gardiner succeeded in making satisfactory arrangements, and although Mr. Bennet supposed that in this matter the good offices of his brother-in-law had been all-sufficient, it appeared later that Darcy had advanced the necessary funds, after obtaining Mr. Gardiner's promise of secrecy.

A quiet wedding took place at the Gardiners' house in

London, and on the young couple's subsequent arrival at Longbourn it was learned that Mr. Darcy had been present at the ceremony. Wickham now quitted the militia, and after a short stay at Longbourn he entered the regular army and as ensign joined his regiment where it was then stationed in the north of England, Lydia accompanying him.

When Elizabeth learned all that Darcy had done to help her sister and her husband in this matter, she realized how repugnant to his feelings it all must have been, and sincerest gratitude was mingled with her admiration and respect for the owner of Pemberley.

Soon after the departure of the Wickhams for the regiment at Newcastle, it was learned that Mr. Bingley was expected at Netherfield, and he soon called on the Bennets, accompanied by Darcy, the former as full of amiable spirits as ever, the latter almost silent. The two gentlemen were invited to dine with the Bennets on the following Tuesday, and accepted; but while Bingley showed much admiration for Jane, Darcy made no progress toward sociability with Elizabeth, who was left to imagine that after he had once been refused his pride would not allow him to make a second proposal. Not long after the dinner Mr. Bingley called at Longbourn alone, his friend having gone to London for a few days, and although engaged for dinner on that day he was very happy to accept an invitation for the next, on which occasion Mrs. Bennet did all in her power to speed his love-making, but with no very definite results. The next morning, however, the young man passed in shooting with Mr. Bennet, returned with him to dinner, and in the evening proposed to Jane and was accepted—an event most gratifying to the Bennet family, which made them the envy of their neighbors. A week after the engagement was announced Elizabeth was surprised by a call from Lady Catherine de Bourgh, in her most ungracious and disagreeable mood, the purpose of which was to ascertain whether Elizabeth were engaged to her nephew, Darcy, as report had said.

"Though I *know* it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your Ladyship purpose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted." Lady Catherine condescended to explain that it had been intended Darcy should become the husband of Miss de Bourgh; but Elizabeth replied that the fulfilment of such an intention depended on the actions of others. While forced to admit that she was *not* engaged to Darcy, she utterly refused to promise never to enter into such an engagement, and the baffled visitor departed in high dudgeon.

A letter from Mr. Collins arrived at Longbourn soon after this, in which the writer congratulated Mr. Bennet on the engagement of Jane, and cautioned Elizabeth against accepting the offer of her noble admirer should it be made, as report indicated was probable. As Elizabeth had said nothing at all to any of her family regarding Mr. Darcy's attentions, Mr. Bennet, who, like the others, imagined that she disliked Darcy extremely, was much amused by the "report," and at this time Elizabeth did not undeceive him. In the course of a walk taken some few days after Lady Catherine's visit, Elizabeth, who chanced to find herself alone with Darcy, now returned to his friend Bingley's, took occasion to thank him for his kind offices in behalf of her sister Lydia. On his replying that, much as he respected her family, he had thought only of Elizabeth in the matter, his hearer was too much embarrassed to reply, and he took advantage of this to renew his proposal by asking that if her feelings were still what they were in the previous April she would tell him so at once. *His* affections and wishes were unchanged, but one word from her would silence him on the subject forever. A complete understanding presently followed, and Elizabeth that evening was able to inform Jane of her own great happiness.

The Bennet family in general, persuaded of Elizabeth's ardent dislike of Darcy, were slow to credit the fact of her engagement to him, but Darcy was fortunate in escaping Mrs. Bennet's raptures, for she luckily stood in such awe of her intended son-in-law that she ventured not to speak of him, unless it was to mark her deference for his opinion.

"Happy for all her maternal feelings was the day on which Mrs. Bennet got rid of her two most deserving daughters. With what delighted pride she afterward visited Mrs. Bingley, and talked of Mrs. Darcy, may be guessed." At the end of a year the Bingleys removed from Netherfield to an estate not many miles from Pemberley, and Jane and Elizabeth, to their great happiness, were now not very far apart. Kitty, to her great advantage, spent her time mainly with her two elder sisters, and the plain-featured Mary was left alone with her parents at Longbourn to the moralizings she delighted in. Miss Bingley was much disappointed at Elizabeth's marriage to Darcy, but, desirous of being received as a visitor at Pemberley, she hid her resentment, and after some time Lady Catherine's anger abated far enough to allow her to visit her nephew and his wife.

MANSFIELD PARK (1814)

The first group of Miss Austen's tales may be said to include the three that were written or sketched prior to her leaving her Steventon home in 1801, when she was tweny-six; namely, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, and *Northanger Abbey*. The second group comprises the three written during her residence at Chanton Cottage, Hampshire, *Mansfield Park*, begun in 1812, when she was thirty-seven, being the earliest of the later period of composition. In these later novels there are evident, as pointed out by Austin Dobson, "a closer grasp of the plot and a greater attention to its artistic evolution." By March, 1814, *Mansfield Park* appears to have been completed, and from Jane Austen's letters of that date we learn that her brother Henry read and thought highly of it on a posting journey to London. In all probability this refers to the manuscript, which he may have been taking to the publisher, Egerton, who had already put forth *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice*. By June 13, 1814, it was in print, and in July it was advertised among the *Quarterly's List of New Publications*. On November 18th Miss Austen wrote that the first edition had been sold and that her brother Henry advised her to make arrangements for a second. This seems not to have been done immediately, and in the mean time John Murray became her publisher. To him she accordingly sent *Mansfield Park* on December 11, 1815, "as ready for a second edition, I believe, as I can make it." The Prince Regent is said to have admired the book; but that it was a great favorite with Sydney Smith would probably have given the author more pleasure, could she have known it. Some portion of the local coloring of the tale is presumably furnished by the surroundings of Miss Austen's home at Chanton, and in a general way she may have had Chanton House in mind when describing Bertram Park. Indeed, the White House, the house of Mrs. Norris, is still standing in Chanton parish on the road to Selborne. Various literary allusions are scattered through the book; but the author of the drama of *Lovers' Vows*, so frequently mentioned, is not named by Miss Austen. The play was an English version of Kotzebue's *Das Kind der Liebe*. There were several English translations of this work, but the only one acted was that by Mrs. Inchbald, which was very popular at Covent Garden Theater in 1798.

BY means of an advantageous marriage, Miss Maria Ward, of Huntingdon, became a person of title as well as wealth, her husband being Sir Thomas Bertram of Mansfield Park in Northamptonshire. Her next elder sister was less fortunate in her marriage, being obliged to content herself with the Rev. Mr. Norris, a clergyman with very little private means but who presently received from his friend, Sir Thomas, the gift of the living of Mansfield. The third Miss Ward married, "in the common phrase, to disoblige her family,

and by fixing on a Lieutenant of Marines, without education, fortune, or connections, did it very thoroughly." Lady Bertram, indolent and placid, would have been content to give up her sister Fanny and dismiss her from mind after her marriage with Lieutenant Price; but Mrs. Norris, parsimonious and nagging, wrote angrily to the offending sister and received an equally angry reply, when all intercourse between Mrs. Price and her sisters ceased for a long period.

At the end of eleven years, however, Mrs. Price, surrounded by an increasing family and a small income to supply their demands, wrote to Lady Bertram in a tone which brought about something in the nature of a reconciliation. Money and advice were sent to Mrs. Price, and Mrs. Norris proposed to the Bertrams that between them they should undertake the care of their eldest niece, now a girl of nine. The Bertrams consented, though Mrs. Norris was quietly resolved not to be at any expense herself for the child's maintenance. "As far as walking, talking, and contriving went, she was thoroughly benevolent, and nobody knew better how to dictate liberality to others." Upon Lady Bertram's placid inquiry to whom the child should first come, it was ascertained that Mrs. Norris would be unable to take any personal charge of her, on account of Mr. Norris's health, and it was then settled that the child should be brought up with her cousins at Mansfield Park, though in such a manner as to render her duly sensible of the difference between her position and theirs.

Little Fanny Price was at this time just ten years old, small of her age, shy in manner, but pretty, and with a sweet voice. For some days she was tearfully mindful of the home she had left; but some unlooked-for kindness on the part of her cousin Edmund, a lad of sixteen, gave her assurance and attached her strongly to him. By degrees she settled into her place in the household, with no greater trials to endure than occasional patronizings by her cousins Maria and Julia, who were respectively twelve and thirteen, some teasing from her cousin Tom, who was a young man of seventeen, and continual snubbings from her Aunt Norris, who thus performed her supposed duty toward her niece.

When Fanny was about fifteen the death of Mr. Norris

obliged his wife to leave the parsonage and establish a home in the village, consoling herself for the loss of her husband by the reflection that she could do very well without him. The living had been intended for Edmund when he should be old enough to take orders; but Tom's extravagance had made it needful to dispose of the living differently at first, in order to pay that young gentleman's debts. Another family living of less consequence was still held for Edmund, but Sir Thomas felt very keenly the circumstance that his younger son should be deprived for an indefinite term of more than half of the income that would rightfully be his but for his brother's folly. The living of Mansfield now fell to a Dr. Grant, a clergyman so notably fond of good living that the cheerfully-selfish Thomas considered that in all likelihood he would not survive to hold the benefice for many years.

Mrs. Norris's removal from the parsonage having taken place, Sir Thomas expected that she would now claim her share in the charge of her niece, since in her widowed situation she would naturally wish for a companion; but he soon learned how mistaken were his views in this respect. He could not but wonder at her refusing to do anything for a niece whom she had been so forward to adopt, but on hearing that all she possessed was to be inherited by his family, he was soon reconciled to the situation, and Fanny remained at the Park.

A year later Sir Thomas was called away to Antigua to look after his business interests there, and, expecting to be absent for a year, he took his eldest son with him, leaving home matters to the care of Edmund. During the winter the Misses Bertram went much into county society, their Aunt Norris the while being actively concerned in endeavors to find husbands for them, and as Lady Bertram never attended assemblies Fanny was her companion for a large share of the time. About the end of the twelvemonth Tom returned from Antigua with the news that his father would be detained some months longer, and Mrs. Norris, thinking that if he should never return it would be peculiarly consoling to see their dear Maria well married, bent all her energies to promoting a match between her eldest niece and Mr. Rushworth, "a heavy young man with not more than common sense." As he had an income of twelve thousand

a year and possessed an estate not far from Mansfield, Maria Bertram did her best to attract young Rushworth, with the result that they became engaged, the consent of the absent Sir Thomas being gained in due time.

The following summer the Grants received as guests the brother and sister of Mrs. Grant; Henry and Mary Crawford, the children of her mother's second marriage. Henry Crawford was an attractive, self-indulgent person, with little stability of character, while his sister Mary was a brilliant but entirely worldly girl with a fortune of £20,000. The Crawfords soon became intimate with the Bertrams, Julia and Maria being equally delighted with Mr. Crawford. As Maria was engaged, he might be considered the legitimate property of Julia, but Maria did not feel that her own situation need debar her from enjoying his society. Miss Crawford, for her part, directed her attention to the heir of Mansfield Park and "believed she should accept him." The races, however, presently took him away for some weeks, and in his absence she began to find herself somewhat attracted by Edmund, who, without at all intending it, was soon a good deal in love with her.

A day's visit of the Bertrams and Crawfords to Rushworth's country seat did much to advance the friendship of Edmund and Mary Crawford, as even Fanny Price could not but perceive, and it also displayed the jealousy between the Bertram sisters in regard to Henry Crawford and did not a little to arouse the suspicions of their dull-pated host. News from Antigua that Sir Thomas would return in November was most unwelcome to the Misses Bertram, who knew that their behavior in respect to Mr. Crawford could not long escape their father's eye, and a fortnight's absence on his part not only showed them how dull they were without his society, but revealed to him how much his thoughtless attentions to them amused his fancy.

Tom Bertram returned at the end of August, and soon afterward arrived his friend Yates, a trifling man of fashion but with ability in private theatricals. His talk thereon aroused general interest in the subject, and it was decided, after much discussion, to produce a play at Mansfield Park, *Lovers' Vows* being the one selected. Edmund, feeling strongly the impropriety of such a festivity while his father was on a peril-

ous homeward voyage, opposed the scheme, and only yielded and consented to take a part in the cast when it was clear to him that otherwise some young man in the neighborhood of whom they knew little would be asked to take his place. Fanny, too, was importuned, not only by her cousins but by her Aunt Norris, to act a part, but persisted in refusing. She was, however, pressed into the service for hearing this or that one rehearse a part, being thus of especial help to young Rushworth, who was continually announcing "I come in three times, and have two-and-forty speeches. That is something, isn't it?" During the general confusion occasioned by the preparations for the play Mrs. Norris was everywhere active in cheese-paring economies and quite unobservant of the jealousy existing between Maria and Julia. This, was very evident to Fanny, as was also the growing affection between Edmund and Miss Crawford.

While the first regular rehearsal was in progress Sir Thomas arrived from Antigua, to the dismay of the majority of the young people, and at once all theatrical schemes were abandoned. Contenting himself with saying very little in disapproval, Sir Thomas gave orders to have the temporary stage in the billiard-room removed, and the next morning Edmund gave his father a plain statement of the theatrical plan, adding that his cousin Fanny had been opposed to it from the first. Sir Thomas entered no remonstrance and contented himself with reprimanding Mrs. Norris for encouraging her nieces and nephews in their unwise plans, but with little effect, for his sister-in-law at once labored to turn his thoughts into another channel. Crawford and Yates soon left Mansfield, and Maria, though inwardly much agitated by the departure of the former, was able, by summoning up her pride, to part from him with tolerable calmness; while Julia, since Maria was not to gain him, saw him depart with comparative indifference.

Sir Thomas could not help perceiving Mr. Rushworth's mental deficiencies and tried to ascertain the real nature of his daughter's feeling for her lover; but Maria assured him that she had no doubt of being happy with Mr. Rushworth. Though puzzled, he acquiesced, and in a short time the wedding took place. Soon afterward the Rushworths took a house in Brighton

for some weeks, and Julia accompanied them. Rivalry between the sisters had now ceased, and Maria desired a companion as a relief from some part of her husband's society. With their departure Fanny became of more importance, not only at the Park but at the parsonage, where Mary Crawford made her especially welcome, and where Mrs. Grant invited her to dinner, much to Aunt Norris's fretful wonder. "Nor must you be fancying that the invitation is meant as any particular compliment to *you;* the compliment is intended to your aunt and uncle and me. Mrs. Grant thinks it a civility due to *us* to take a little notice of you, or else it would never have come into her head, and you may be very certain that if your cousin Julia had been at home you never would have been asked at all." When her uncle inquired what time Fanny would wish the carriage Mrs. Norris, red with anger, cried out:

"My dear Sir Thomas! Fanny can walk."

"Walk!" repeated Sir Thomas, in a tone of most unanswerable dignity. "My niece walk to a dinner engagement at this time of the year! Will twenty minutes after four suit you?"

At the parsonage Edmund and Fanny found Henry Crawford, and in the course of the evening Mary learned that Edmund was soon to take orders. This was a blow to her, since it was plain he could have no serious feeling for her if he thus meant to establish himself in a situation he must know she never would stoop to. The next morning Crawford confided to his sister that he was much attracted to Fanny Price, and meant to strike up a flirtation with her, and in accordance with this design his subsequent attentions to Fanny were adapted to the gentleness of her nature and presently abated somewhat her former dislike for him. Through Crawford's influence in naval circles a second-lieutenant's commission for Fanny's favorite brother, William, was eventually procured; but prior to this William, having obtained leave of absence from his ship, paid a visit to his sister at Mansfield Park, where the manly bearing of the young midshipman made him a general favorite. His uncle was especially pleased with him, and out of regard for him and Fanny a ball was given at the Park in their honor, to their delight and the angry surprise of their Aunt Norris. From Miss Crawford Fanny received the embarrassing gift of a neck-

lace to wear at the ball, but was persuaded by Edmund not to return it as she had wished to do. She was by this time aware of the strength of her own affection for Edmund, but, considering that he never could be anything more than a friend, she endeavored to regard his love for Miss Crawford as calmly as possible. When she was fully attired for her first ball her general attractiveness was remarked by everyone, and at the desire of Sir Thomas she opened the ball by leading off with Henry Crawford.

William returned to his ship the day after the ball, and Edmund departed for Peterborough, where he was soon to be ordained. The absence of Edmund caused Miss Crawford much uneasiness, for she feared he might be attracted by some one of the sisters of the friend he was visiting near Peterborough. Her brother's expressed determination to marry Fanny Price effected some diversion of her thought, and henceforward she did all in her power to promote his cause. Crawford's good offices in behalf of William proved an embarrassing kindness to Fanny, whose feelings toward Crawford were now divided between gratitude for his act and disapproval of the actor, and Sir Thomas's furtherance of the young man's wishes still further troubled her. Her uncle, mistaking her refusal of Crawford for wilfulness, expressed much disappointment thereat, and Fanny, confident that she should be miserable if she accepted Crawford, was filled with grief at the thought of thus forfeiting Sir Thomas's good opinion. The latter assured her he should not persuade her to marry against her inclinations, but, thinking that change of scene might effect a change of sentiment, he arranged for his niece to visit her parents at Portsmouth. Ere this, however, Edmund returned and, learning of the state of affairs, added his entreaties that Fanny would change her mind. Coming to the conclusion that the young man had been too hasty in his suit, he recommended to his father that the matter should be left to time and Crawford's own attentions. Mary Crawford, however, deeply in love with Edmund, was desirous for her brother's success with Edmund's cousin and could not refrain from urging Fanny.

Fanny now departed for Portsmouth in the charge of her brother, who obtained a leave of absence for that purpose; and the contrast between the quiet elegance of Mansfield Park and

the small and noisy commonplace home of her parents was quickly felt by her. In the nature of things the tie between Fanny and her parents could not be very strong, and she could not help perceiving that her father was a coarse, loud-voiced man, and her mother a slattern "whose house was the scene of mismanagement and discomfort from beginning to end. She might have made just as good a woman of consequence as Lady Bertram, but Mrs. Norris would have been a more respectable mother of nine children on a small income."

During Fanny's sojourn at Portsmouth Mr. Crawford called upon her, and she introduced him to her family as "William's friend." He speedily made himself agreeable to the Prices, and Fanny discovered that her father appeared to much better advantage in the company of a gentleman than in the midst of his family at home. The next day Crawford accompanied Fanny and her people to the Sunday service at the Garrison chapel, and in the course of a walk afterward on the ramparts showed himself considerate and regardful of her feelings, declaring that if she found the stay at Portsmouth unfavorable for her health, and Sir Thomas could not arrange to come for her, his sister Mary would gladly come for her and take her back to Mansfield. The improvement she discerned in Mr. Crawford inclined her to think of him much more leniently than before, but she was still firm in her resolution not to be persuaded into marriage with him, and she was much relieved when she heard of his having left Portsmouth. From a letter received from Mary Crawford, Fanny learned that Edmund had not yet spoken of his love, and the worldly tone of Mary's letter made her feel more strongly than before that Miss Crawford could never make her cousin happy.

After many weeks Fanny received a letter from Edmund expressive of his entire confidence in Crawford and also of his belief that Mary was the only woman in the world whom he could ever regard as a wife. His only fear was in the influence the fashionable world might exert over her, and he added that he had almost decided to propose by letter. Soon after this Lady Bertram wrote to her niece of the serious illness of Tom Bertram, and from Edmund she presently learned of his convalescence and his decided preference for his younger brother's

attendance upon him. A second letter from Mary was partly occupied with accounts of Tom's illness, and the writer expressed her belief that he was in a decline and that she could not help thinking that "Sir Edmund" might do more good in the world on succeeding to the title than his brother. The letter closed with affectionate messages from Henry and the renewal of the offer to bring Fanny back from Portsmouth. While Fanny would gladly have returned to Mansfield, she was averse to owing so much to the courtesy of the Crawfords, and she again declined.

A brief note was received from Mary a week later, giving intelligence of a scandalous rumor just afloat, adding that Henry was certainly blameless and that he thought only of Fanny. Mary was sure that all would soon be hushed up, and begged her correspondent to make no mention of the rumor. Fanny, having heard no rumor, was much puzzled by Miss Crawford's letter, but on the same day her father called her attention to an item in the newspaper announcing "a matrimonial *fracas* in the family of Mr. R. of Wimpole street, the beautiful Mrs. R. having quitted her husband's roof in company with the well-known and captivating Mr. C." Greatly shocked, Fanny was kept several days in suspense till a hurried letter came from Edmund confirming the news, declaring that the fugitives could not be traced, and adding the further news that Julia had eloped with Mr. Yates. Sir Thomas and Lady Bertram wished very much for Fanny's presence, and Edmund would come for her the next day. Susan, Fanny's next younger sister, was invited for a few months' visit at the Park, greatly to Fanny's delight. Edmund accordingly came for them on the following morning, and a two days' journey brought them to Mansfield, where Fanny received a warm welcome from her aunt, Lady Bertram, who came to meet her with no indolent step, and falling on her neck said, "Dear Fanny! now I shall be comfortable."

Mrs. Norris, as fondest of her niece, Maria, was stupefied by the turn of events, but in her wounded pride was disposed to believe Fanny to blame, since, had she accepted Mr. Crawford, this other affair could not have occurred. From Lady Bertram Fanny presently learned the substance of what had happened.

Maria had been spending the Easter holidays with some

presumably fast friends at Twickenham, where Mr. Crawford was a frequent visitor. Mr. Rushworth was then visiting his mother, and her sister Julia had gone to be with certain relatives.

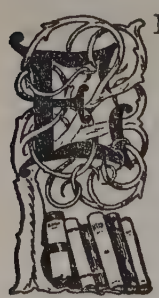
About this time Sir Thomas was warned by a London friend of his daughter's intimacy with Crawford, and was preparing to act upon the information when the further news came of her having left her husband's house. Everything soon became public, and Julia's foolish elopement soon added to the family perplexities.

Fanny felt that the late events must separate Edmund from Miss Crawford, and presently Edmund opened his heart to his cousin. In an interview with Mary she had evinced, he declared, a worldliness of spirit that forever disenchanted him. She could regard the behavior of her brother and Maria Rushworth as nothing worse than folly, and was persuaded that if Henry Crawford could be induced to marry Maria, after a divorce had been obtained by Mr. Rushworth, all would in time be well and Maria would recover in some measure her footing in society.

It was some time ere Edmund regained his peace of mind, and he depended greatly upon his cousin's friendly sympathy. In time this dependence was succeeded by a warmer feeling, and at last he recognized in Fanny the woman he could most wish for his wife. Sir Thomas was much delighted at this attachment, and it gave almost as much satisfaction to other members of the household. After their marriage Fanny and Edmund lived in the parsonage at Thornton Lacey till the death of Dr. Grant left the succession of the Mansfield living to Edmund. Julia's match turned out more favorably than was looked for at first. Mr. Yates proved willing to be guided by Sir Thomas, and his estate was larger and his debts fewer than had been supposed. Mrs. Norris pleaded that Maria be received again at Mansfield Park, a proceeding which Sir Thomas utterly refused to countenance. He would see that she was properly supported, but nothing more. Mrs. Norris in anger then quitted Mansfield, to the great relief of all her connections, and devoted herself to Maria in another county, where, shut up together with little society, on one side no affection, on the other no judgment, it may be reasonably supposed that their tempers became their mutual punishment.

EMMA (1815)

It appears that soon after the completion of *Mansfield Park* Miss Austen set about the composition of *Emma*. Her published letters throw no light upon this; but we know that during a visit to her brother Henry in Hans Place, London, in the autumn of 1815, she was engaged upon the proof-sheets of *Emma*, and on November 20th she wrote that she was at work upon the proofs of the third volume. John Murray was now her publisher, and his announcement of *Emma* was closely followed by that of a second edition of *Mansfield Park*. Although the title-page of the former is dated 1816, the work appeared about the middle of December, 1815. It was announced as "By the Author of *Pride and Prejudice*," and was inscribed, by invitation, to the Prince Regent. The invitation came about as follows. Miss Austen, in the autumn of 1815, was caring for her brother Henry, then ill of a fever in London, and his medical attendant was one of the Prince Regent's physicians. Although her books had appeared anonymously, the physician knew the secret of their authorship, and he informed her that the Prince was a great admirer of her novels. Hearing that Miss Austen was in London the Prince instructed his librarian to wait upon her and show her the library at Carlton House. During her visit there the librarian assured her that he was commissioned to say that if she had any other novel in preparation she was at liberty to dedicate it to the Prince. *Emma* was at that time in press and was dedicated accordingly. Mr. Walter Herries Pollock is strongly of the opinion that the Highbury of the tale may be found in Esher, Surrey. He reminds us that Esher was familiar to Miss Austen, whose uncle, Mr. Cooper, lived at near-by Bookham, and considers that the description of Highbury more nearly fits Esher than any other locality in that region. Rosina Filippi's *Duologues and Scenes from the Novels of Jane Austen* includes three scenes from *Emma*, *The Reading of Jane Fairfax's Letter*, *A Strawberry Picnic*, and *Three Lovers*. In the spring of 1902 a dramatized version of *Emma* was presented by amateurs in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Worcester Woman's Club. Fully two thousand persons were present, and the play was well received. It was performed with spirit and proved perfectly practicable.



MMA WOODHOUSE was the youngest daughter of a wealthy, indulgent father living at Highbury, sixteen miles from London. Mr. Woodhouse was an amiable valetudinarian, liking everybody he was used to, and hating change of every kind. He was fond of society if his friends would come to see him, and "while his hospitality would have welcomed his visitors to everything, his care for their health made him grieve that they would eat." His elder daughter, Isabella, the wife of John Knightley, a London lawyer of somewhat impatient dis-

position, resembled her father in temperament, having many fears and worries, and, being in delicate health, fully sympathized with him in her fondness for water-gruel, "thin, but not too thin." Mrs. Woodhouse having died in early married life, her two daughters were brought up under the care of Miss Taylor, their much-loved governess, whose sway was so gentle that after Isabella's marriage her sister had long been practically the mistress of the Woodhouse establishment of Hartfield.

Emma was a handsome, accomplished girl, attached to her own way, and thoroughly accustomed to having it, and from lack of any absorbing interests in life quite disposed to arrange the course of other people's lives, especially so far as match-making was concerned. When she was twenty-one her friend Miss Taylor became the second wife of Mr. Weston, a gentleman of property living on his estate of Randalls, a half-mile from Hartfield. Mr. Woodhouse very much objected to the change thus induced in his surroundings, and never could speak thereafter of Mrs. Weston otherwise than as "poor Miss Taylor." Mr. Weston was the father of a grown-up son by his first wife, who, having been brought up by the brother of the latter, a Mr. Churchill, of a notable Yorkshire family, never had been seen by the Highbury people. The young man had taken the name of his mother's family, and while his coming to visit his father had often been talked of, it had never been achieved, owing probably as much to the selfish inertia of Frank Churchill himself as to the great reluctance of the Churchills to have him see much of his father's people. An esteemed friend of the Woodhouses was Mr. George Knightley, the elder brother of Isabella's husband, a sensible, well-poised man of thirty-seven, residing about a mile from Highbury on his estate of Donwell Abbey in the parish of Donwell. Mr. Elton, the vicar of Highbury, a young clergyman of a worldly turn of mind and extremely vain of his good looks, was another visitor at Hartfield, while a humbler set of Mr. Woodhouse's friends was composed of Mrs. Bates, the widow of a former vicar of Highbury, "almost past everything but tea and quadrille," and living in a very small way with her unmarried daughter, who was an incessant talker upon small matters, but with a contented temper and universal good-will that made her

everywhere popular, and Mrs. Goddard, a plain, motherly person, the mistress of a young ladies' school.

In the charge of Mrs. Goddard was a pretty young woman named Harriet Smith, the natural daughter of some person unknown, who had been educated at the school and of whom Emma, after Miss Taylor's marriage, determined to make a friend. Miss Woodhouse was such an important person in Highbury that Harriet, much flattered by her notice, was ready to agree with her on any subject. A sensible young farmer named Martin had paid Harriet some attention, and would have been in every way a suitable husband for her; but Emma, who felt that she never could visit a Mrs. Martin, of Abbey-Mill Farm, had other plans for her friend, and when the young farmer absolutely proposed to Harriet Emma influenced her to decline the proposal. The offer had not been unwelcome to the girl, but Emma, fancying that Mr. Elton was attracted by Harriet, imparted this idea to her *protégée* and that docile young person's head was thereby filled with foolish ambitions. Mr. George Knightley, who had a great esteem for Martin, had encouraged him to offer himself to Harriet, and when he heard of Emma's efforts in a contrary direction he could not help speaking very plainly to her on the matter. Emma, however, was not to be convinced of her mistake and continued her efforts to bring about a match between the vicar and her friend. She was presently undeceived by receiving herself a passionate offer of marriage from Mr. Elton, who was not only angered by her refusal to consider it, but still further irritated by learning that his attentions had been suffered by her to have been paid on account of his interest in Harriet, for whom, he declared, he never had cared whether she were alive or dead, save as Miss Woodhouse's friend.

Emma now recalled a caution regarding Mr. Elton which her brother-in-law had once given her, and a remark of his brother's that the vicar never would marry indiscreetly, and she was deeply mortified, not only on account of her own want of penetration, but because she had talked Harriet into a certain fancied attachment for him. Mr. Elton, meanwhile, absented himself from Highbury for a time, and in his absence Emma imparted her news to Harriet. The latter was much

affected, but thought too humbly of herself to feel that she had anything to complain of, and Emma detained her as a visitor for some days at Hartfield in the endeavor to divert her thoughts.

Mr. Weston had been confidently looking for a visit from his son Frank, but the young man wrote expressing regrets that he could not be spared for the present, and hopes that he might visit Randalls at no distant period. His father and stepmother were disappointed, and Mr. Knightley, in a conversation with Emma, was disposed to blame him severely for lack of consideration for his father. Emma, determined to like him whenever he should appear, made many excuses for him, but Mr. Knightley persisted in believing that while the young man might owe much to the Churchills, he was not bound to yield so entirely to their wishes as to neglect his father.

In the course of a call by Emma upon Miss Bates, she ascertained that Miss Fairfax, the orphan niece of Miss Bates, was expected soon on a visit to her relatives, and a few days later she arrived. Her home had been from her ninth year in the family of her father's friend, Colonel Campbell. She had been brought up with his daughter and educated with a view to being a governess, and was known to Highbury through successive visits there. Her perfections had been so constantly insisted upon by the Bateses that Emma had taken a dislike to her, but on meeting her now Miss Woodhouse's feelings were so much softened that she lamented the lack of a suitable young man in Highbury about whom she could scheme in Miss Fairfax's interest. It presently appeared that Jane Fairfax had met young Churchill at Weymouth, but she could give only vague answers to queries concerning his appearance.

Highbury was now startled by the announcement of Mr. Elton's marriage to a wealthy Miss Hawkins of Bristol, and in due course of time the pair arrived at the vicarage; he self-satisfied as ever, and his wife, a pert, foolish woman, with little but her ten thousand pounds to recommend her. Harriet experienced some perturbation when he was again liable to be met in the street, but a meeting with the Martin family served to incline her again somewhat in the direction of Abbey-Mill Farm.

To the general surprise Frank Churchill presently arrived

in Highbury and at once became a general favorite. He was thoroughly amiable, displayed a highly commendable bearing to his father, as well as a proper regard and esteem for his father's wife; and his good looks and well-bred ease of manner were much admired. On hearing that his son was acquainted with Miss Fairfax, Mr. Weston urged him to call on her without delay, adding some words as to the respect in which her aunt and grandmother were held in the town.

After meeting young Churchill Emma was ready to admit that he quite fulfilled her expectations, and, suspecting that her friends at Randalls would not be displeased should he manifest an inclination for herself, she was disposed to think that should she ever abandon her resolution of never marrying, Frank Churchill was the person she would choose. Even a sudden freak to go to London to get his hair cut did him no great disservice in her eyes, and only Mr. Knightley disapproved of him.

At a dinner-party given by the Coles family, neighbors of Mr. Woodhouse, a topic of great interest was the receipt of a Broadwood piano by Miss Fairfax. Opinion was much divided whether it was the anonymous gift of Colonel Campbell or his daughter, Mrs. Dixon. Emma, despite all her efforts, could obtain no satisfactory explanation of the mystery from Churchill, while Mrs. Weston was even driven to conjecture that it might have been a present from Mr. Knightley. The possibility thus introduced into Emma's mind of Mr. Knightley's marrying was displeasing to her, and she did not at all relish the thought of Jane Fairfax as mistress of Donwell Abbey; but, as she detected no especial attention on his part toward Jane, the idea was put aside.

The next day, Emma, Harriet, and Mrs. Weston, while in a Highbury shop, encountered Miss Bates, who in the midst of a long, rambling talk asked them to call and give their opinion of the new piano. Under convoy of Miss Bates, accordingly, they entered her little sitting-room, where they found her niece and Frank Churchill, the latter engaged in riveting Mrs. Bates's spectacles. Jane was an accomplished player, and the piano proved to be in every way excellent. Churchill amused himself by bantering Miss Fairfax regarding the probable personality of the anonymous giver; and ere the company

dispersed Mr. Knightley's voice was heard at the door inquiring for the health of Miss Fairfax, a circumstance which confirmed Mrs. Weston in her suspicions.

A ball at the Crown Inn had been planned; but before the design could be carried out young Churchill was recalled to Yorkshire by the illness of his aunt, and Emma felt so much regret at his departure, prior to which, as she assured herself, he had *almost* told her that he loved her, that she was sure she must be in love also, "her ideas only varied as to the how much." She fully meant to decline his offer when it should be made, and the allusion to Harriet Weston in his letter to Mrs. Weston, as "Miss Woodhouse's beautiful little friend," suggested to her the thought of Harriet becoming her successor in his affections.

Emma, of course, paid the proper attentions to the new mistress at the vicarage, but that lady's self-consequence and patronizing airs much disgusted Miss Woodhouse, and after a few meetings the ladies were but coldly civil to each other. Mrs. Elton, however, took a sudden fancy for Jane Fairfax, who, much to Emma's wonder, submitted to be patronized; and Mr. Knightley said in Emma's hearing that Jane received attentions from Mrs. Elton which nobody else paid her.

"I know how highly you think of Jane Fairfax," said Emma.

"Yes, anybody may know how highly I think of her."

"And yet," said Emma, "perhaps you may hardly be aware how highly it is. The extent of your admiration may take you by surprise some day or other."

"Oh! are you there?" he answered. "But you are miserably behindhand. Mr. Cole gave me a hint of it six weeks ago. That will never be, however, I assure you. Miss Fairfax, I dare say, would not have me if I were to ask her; and I am very sure I shall never ask her."

"You soon silenced Mr. Cole, I suppose."

"Yes, very soon. He gave me a quiet hint; I told him he was mistaken; he asked my pardon and said no more."

"Well, Mrs. Weston," said Emma, when he had left them, "what do you say now?"

"I say that he is so very much occupied by the idea of *not*

being in love with her, that I should not wonder if it were to end in his being so at last."

The Churchills at length removing to Richmond, only nine miles from Highbury, and Mrs. Churchill's health being improved, Frank was at liberty to resume his visit to his father, and he arrived on the morning of the day again fixed for the Westons' ball at the Crown; and as he and his father escorted Miss Bates and her niece into the ballroom, "everybody's words were soon lost under the incessant flow of Miss Bates, who came in talking and had not finished her speech under many minutes after her being admitted."

Mrs. Elton's patronizing airs toward Jane much displeased young Churchill, and he imparted his dislike of her to Emma. Mrs. Weston, anxious for the comfort of all her guests, suggested to Mr. Elton, who was not dancing, that she find him a partner in Miss Smith, but was met by the response that he was an old married man whose dancing days were over. Mrs. Weston did not urge, and Mr. Elton moved away to join Mr. Knightley, who, guessing what had happened, led out Miss Smith himself. Supper was shortly announced, "and Miss Bates might be heard from that moment without interruption till her being seated at table and taking up her spoon." After supper Emma, much pleased with Mr. Knightley's action, thanked him warmly in Harriet's behalf, confessing that she *had* once wished Elton to marry Harriet, and that the Eltons never could forgive the fact. He responded by saying that he had found Harriet more sensible than he had thought at first. This pleased his hearer, and the evening closed with their dancing together.

The next morning Harriet, while walking along a retired road, was greatly frightened by an encounter with gipsies. Frank Churchill fortunately appeared and drove away the gipsies and escorted her to Hartfield, where she fainted away from excitement. Emma's lively fancy was speedily kindled by the news of this adventure, and she felt the occurrence must be strongly recommending Harriet and her deliverer to each other. On a subsequent occasion Miss Smith informed her that she should never marry, and Emma obliged her to confess that the resolution sprang from a notion that the one she would prefer was her superior in station. Emma then announced

that she should not interfere, that she should not even mention the name of the person, but added that matches of greater disparity had been known to take place.

Mr. Knightley by this time began to suspect that young Churchill was not wholly sincere in his evident pursuit of Emma, and was inclined to believe that he was trifling with Jane Fairfax; while Emma, in her enthusiastic schemes, was making the young man over to Harriet. That there was an understanding of some kind between Frank and Miss Fairfax he was quite sure. He imparted this last belief to Emma, but she was so incredulous as to silence if not dispel his suspicions. At a strawberry picnic held at Donwell Abbey, Emma noted Harriet at one time in the company of the host and was pleased at the evidence thus afforded of his heightened opinion of her friend. Miss Fairfax quitted the party early, her departure being noticed only by Emma, and followed by the advent of Churchill decidedly out of humor. A pleasure excursion to Box Hill came off on the morrow, and in Mrs. Elton's opinion Mr. Churchill and Miss Woodhouse flirted together excessively on that occasion. The former, in the company of Jane and Emma, indulged in sententious remarks regarding marriage, closing with: "How many a man has committed himself on short acquaintance, and rued it all the rest of his life!"

"Such things do occur, undoubtedly," said Miss Fairfax.

"Well, I have so little confidence in my own judgment that, whenever I marry, I hope some one will choose my wife for me. Will you?" turning to Emma. "Find somebody for me! Adopt her; educate her."

The semi-serious commission pleased Emma, for she felt that he must have Harriet in his mind, but subsequently all the pleasure of the day was dispelled for her by a well-merited reproof from Mr. Knightley for an unkind and thoughtless speech to Miss Bates some hours earlier, and the more she reflected the more she realized her unkindness. Full of contrition she called next morning upon Mrs. Bates, resolved to be in her most amiable mood, and in the course of the call learned that Jane had received an offer of a situation through Mrs. Elton. News arrived shortly of the sudden death of Mrs. Churchill; and Emma, in speculating over the event, felt that

in an attachment for Harriet Smith there would now be no family opposition to encounter. But all speculation of this kind was ended by the announcement she received ten days later from Mrs. Weston that Frank Churchill had been secretly engaged to Jane Fairfax for many months. No one but themselves had known of it, and while his aunt had lived there could have been little hope of their marriage. His uncle, however, would not oppose it, and his father was disposed to consider the engagement an excellent thing for his son. For a short time the matter was to be kept secret, out of respect to the departed Mrs. Churchill; but Emma, angry with herself for having again made Harriet the dupe of her own misconceptions, made an exception in her own mind of Harriet.

Much to Miss Woodhouse's surprise, Harriet manifested no peculiar concern in the tidings, and to Emma's consternation she was presently made aware that her friend had not only *not entertained* a thought of Frank Churchill, but had, on the contrary, been dreaming of Mr. Knightley's love and supposed Emma's encouragement had reference to him.

"Have you any idea of Mr. Knightley's returning your affection?"

"Yes," replied Harriet modestly, but not fearfully, "I must say that I have."

The state of Emma's own feelings was now clear to her as it darted through her mind that Mr. Knightley must marry no one but herself. She listened, however, to Harriet's statement that the other never would have ventured to think of him but for her friend's words, and began to realize the possibility of such an attachment on his part. She now knew that Mr. Knightley stood first in her affection, and she could only hope that Harriet was mistaken. She reflected that had she followed Mr. Knightley's wishes she would have taken Jane Fairfax as her friend instead of Harriet Smith, and thus been spared her present pain. Should Harriet become his wife Emma could only reflect that it had been her own doing.

Mr. Knightley was in London at this time, but he called at Hartfield on his return and Emma walked with him in the garden. He had heard the news regarding Churchill and Miss Fairfax and expressed his envy of Frank's happiness. Emma,

thinking him desirous to talk about Harriet, said nothing, and he exclaimed: "I must tell you what you will not ask, even though I may wish it unsaid the next moment."

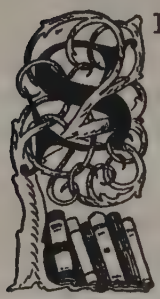
Emma begged him not to say it and then, fearing to have given pain, added that if he wanted her opinion regarding any contemplated step she would give it as a friend. In response to this he assured her of his profound affection for her, and in the midst of her sudden happiness she found room for gratitude that she had not previously betrayed poor Harriet's secret by any awkwardness of her own. For his part he had been in love with Emma and jealous of Frank Churchill from about the same period, but on hearing of Churchill's engagement to Miss Fairfax had felt that perhaps his own cause was not altogether hopeless. Emma would now have been entirely happy save for the thought of Harriet, but through an invitation from Mrs. John Knightley for Harriet to spend some weeks in London a meeting was for a time avoided.

Mr. Woodhouse could not be soon reconciled to the thought of Emma's marriage, and as it became evident that he never could be induced to remove with her to Donwell it was planned that Mr. Knightley and Emma should live at Hartfield.

Much to Emma's surprise Mr. Knightley was able to tell her one morning that Robert Martin had again offered himself to Harriet, and been accepted in the course of a visit young Martin had made in London; but, although it seemed impossible that Harriet could have loved three men in one year, Miss Woodhouse was glad that this solution of the problem of Harriet's career was accomplished. As she knew more of the young farmer she entirely approved of the match. In a long letter to his father Frank Churchill explained at length his peculiar course concerning Miss Fairfax, and his marriage to her was now fixed for November. Emma and Mr. Knightley, having at last soothed all her father's apprehensions of harm to come from their marriage, were married in October not long after the wedding of Harriet and Robert Martin. "As Emma could now acknowledge, Harriet had always liked Robert Martin and his continuing to love her had been irresistible."

PERSUASION (1818)

The earliest allusion to *Persuasion* in the published correspondence of Jane Austen occurs in a letter to her niece Fanny, dated March 1_, 1816, in which mention is made of "a something ready for publication, which may, perhaps, appear about a twelvemonth hence." However nearly ready for the printer the story may then have appeared to her, she continued her labor upon it, and on July 18th the first ending was reached. Feeling that the closing chapter was unsatisfactory, she canceled it and wrote two others in its stead in August. The canceled chapter may be read in Mr. Austen-Leigh's memoir of Jane Austen, and comparison of this with the substituted chapters will be found of much interest. The scene is laid first at Kellynch Hall, Somerset, then at Uppercross village, three miles distant; during several succeeding chapters it is at Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, and for the second half of the tale it is at Bath. Such localities as Kellynch Hall and Uppercross cannot be identified, but Bath and Lyme are most minutely portrayed. Professor Goldwin Smith is of the opinion that, while *Persuasion* is not, "as a whole, so well constructed as others of Jane Austen's novels, it may be said to contain the finest touches of her art." What Jane herself thought of it can only be surmised from a passage in one of her letters to a niece. "You may, *perhaps*, like the heroine, as she is almost too good for me." *Persuasion* was Miss Austen's latest completed work.



IR WALTER ELLIOT, having been remarkably handsome in his youth, was still at fifty-four a fine-looking man. Vanity, however, was the keynote of his character. "Few women could think more of their personal appearance, nor could the valet of any new-made lord be more delighted with the place he held in society." His wife had died when the eldest of their three daughters was but sixteen, and her intimate friend, Lady Russell, a dignified, sensible woman, did what she could to counteract the influence of their pompous, silly father in the matter of their bringing up. Elizabeth, the eldest, resembled her father in good looks and cold selfishness, and was the only one of the three for whom he had much regard; the next daughter, Anne, was the godchild and dear friend of Lady Russell, and Mary, the youngest, was a dependent person with little poise of character.

At twenty-nine Elizabeth, handsome as ever, was still un-

married, but Mary, at nineteen, had become the wife of Charles Musgrove, an agreeable young man of good family who lived at Uppercross, three miles from Sir Walter's estate of Kellynch Hall. Anne, at the same age, had become engaged to Captain Frederick Wentworth, a young man of spirit and intelligence, but though lucky in his profession with no means beyond it. Her father, without actually withholding his consent, viewed the engagement as a very degrading alliance, and Lady Russell as an unfortunate one. Her father's ill will and Elizabeth's utter indifference Anne might have borne, but these, combined with Lady Russell's disapproval, were too much for her gentle spirit, and allowing herself to be persuaded by her friend that the engagement was indiscreet, she gave it up. Captain Wentworth, misunderstanding the situation, had felt ill used, and had left the country at once. Her disappointment had been lasting, and her regrets had caused some loss of youthful bloom and spirits. Seven years and more had elapsed since this event and she had seen no man in the interval who "could bear a comparison with Captain Wentworth, as he stood in her memory." When she was twenty-two Charles Musgrove had asked her to marry him, and on her declining he had presently prevailed upon her sister Mary to take his name; and Lady Russell now began to fear that her goddaughter would never be won by some deserving man.

Anne did not blame Lady Russell for persuading her against Captain Wentworth, but at twenty-seven she was convinced that even under home disapprobation, and the constant anxieties inseparable from his profession of the navy, she would have been a much happier woman had she maintained the engagement. He had since distinguished himself, and by various noteworthy captures had acquired a fortune.

Elizabeth, too, had experienced disappointment. The heir-presumptive to Kellynch Hall was one William Walter Elliot, and while yet a young girl she resolved some day to marry the future baronet, as her father always intended she should. After Lady Elliot's death Sir Walter had sought Mr. Elliot's acquaintaince, though with little encouragement from his heir; and during a visit from London the latter became personally known to the Kellynch family. He was found to be an agreeable

young student of law, and Elizabeth was confirmed in her resolution. Though he was invited to Kellynch two successive seasons he failed to appear there, and they presently heard that he had married a wealthy woman of inferior station. Sir Walter resented this action and all acquaintance ceased between himself and the heir. Elizabeth, who had liked the man both for himself and as her father's heir, was also angered. After his wife had died she might have forgiven him, but as they heard that he had spoken most contemptuously of the family at Kellynch he was not to be pardoned.

It was now the summer of 1814, and Sir Walter, owing to his lavish expenditure, found himself in debt on every hand, and, much against his will, he was forced to let Kellynch Hall and take up his residence for a time at Bath, in order to carry out needful retrenchment. Through his agent, Mr. Shepherd, Kellynch was presently leased by Admiral Croft, a retired naval officer whose wife was the sister of Captain Wentworth. When Anne learned who would soon be living in her father's house she anticipated some awkwardness in possible chance meetings with her former lover, but was thankful that besides her father, Elizabeth, and Lady Russell, the Captain's brother, long since removed from the neighborhood, was the only person who had known of the engagement.

It was arranged that Sir Walter and Elizabeth should remove at once to a house in Camden Place, at Bath, where Anne was to join them later after some weeks spent at her sister Mary's at Uppercross, and with Lady Russell at Kellynch Lodge. Mrs. Clay, the widowed daughter of Mr. Shepherd, was to accompany Sir Walter and his daughter, much to Lady Russell's and Anne's distrust, for both believed that Elizabeth's chosen companion was an unscrupulous person with designs upon Sir Walter; and Lady Russell felt keenly the affront shown to Anne in Mrs. Clay's being preferred to her in her own father's home.

Uppercross, to which Anne now went, was a moderate-sized village, the principal houses being Uppercross Cottage, the rather showy home of Charles and Mary Musgrove, and the Great House, a quarter of a mile away, the residence of Charles's parents and his grown-up sisters, Henrietta and

Louisa. The elder Musgroves were friendly, hospitable persons, indifferently educated, but their daughters, who had been at school in Exeter, were of a much more modern type. Good-humored mutual affection was a characteristic feature of the Musgrove family, which in this respect offered a great contrast to the Elliot household. Mary was not as unsisterly as Elizabeth, and Charles, without being in any way brilliant, was invariably civil and kind to his sister-in-law. Their children loved Anne as well as their mother, and respected her a great deal more.

When the Crofts were fairly established at Kellynch Hall calls were exchanged between them and the Musgroves, and in the course of one of these Anne learned that Mrs. Croft's brother, Captain Wentworth, had returned to England and expected shortly to visit his sister and Admiral Croft. The elder Mr. Musgrove called on the Captain soon after his arrival, and the latter, with the Crofts, was to dine a week later at the Great House. On that day, however, the eldest child of Charles and Mary Musgrove dislocated his collar-bone in a fall, and Anne's lot it was to send for the father, restrain the mother from hysterics, and calm the household generally. When the child proved to be in no particular danger Anne volunteered to remain at home to look after him while the parents went to dine at the Great House, and she thus escaped a meeting with Captain Wentworth. The respite was but brief, for the next morning he called at the cottage. Polite recognitions followed, and she subsequently heard of his saying to Henrietta Musgrove that Miss Elliot was so altered he should not have known her again.

He had indeed said something of this nature. He had not forgiven Anne. He considered she had shown weakness of character in giving him up, and now that a little natural curiosity was satisfied he had no wish to meet her again. He was now rich and meant to marry as soon as he could be properly tempted, and had a heart for either of the Miss Musgroves if they could catch it. From this time forth he and Anne Elliot met each other frequently, but always in a coldly civil fashion, and words were but seldom exchanged between them. It had been the Captain's intention to visit his brother Edward in Shropshire very soon, but he nevertheless continued visiting at

the Crofts', and was at the Great House at Uppercross nearly every day, to the mental distress of Charles Hayter, a young curate in the neighborhood, a cousin of the Musgroves.

Young Hayter's attentions to his cousin Henrietta had not been displeasing to her parents nor distasteful to herself, but from the advent of Captain Wentworth cousin Charles had been cast into the background. Anne was at first unable to perceive that the Captain preferred one of the sisters to the other; Mary believed Henrietta to be the favorite, while Charles Musgrove, who had a regard for his cousin and did not wish him to be disappointed, hoped that Louisa was the attraction. After a little Anne came to think that while Louisa might be the favorite Captain Wentworth was not yet in love with either, and that on the part of the sisters admiration rather than love was the emotion excited. On one occasion she accidentally overheard a conversation between Louisa and the Captain which seemed to point to a warmer interest in Louisa, and which closed with a reference to the proposal once made by Louisa's brother to Anne.

"I wish she had accepted him. We should all have liked her better than Mary, and we think that Lady Russell persuaded Anne to refuse him," said Louisa.

A few days later a visit to Lyme Regis was undertaken, the party being made up of Charles Musgrove, Mary, Anne, Henrietta, Louisa, and Captain Wentworth. At Lyme they met Captain Wentworth's friends, Captain and Mrs. Harville and young Captain Benwick, formerly engaged to Captain Harville's sister, who had died. The Uppercross party put up at the inn, and early the next morning Anne and Henrietta walked down to the shore, the latter full of a scheme by which Charles Hayter might become resident curate at Uppercross. They were presently joined by Louisa and Captain Wentworth, and a strange gentleman who passed the group seemed much impressed by Anne's animated eyes and fresh coloring induced by the brisk breeze blowing from the sea. While at breakfast they ascertained that the stranger was Mr. William Walter Elliot, the heir of Kellynch. A walk along the Cobb, or sea-wall, was proposed, in the course of which they descended from the Upper to the Lower Cobb by a steep flight of steps.

Louisa wished to be jumped down these by Captain Wentworth, and once down she ran up again in order to repeat the sensation. He advised her against it, but in vain, and in her impulsiveness she moved too suddenly, and falling to the pavement of the Lower Cobb was taken up apparently lifeless.

The consternation was great at this event, Captain Wentworth seeming especially affected, while Mary and Henrietta at once demanded attention, the former being in hysterics, and the other having fainted. Louisa was conveyed to the Harvilles' house and a surgeon summoned. He did not regard it, however, as a hopeless case and declared that the injury was only to the head. It was at first arranged that Anne should remain at the Harvilles' to care for Louisa, this being Captain Wentworth's suggestion, since there was "no one so proper, so capable as Anne"; but Mary interposed objections, and it was then settled that Captain Wentworth should take Anne and Henrietta home in the chaise and break the news to Louisa's parents. Anne's stay at Uppercross was now nearly at an end, and after being instrumental in sending an old family nurse to care for Louisa she soon departed for her visit to Lady Russell.

Louisa's recovery was slow, and the Christmas holidays came around before she was able to return to Uppercross, various members of her family remaining at Lyme by turns to care for her. Before her return, however, Anne accompanied Lady Russell to Bath and joined her father and sister in Camden Place. They had much to say of their delight in Bath, and of Mr. Elliot, who had called upon them and so satisfactorily explained away all appearance of neglect on his side that they had not a fault to find in him. Even his marriage now admitted of extenuation. Anne, as she listened, was disposed to believe that Elizabeth was his object, and that Mrs. Clay was encouraging the idea in Miss Elliot's mind. On meeting him Anne was also inclined to like him, but was much more occupied with the fear that her father might be in love with Mrs. Clay than with Mr. Elliot's being in love with Elizabeth.

Lady Russell thought Mr. Elliot's desire of a reconciliation perfectly natural at his time of life, but did not believe Elizabeth to be the chief attraction at Camden Place now, and Anne

herself felt grateful to him for his apparently guarded disapproval of Mrs. Clay. Not long after Anne's arrival in Bath she discovered an old schoolfellow now in very humble circumstances and a cripple through illness. She was a widow named Smith, and Sir Walter, when he heard of her existence, expressed a cold disdain at his daughter's acquaintance with her. Anne often visited her friend, and her compassionate visits excited the admiration of Mr. Elliot, who heard of them through Lady Russell, now confirmed in her belief of his meaning to gain Anne in time and hoping for his success.

In February Anne received a letter from Mary containing the surprising news of Louisa Musgrove's engagement to Captain Benwick. It had been a matter of propinquity, and Anne was persuaded that any tolerably pleasing young woman who had listened to and seemed to feel for him would have received the same compliment. She encountered Admiral Croft in Bath soon after this, and the Admiral assured her of his surprise at the intelligence, since he thought Miss Louisa Musgrove was to have married Frederick Wentworth. The news had reached him in a letter from the latter, and "you would not guess from his manner of writing that he had ever thought of her for himself." Anne wondered whether he were really suffering much from disappointment, and could not be quite herself till that was settled.

Sir Walter and his daughters attended a concert in the Upper Rooms, and there Anne met in the octagon room Captain Wentworth, to whom her companions gave a coldly civil recognition. With Anne he entered into conversation, and Louisa's engagement was discussed, the gentleman considering that Louisa was mentally much inferior to Benwick. The nature of his former regard for Louisa was now quite apparent, and Anne's happiness was much increased thereat. He must love herself, Anne now felt convinced. He left her when the concert room opened, and during the first part of the entertainment her companion was her cousin Mr. Elliot. She did not relish his attentions, and became convinced that they had aroused Captain Wentworth's jealousy, for the latter, on taking leave, before the entertainment was over, had said pointedly that there was nothing worth his staying for. Had Captain Wentworth not

existed she might perhaps have felt more warmly toward her cousin, but as he did exist she could love no one else.

She visited Mrs. Smith the next morning, and that lady congratulated her on the conquest of Mr. Elliot, of which gossip had assured her. When made aware that he was nothing to Anne, Mrs. Smith presently imparted her former knowledge of Mr. Elliot. He had been the intimate friend of her husband, who had often assisted him financially, and after his marriage to a woman of great wealth he had led Mr. Smith into such extravagances that the Smiths were soon ruined. After Mr. Smith's death the widow had urged him to aid her, but to no effect; and Mr. Elliot's letters, which were shown to Anne, displayed both ingratitude and hard-heartedness. The husband had possessed some property in the West Indies which, could it be recovered, would place his widow in comfort again, but Mr. Elliot would do nothing to forward her desires in this respect. Anne intended to communicate all this to Lady Russell the next day, but the advent of the Musgroves in Bath obliged her to call on them at the White Hart, where they were staying, and presently Captain Harville and Wentworth appeared. The latter had begun a conversation with Anne when Sir Walter and Elizabeth were shown into the inn apartment. Their call was short, but long enough for them to invite the Musgroves to a small evening party, and a card was included for Wentworth, since Elizabeth recognized that a man of his bearing and present fortune would be an addition to any company.

Anne had promised to be with the Musgroves from breakfast to dinner on the morrow, and on arriving at the White Hart she ascertained that Mrs. Croft and Captain Harville and Wentworth were there also. Almost as soon as Anne entered, Wentworth said to his friend, "We will write the letter we were talking of now, Harville," and was at once engrossed at the writing-table. Captain Harville engaged in talk with Anne, in which he spoke of his sister and Captain Benwick, and showed a miniature of the latter which had been painted for her. It was now to be reset for Louisa, and Captain Wentworth was writing to arrange about it at that very moment. A discussion then ensued as regarded the relative faithfulness of men and women, in the course of which Anne spoke her mind feelingly

and at length. As she finished, Mrs. Croft rose to go, and Wentworth, who was hastily folding a letter, promised to join her in a few moments. He then left the room but returned immediately, saying he had forgotten his gloves, and, standing with his back to Mrs. Musgrove, he pulled out a letter from the scattered sheets on the table, handed it to Anne, and was gone.

Unnoticed by Mrs. Musgrove, she read the letter hastily. It had been written while listening to her talk with Harville and contained the expression of his most ardent affection as well as of his uncertainty as to her reply. A word or a look on his return would decide whether he should enter her father's house that evening or never. Overpowered by her feelings, she appeared so ill when Charles, Mary, and Henrietta entered that they were much concerned for her, and would not leave her. In desperation she said she would go home, and Charles engaged to accompany her. In Union street they were overtaken by Wentworth, and Charles, suddenly recalling an engagement, asked him to give Anne his escort to her father's house, and on the way thither they came to complete and perfect understanding. There was now little opposition to be encountered. Sir Walter, remembering that Captain Wentworth possessed £ 25,000, and was of consequence in the navy, considered that Anne was at last doing very well for herself; and Lady Russell, after admitting herself to have been in the wrong regarding both Mr. Elliot and Captain Wentworth, gave her approval likewise. His cousin's engagement ended Mr. Elliot's plans for keeping Sir Walter from marrying by exercising his influence as a son-in-law. He soon left Bath, and Mrs. Clay, leaving soon after, was presently heard of as being under his protection in London, with a fair prospect some day of becoming the wife of a Sir William at any rate. Through Captain Wentworth's influence, Mrs. Smith recovered her husband's West Indian property, and she and Lady Russell long continued the stanch friends of Captain and Mrs. Wentworth.

NORTHANGER ABBEY (1818)

This novel was written in 1798, soon after a second visit of its author to Bath. It was revised and prepared for the press in 1803, and was then sold to a bookseller in Bath for £10 and remained forgotten in his possession till bought back from him at the same price by one of Jane Austen's brothers after his sister's death. When the sale was complete, he informed the bookseller that it was by the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. It was published in 1818. That it was revised, or at least retouched, in 1803 is shown by a reference in Chapter V to Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda*, which could not have been included in the first draft of the tale, as *Belinda* did not appear till 1801. Bath is the scene of almost two thirds of the tale, Northanger Abbey in Gloucestershire of much of the remainder, and Fullerton, a small village in Wiltshire, of the closing chapters. Northanger Abbey cannot be identified with any especial locality, nor can Fullerton, although there is a Fullerton in Hampshire not many miles from the Wiltshire border; but in regard to Bath, which Miss Austen knew thoroughly, the local coloring is as accurate as it is minute, and even to-day, after the lapse of more than a century, the larger number of the buildings and localities specified can readily be identified. The earliest biographical sketch of Miss Austen was a short memoir written by her brother Henry and prefixed to the first edition of *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*. In this he said that, while Miss Austen spoke freely of her books to her own family, "thankful for praise, open to remark, and submissive to criticism, no accumulation of fame would have induced her, had she lived, to affix her name to any productions of her pen." In Rosina Filippi's *Duologues and Scenes from the Novels of Jane Austen* is a single scene adapted from Chapters V and VI of *Northanger Abbey*, entitled *Literary Tastes*.

CATHERINE MORELAND was the eldest daughter of the Reverend Richard Moreland, a country clergyman in Wiltshire, and till her seventeenth year had seen very little of the world. She was a romantic, ingenuous girl, whose imagination had been stimulated by the reading of many novels and who was always looking for happenings in accordance with the adventures of her favorite heroines. When she was seventeen, Mr. Allen, the owner of extensive property about Fullerton, was ordered to Bath for medical treatment, and he and his wife invited Catherine to accompany them thither and remain there as long as they might stay. Catherine's parents consenting, the Allens and their young friend were soon

established in lodgings in Pulteney Street, a most fashionable Bath thoroughfare. A few days after their arrival the Allens and Catherine attended a ball in the Upper Rooms, but arriving late they found the rooms so crowded that they entered only with difficulty. Gaining the top of the room at last, they obtained a view of the scene, but they knew no one either to speak to or dance with. Mrs. Allen, an insipid, commonplace, but amiable woman, did all that she could do in such a case by saying very placidly every now and then, "I wish you could dance, my dear; I wish you could get a partner." For some time her young friend felt obliged to her for these wishes; but they were repeated so often, and proved so totally ineffectual, that Catherine grew tired at last and would thank her no more. In the tea-room they had a few words of conversation with the young man who brought them tea, but this was the only time they were spoken to the entire evening till Mr. Allen returned to them from the card-room.

They were more fortunate when they appeared on another occasion at the Lower Rooms, where the master of ceremonies introduced to Catherine an attractive young gentleman named Tilney. He proved to be a lively, agreeable talker, rather inclined to quiz his companion in good-humored fashion, and Catherine was much taken with him. Mr. Allen, observing her partner, took occasion to make inquiries concerning him, and learned that he was a clergyman and belonged to a Gloucestershire family of good position. At the Pump-room Catherine hoped to meet him next day among the crowds at that fashionable meeting-place, but was doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Allen, however, recognized an old schoolfellow whom she had not seen for many years, and the friendship was at once renewed. Mrs. Thorpe, her friend, had one never-failing topic of conversation, her children, as that of Mrs. Allen was her gowns, and they talked on together, each hearing very little of what the other said. Mrs. Thorpe's three daughters then appeared in view and were introduced to Mrs. Allen and Catherine. It was now discovered that Mrs. Thorpe's son John was a collegemate of Catherine's brother, James Moreland, and Catherine recalled that James had spent the Christmas holidays with the family of his friend Thorpe near London.

Mrs. Thorpe was a widow of moderate means, very good-natured, and a most indulgent mother. Isabella, her oldest daughter, an extremely pretty but gushing young woman of twenty-one, soon professed a violent attachment for Catherine, and in the delight of this new-found friendship the latter momentarily forgot her disappointment in not seeing Henry Tilney. "The progress of the friendship between Catherine and Isabella was quick as its beginning was warm; and they passed so rapidly through every gradation of increasing tenderness that there was shortly no fresh proof of it to be given to their friends or themselves." They met frequently, and Catherine soon confided to Isabella the fact of her admiration for Mr. Tilney and her disappointment at not seeing him again at any of the fashionable public places in Bath, while Isabella was very sure that he must be a charming young man. On rainy days they were not to be deprived of each other's society, but shut themselves up to read novels together. Both admired the novels of Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, and frequently conversed regarding the romantic incidents so commonly met with in the pages of their favorite novelist.

"My dearest Catherine, what have you been doing with yourself all this morning? Have you gone on with *Udolpho?*"

"Yes; I have been reading it ever since I woke, and I am got to the black veil."

"Are you, indeed? How delightful! Oh, I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are you not wild to know?"

"Oh, yes! quite; what can it be? But do not tell me, I would not be told on any account. I know it must be a skeleton; I am sure it is Laurentina's skeleton. Oh, I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it, I assure you; if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world."

"Dear creature! how much I am obliged to you! And when you have finished *Udolpho*, we will read *The Italian* together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you."

This conversation was held in the Pump-room, and soon after leaving there Isabella perceived her brother driving reck-

lessly past them in the street, and with him was James Moreland. Thorpe on seeing his sister at once checked his horse and was presently introduced to the sister of his friend. "He was a stout young man who, with a plain face and ungraceful form, seemed fearful of being too handsome unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much like a gentleman unless he were easy where he ought to be civil, and impudent where he might be allowed to be easy." His manners did not please Catherine, but, since he was James's friend and Isabella's brother, she made an effort to like him. It being arranged that the Thorpes and James should meet the Allens and Catherine at the ball in the Upper Rooms, Catherine, on her return home, was soon lost in the absorbing tale of *Udolpho*. At the ball she once more saw Henry Tilney, but on account of a preëngagement with John Thorpe was obliged, to her great disappointment, to decline Tilney's invitation to dance. She was, however, somewhat consoled by meeting with Henry's sister, Eleanor Tilney, and, although not a very observant person in such matters, she was able to notice that Isabella and her brother were evidently greatly interested in one another.

She had intended to seek out Miss Tilney in the Pump-room the next morning and so to renew the acquaintance, but was prevented by John Thorpe, who called to claim what he called her promise to drive with him. Greatly against her wishes, she accompanied him, and was forced to listen throughout the excursion to the endless expressions of his conceit; nor did it lessen her trials to learn on returning to Pulteney Street that Mrs. Allen had met both of the Tilneys in the Pump-room that morning and had spent a pleasant half-hour with them.

Catherine was more fortunate on the following morning, since she met Miss Tilney in the Pump-room, and the latter, after hearing her artless questions concerning Mr. Tilney, was very well able to guess the nature of her companion's feelings. At the ball in the Upper Rooms on the ensuing Thursday Catherine, hoping for, but not daring to expect, another invitation from Mr. Tilney, endeavored to escape Thorpe's notice, that he might not engage her again. Tilney, however, appeared first, and solicited her to dance with him; but, as they were

about beginning, Thorpe, to her dismay, came up and reproached her with not keeping a never-made engagement to dance with him. He was fortunately soon swept away by the throng. Her partner now found much to say to her, and very soon learned the simple details of her uneventful life in Wiltshire. Henry pointed out to her his father, General Tilney, a handsome man in middle life, and in the course of conversation with Miss Tilney the brother and sister invited Catherine to accompany them on a walk the next morning, if it should not rain.

The morning proved showery, but by one o'clock it had cleared, though it seemed too late to expect the Tilneys. Just then Isabella and John Thorpe appeared, with James Moreland and with two carriages. They were bound for Bristol and begged Catherine to go with them. She pleaded an engagement with the Tilneys, but was assured by Thorpe that he had seen them driving, and this circumstance, and Thorpe's promise of taking her to see Blaize Castle in the course of the drive, overcame her resolution, since it was one of her most ardent desires to behold a castle. They had hardly started when they saw the Tilneys walking in the street, and to Catherine's great annoyance Thorpe would not stop to let her join them and explain. Nor did she have the felicity of seeing Blaize Castle, for it was presently decided to return to Bath, as there was not time to go to Bristol. And to her further disappointment she found that the Tilneys had called in her absence.

At the theater the next night she saw Mr. Tilney and was able to explain how she had been withheld from keeping her engagement, and it was then settled that the walk should be taken on Monday. While talking with him she had noticed John Thorpe in company with General Tilney, and was assured by the unscrupulous Thorpe that the General thought her the finest girl in Bath. On learning of her engagement with the Tilneys, the Thorpes, and even her brother, besought her to put it off and drive with them to Clifton. John Thorpe, leaving the others for a few moments, returned with the information that he had been to Miss Tilney to make Catherine's excuses and that Miss Tilney had said Tuesday would do just as well. Very sure that he had invented the message, Catherine

remained firm, and went directly to the Tilneys to explain once more. Miss Tilney confessed being much puzzled by the message Thorpe had given, but peace was soon made, and Catherine was then introduced to General Tilney, who showed her much attention.

On the morrow the long-planned-for walk was taken, and was greatly enjoyed by the three, the lively Henry diverting himself with good-natured quizzing of his companions, and at its close Catherine was invited to dine with the Tilneys two days later. From Isabella's sister, whom she met later in the day, Catherine learned that the party to Clifton had set off at eight o'clock; that James had accompanied Isabella, and John Thorpe had taken with him his sister Maria. A note from Isabella the next morning entreated Catherine's presence on a matter of the utmost importance and, calling upon her friend, Catherine learned to her delight that her brother and her friend were betrothed. On her part Isabella was in raptures. James presently appeared, in raptures likewise, and prepared to start at once for Wiltshire to gain the consent of his parents to his marriage. The next day a short note was received from him announcing his success and promising details ere long. John Thorpe appeared much pleased over the event, and only Catherine's entire ignorance of his intentions prevented his clumsy attempt at a proposal being perceived for what it was.

At the Tilneys' dinner Catherine learned that Henry's brother, Captain Tilney, was expected, and at the next ball he was present, a fashionable young man, well aware of his importance. After a word or two with Henry, the latter inquired of Catherine whether she thought Miss Thorpe would object to dancing, as Captain Tilney would like to dance with her. Catherine, supposing that Isabella would care only to dance with James, replied that she was sure Isabella did not mean to dance at all. Much to her surprise, therefore, she presently saw her friend dancing with Captain Tilney, and subsequently Isabella explained that, though she would have given the world to sit still, she fancied a refusal would have looked "so particular."

James's second letter announced that his father's living of £400 a year would be resigned to his son, and an estate

valued at as much more would be his by inheritance. The living would be given up to James in the course of two or three years. James, though regretting the delay, was otherwise well pleased, but Isabella was disappointed that more was not promised. After a six weeks' stay in Bath, the Allens had concluded to remain another fortnight; and in the midst of her delight in this circumstance Catherine was informed by Miss Tilney that her family would be quitting Bath at the end of a week. Her pleasure was restored by an invitation from the Tilneys to accompany them to their home at Northanger Abbey and her parents' consent to her so doing. The mention of an abbey at once excited Catherine's always lively fancy in such matters, for "her passion for ancient edifices was next in degree to her passion for Henry Tilney—and castles and abbeys made usually the charm of those reveries which his image did not fill."

At her next meeting with Isabella that young lady assured her that John Thorpe was violently in love with her, and declared that Catherine had encouraged his suit. Catherine at once disclaimed any such thing, but Isabella pretended to remain half-incredulous. Captain Tilney now joined them, and Catherine unwillingly overheard a part of their conversation, which assured her that James was by no means the only man for whom Isabella had a particular regard. Miss Thorpe continued to receive Captain Tilney's attentions in public, and Catherine learned from Henry that his brother was well aware of Isabella's engagement to James Moreland. He further assured her that the Captain's feelings were not deeply engaged nor was James's happiness seriously menaced.

On the journey to Northanger, Henry drew a fanciful description of the gloomy residence whither they were bound and where the recurrence of startling incidents, after the model of those in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, might at any time be looked for. Catherine listened, fascinated and half-believing, Henry the while enjoying the picture of his fancy. Somewhat to her dismay she found the abbey on their arrival to be a modern edifice of considerable size and very comfortable.

While dressing for dinner in her well-appointed chamber, a large chest in a corner caught her eye and at once stimulated

her fancy. She resolved to look into it, cost her what it might. After much effort the heavy lid was lifted and she was rewarded by the sight of a white counterpane, the sole object within. At this moment Miss Tilney came to conduct her to the dining-room and Catherine blushed for her ill-timed curiosity. The night was stormy and the visitor's fears were active while preparing for bed. She scorned to notice the chest again, but presently espied an ebony cabinet, and while the rain and wind roared without she examined each compartment of the cabinet with greatest care. A small roll of manuscript was at length discovered, and while preparing to read it and in the effort to secure more light, she snuffed her candle and extinguished it at the same time, and was left in darkness. After remaining long in alarm she at last fell asleep and did not awake till broad day. Before dressing she examined the manuscript, which turned out to be merely a forgotten washing-list. "She felt humbled to the dust. To suppose that a manuscript of many generations back could have remained undiscovered in a room such as that, so modern, so habitable! or that she should be the first to possess the skill of unlocking a cabinet, the key of which was known to all!"

Henry's clerical duties called him the next day to his Woodston parish some miles distant, and during his absence General Tilney showed his guest with considerable pride over the greater part of the Abbey. Catherine had learned that Mrs. Tilney had died some years previous, and as the General omitted to show her several portions of the mansion, and avoided a path in the grove in which his wife had been accustomed to walk, she began to imagine that his had been a loveless marriage; that he might have been a cruel husband; that his wife might have died because of his cruelty, or perhaps that she was kept confined in some secret room, her existence unknown to any but the husband, receiving from his pitiless hands "a nightly supply of coarse food." The sight in church next day of Mrs. Tilney's monument did not dispel her doubts as to that lady's actual decease. Vaguely expecting to find some corroboration of her surmises in a visit to Mrs. Tilney's room, which had not been shown her, she watched for an opportunity to visit it unsuspected, and this occurring she was greeted by the sight of an

entirely modern, cheerful apartment, and at once her common sense asserted itself and she was again overcome with shame. She left the room hastily and was returning to her own when, to their mutual surprise, she encountered Henry, who had just returned from Woodston. She explained that she had been to visit his mother's room, and without much difficulty he guessed the substance of her strange surmises and gently reproached her, bidding her remember the country and the age in which they lived; the impossibility of such atrocities being committed as she had pictured to herself. Her own reflection, aided by Henry's suggestions, helped to convince her that Mrs. Radcliffe was not to be regarded as a faithful portrayer of life in the midland counties of England, at least; but Henry did not again refer to the circumstance, and her light-heartedness soon returned.

No letter had reached Catherine from Isabella, but she presently received one from James, informing her that Miss Thorpe had jilted him for Captain Tilney. Her extreme emotion aroused the sympathies of Eleanor and Henry, and they soon learned from her what had happened. No further tidings came concerning the Captain or Isabella, and the General, who had not been told of James's letter, proposed a day's visit at his son's parsonage, twenty miles from Northanger. Catherine was delighted with all she saw there, and the meaning of the General's compliments and attentions to her while there, as well as at the abbey, were quite apparent to her. She felt sure that he wished her to be his daughter-in-law. Another morning brought a letter from Isabella, announcing that Captain Tilney, whom she abhorred, had left Bath, and asking Catherine for news of James. It was a shallow, insincere epistle, and Catherine resolved not to answer it.

The General now departed for a week in London, and Henry being busied at Woodston, Eleanor and her guest were left for a time to themselves. The former had begged Catherine to prolong her stay, to which she had gladly assented, when late at night the General returned. Eleanor, going to welcome him, presently returned in much agitation, saying that her father had suddenly recollected an engagement that would take the family away for a fortnight; that he had fixed upon

the morrow for their guest's departure, and that the carriage would be ready at seven o'clock. Eleanor was greatly grieved at this sudden turn of events, but was helpless to alter them, and accordingly Catherine departed the next day. She met with a warm welcome at home, though all expressed much wonder at the General's strange behavior to a guest to whom he had previously been attentive.

Three or four days after Catherine left Northanger, Henry Tilney called at the Fullerton parsonage, where he was hospitably received, and in the course of a walk—ostensibly to call on the Allens—he managed not only to explain some part of his father's singular conduct but his own feeling for Catherine, and was gladly made assured of her love for him. That his father would approve his choice was unlikely, since the General had angrily told him on returning from Woodston to think of Miss Moreland no more. Her only fault was in not being the heiress John Thorpe had led General Tilney to suppose her to be. That unveracious personage had represented her as the daughter of a clergyman with a large private fortune, and as heiress to the Allen estates as well. Henry and Eleanor, not knowing of this, had been greatly perplexed at their father's extreme complaisance to Catherine. Angered at Catherine's rejection of himself, Thorpe had informed General Tilney that the amount of Miss Moreland's fortune had been misrepresented, and he then misstated it almost as far the other way.

Catherine's parents were not displeased at Tilney's asking their consent to marry their daughter, but they felt that his father's permission must be first obtained; and, as his anger at Henry was already great, consent seemed unlikely. Eleanor's marriage to a gentleman of wealth who soon succeeded to the title of viscount, and his efforts, with those of Eleanor, to secure a reconciliation with Henry, finally softened his purpose and consent was gained. The marriage of Henry and Catherine soon followed, "and as this took place within a twelvemonth from the first day of their meeting, it will not appear, after all the dreadful delays occasioned by the General's cruelty, that they were essentially hurt by it. To begin perfect happiness at the respective ages of twenty-six and eighteen is to do pretty well."

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